THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JUNE 5, 1926

5c. THE COPY

Elizabeth Alexander — Joseph Hergesheimer — Sewell Ford — W. H. Upson
William J. Neidig — Frank Condon — Kenneth L. Roberts — Bertram Atkey

All 26 of his Silvertowns Averaged 21,692 Miles Apiece

L. P. Gendron of Los Angeles, California, a veteran user of Goodrich Silvertowns, has kept a record of his tire mileage for more than twenty years.

Remember this when you read his figures—they are not based on a single tire—they show the faithful service and full value received from all the Silvertowns he ever owned.

He used them when good roads were unknown and when the automobile tire business was almost in its infancy. He started keeping these records when long mileage was far more unusual than it is today. He used these tires on all types of cars—heavy cars which traveled the country from Toronto to California. "In 21 years," he writes, "I have motored 700,000 miles, and I can safely say that 600,000 of this has been done on Goodrich Tires. 26 Silvertown Cords made an average of 21,692 miles each."*

This year, Goodrich Silvertowns are the finest they have ever been. Goodrich gives you its pledge that they are built of the finest materials; that its skill is concentrated today on the production of the finest cord tires which ever came from the Goodrich factories.

This fact, added to such experience as you have read here, shows you the economy of buying Goodrich Silvertowns this year. They are waiting for you at your Goodrich dealer's, ready to give you long service for every dollar you pay for them.

*This represents a total of 563,992 miles on Goodrich Silvertowns. The balance of his 600,000 miles were doubtless made on Goodrich Tires before this company changed the whole course of tire production by introducing the Cord principle in Goodrich Silvertowns.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Established 1870, AKRON, OHIO

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Goodrich Silvertowns

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

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Cool as can be for Summer

It's the kind of fabric a man always wants for a summer suit, but seldom finds! One that's light enough and porous enough to stay cool in the hottest weather—but has sufficient body to keep its shape and tailor perfectly. Belvo Twist is strong too—exceptionally long wearing. Made up in the new Society Brand styles, it gives you a suit with the same perfection of cut that you find in Society Brand Clothes for all other times of the year. A smart, crisp effect that makes you look as cool as you feel!

In pastel shades of biscuit, gray, and light blue; narrow stripes or plaid effects

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN · *Makers* · CHICAGO · NEW YORK

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ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No. 4*

Spic and span in spotless duck, as a ship-shape tar *should* be!

HE was a handsome, sturdy youngster and so dazzlingly resplendent in such a *very* white sailor suit that we determined to discover just what kind of laundry soap his mother used.

Mrs. Brooks* was a little surprised at our visit, but cordial in a quiet, pleasant way. The house was darling—crisp white curtains everywhere, a spacious living-room with soft rugs, many books, and a wide fireplace.

"All my clothes are just as white as Frank's suit," she assured us. "Ever since I discovered P and G nine years ago, I've had marvelously white clothes, with practically no rubbing. P and G is the *quickest* soap I have ever used—yet it is absolutely safe for colors. I always wash this in P and G"—indicating an attractive embroidered linen table runner—"and the colors always look new."

"Do you use P and G only for laundry?" we inquired.

"No, indeed—for kitchen linoleum, bathroom tiling, windows and woodwork all over the house. You see," she smiled, "I'm a P and G enthusiast."

Does it seem remarkable to you that one soap has so many millions of enthusiastic users? Well, if you want to know why, just try it. In hot water or cold—hard, soft, or lukewarm, P and G does beautiful work. It saves hard rubbing and frequent boiling. And it is safe for colors and fabrics. *Of course*, it is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Shouldn't it be helping you with your work too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

* Not her real name, of course.

The largest-selling laundry soap in America—that is why it costs so little

Compare P and G with the laundry soap you now use—price, weight, quality. Then you'll see P and G's astonishing value.

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A laundry hint from Mrs. Brooks

"My linens are always so snowy after being laundered in P and G that I am careful to keep them so. I never put them away warm—but air them first. I put the fresh linens on the bottom of the pile—because I always use them from the top. This keeps my stock moving. Otherwise, certain pieces would grow old-looking from neglect, while others would get undue wear."

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TRIAL MARRIAGE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ADELAIDE BANNESTER, who had learned at least one lesson from her own youth, declared that she never intended to interfere with her children's destiny. Which meant, of course, since they were both girls, in their choice of husbands.

Adelaide, herself, had eloped with her young man; and she did not intend to add the fillip of parental opposition to any romance of her daughters. That her own supposedly bad choice had turned out beautifully, her penniless young man having become a great success with American rapidity, did not alter Adelaide's viewpoint. Which was: That she did not believe in marrying for money, and she certainly did not believe in marrying without it.

Great love, and a rather more than reasonable amount of comfort, were the only terms on which Adelaide could possibly surrender her daughters, but she was wise enough not to let them see that she minded giving them up in the least. On the whole, Adelaide had always treated her daughters with a sort of pleasant, feminine malice, which made them look on her as a contemporary, rather than as an outmoded and, consequently, unsympathetic parent.

In appearance she was certainly their contemporary. Adelaide had been thin long before it was fashionable. And now, in her middle age, she could look with triumph on those solid matrons who had been famous beauties at a time when curves were necessary to feminine pulchritude, and Adelaide had been forced to wear ruffles over her flat chest, and clever pads under her corset. Now it was Adelaide who was the famous beauty, corsetless as her daughters, and as straight and boyish as they, in the slim, straight frocks so cruel to the bulging contour. Even Adelaide's face was now more in vogue, with the going out of the sweetly sentimental, and the coming in of the scornfully sophisticated expression.

"Don't be Antique, Mummie!" Cried Gay. "They Don't Wear Long Hair and Funny Ties Any More. Painting's Just as Respectable Now as Any Other Business"

For Adelaide was of that farthest-frozen-North blond type—pale, straight hair, and features too beautifully cut for the mob to admire. Long, high-bridged nose, delicately modeled but high cheek bones, long neck, transparent pale skin, incredibly slender ankles and wrists. Her beauty said: "Look if you like, but don't touch!" She might have been marked, like a package, "Delicate and fragile. Handle with care."

And yet this was deceptive, for underneath there was a certain fine, steely strength. Adelaide loved outdoor games; looked well in country clothes, too; had that touch of distinction which is even more necessary for tweeds than chiffons—for, as everyone knows, if a man or a woman is at all common, it is sure to come out in sport things.

Deceptive, too, Adelaide's look of the frozen North. For she had loved her husband madly—with a wild, ridiculous, life-or-death frenzy that amused her now, and yet touched her with regret. She still loved Conrad, but tenderly now, and with a sense of humor, and a sense of humor is the most fatal enemy of a grand passion. Conrad was now a good friend, but no longer a hero.

There had been enough heroics, though, in the famous elopement. Adelaide felt really sorry sometimes to be compelled to refuse her daughters a similar experience, for no conventional wedding could ever have equaled it in thrills.

Conrad had been forbidden the house, his letters intercepted; Adelaide locked up in her room on bread and water, as the saying goes, though it was really quite nice food on a tray, because Adelaide's mamma didn't want her to get any thinner than she was—heaven knew!—and ruin her other matrimonial chances.

And then the traditional details of a runaway match: the ladder, the chase, a friendly justice of the peace, and an irate father, arriving only a few seconds too late, with thunderous vowing of disinheritance. Adelaide's mamma copiously weeping, but muttering incoherently—and spitefully, Adelaide thought—something about a coffin at her feet

"I'm sure it's very sweet of you, mamma, to wish for my death," Adelaide had retorted pertly—in a day, too, when pertness was not in fashion. Adelaide always had been ahead of her time, in manner as well as figure. "But I really think you must resign yourself to the idea of my living on for a great many more years, and very happily too!"

And so her mother did, and they became great friends again after the first baby was born. A girl, much to Adelaide's disgust, for she was of her own petty feminine time in some ways. And then, she was so terribly in love with her big, handsome Conrad, and had wanted a yellow-haired son exactly like him.

"Do take the horrid little beast away!" she had told the shocked nurse. "I won't even look at her." And to all her mother's and husband's expostulations, Adelaide would only repeat tearfully, "But I wanted to name him after you, Con!"

Until finally Conrad solved the difficulty, as he could solve all difficulties for his Adelaide, with his gentle, slow smile and his charming voice.

"What's to prevent your calling her Con?" he asked mildly. "Her official name in full may be Constance, instead of Conrad, but as I'm never given my whole name anyway——"

"All right!" Adelaide sighed resignedly. "I'll make the best of things. But I warn you, the next one's got to be a boy."

But when the time came, two years later, a premonition assailed Adelaide, and she sighed over her sewing:

"It's no use. I know it will be a girl again. They do it just to spite me. I'll tell you what, though, Con, if it isn't a boy this time, I shan't give it another trial. The world's overpopulated with women."

It was a girl again, but such a dear, funny baby that no one could help laughing, or loving her at once.

The elder child was a beauty, as if to make up for all her delinquencies; for she had not only refused to look like her blond father, but no one could ever dream of calling her "Con." She hadn't the sort of personality that permits nicknames. A little Spanish infanta with velvet eyes. Constance, the full name, even as a baby; and you felt like adding *Principessa*. The nurse was almost afraid to dress the child. Her little, straight, strong, cream-colored and dimpled body was so adorable that your eyes gloated over it; and then Constance would turn that proud head, and give you a level questioning look from those deeply fringed black eyes, and somehow make you feel common. Adelaide, when she had occasion to correct the child, felt herself rebuked. But there was slight need for lessons in etiquette. Constance had been born with the book in her hand.

"I Don't Mind Being Like Other People," Said Gay Cheerfully. "I'm Not So Superior as You. Where Do You Get That Stuff, Anyway—That You are Made Out of Some Special Kind of Mud?"

The second baby was entirely different. You could get on terms of the utmost intimacy with her at once; bounce her up and down, roll her over, tousle her like a puppy. She was as friendly as a puppy too. A little, roly-poly, pink-and-white creature, with the most absurd button nose, and wide, laughing mouth. Such a relief from the haughty Constance that everyone rather took it out on her. She must have been awfully tired of all the petting and the supposedly comic faces and the inane remarks, such as "gichee-gichee-goo," and the showers of kisses from everyone; friends, relatives, acquaintances, even strangers, indiscriminately devouring the chubby knees and the dimple in the elbow and the fat little clenched fists. But she was so good, her digestion was so perfect, that she never complained.

Full of love and milk, she beamed upon the whole world as impartially as the sun; displaying her first tooth whenever asked and, later, her trick of walking two steps and then sitting down suddenly with a most terrific bump but without crying. And this little creature, who seemed designed by nature for the name of Lola or Kitty, was called Abigail, after a great-aunt with money. This was in the poor days of many maneuvers. The great-aunt died and left her money to a home for sick cats. But, anyhow, Abigail had already been shortened to Abbie, and Gail, and even more remotely to Gay, which finally stuck; though even then there persisted an almost irresistible tendency to renickname. Any of the little, silly, jolly endearing words would do—Toto, Flo-Flo, Mimi, Lili, Fifi, Bebe.

As Gay grew up, her hair, which in babyhood had been a delicious golden-duckling fuzz, thickened and thickened, and curled more tightly, until it was like a beautiful blond bath sponge. No amount of cutting or brushing could subdue it to fashionable straightness. Young men, on seeing this hair, often longed to plunge their fingers into it, and affectionately shake and tousle Abigail, as one plays with a puppy. But they didn't! For a strange thing had happened to the baby who had been petted too much, and who had responded with so much friendly good humor. Perhaps Gay had just grown tired of it all. Perhaps, at some time, her little-girl feelings had been hurt by one of those tiny names which, with all their affection, express a certain amount of condescension too. Maybe Gay had observed and envied her elder sister's regal manner. At any rate, Abigail, at seventeen, had a queer dignity of her own, not a bit like Constance's calm, nonchalant assurance—just a sort of shy, almost brusque and schoolboyish manner.

She especially hated the curl of her hair, which she complained looked permanently waved. She dragged the comb through it relentlessly, pulling out all she could, and wailing, "Darn! Darn! Oh, darn my horrible wool! It makes me look as if I had no sense."

"Well, why do you want sense?" asked Constance reasonably. "Besides, even if you had it, why should you want to look that way?"

"I want to look any way but the way I do," cried the wretched Abigail. "Like a toy or something. I'm not like that inside."

"I hope you don't want to be turned inside out," remarked her elder sister. "Then you would look disgusting."

She stole a complacent glance at her own reflection in the mirror.

"Don't think so much about yourself," she advised kindly. "There's nothing really wrong with your face, and you have a cute little figure. You'll get lines if you worry. Anyhow, I think everybody ought to be satisfied with what Nature's given them."

And she looked at herself again. She was satisfied; and she had a perfect right to be. Her small, firm features seemed to have been modeled by a sculptor, the straight, black hair to have been painted sleekly on the small, round head. Her lips were deeply carved, like those of an ancient statue, ripe and fruitlike. In a day of flaming cheeks, her warm, lustrous pallor was dramatic. Constance was one of the few young girls who do not wish to look exactly like everyone else. She was almost scornfully aware of the individual quality of her beauty.

Her dresses were dark and straight and unadorned, or white, without even a girdle to break the cool, flowing line, sometimes emerald-green chiffon, or cloth of palest blue gray or biege, but never red or pink or orange, the obvious colors for brunettes. Her shoes, which were made to order, were innumerable and appropriate. Her gloves, soft and unornamented, usually *café au lait* in color, were always a size too large, so that they might be drawn on carelessly and never give her slender hands a vulgarly pinched appearance.

With her fastidious, arrogant taste, Constance hated newness, display or obvious seduction. She was annoyed if someone said, "Isn't that a new frock?" and blamed herself for wearing it badly.

The supreme insult you might have offered Constance Bannester would have been: "Oh! You're all dressed up." But no one ever said that, because her clothes were so simple, so harmonious and well chosen, that they seemed as natural as the foliage of a tree; so adroitly designed that they called attention, not to their own beauty, but to the beauty of Constance.

She was thinking of this now, as she watched her sister dress for Sylvie Thorne's tea.

And an amused smile, not free from disdain, played about her lips.

"What are you representing, Gay?" she, finally, couldn't help asking.

Gay turned away from the taffeta-and-lace-draped mirror, where she had just completed her make-up. Two round spots of orange-colored rouge stood out, with an appealing candor, on her childishly freckled cheeks. Her naturally wide mouth had been remodeled into a Cupid's bow, by the simple expedient of rouging only the middle part of the lips.

When she spoke, a new mouth appeared, and when she laughed, you had to laugh with her, there was so little intention to deceive in all the clownlike artifice.

"I know you think I look like a Christmas tree," Gay calmly said, attaching earrings as elaborate as chandeliers, and spraying herself lavishly with twenty-dollar-an-ounce perfume. "But I'm not a beauty. I've got to attract attention somehow."

"Nobody will notice anybody but Sylvie, today," remarked Constance languidly. "I really don't care much about going."

"Is that why?" asked Gay bluntly.

Constance's level brows drew together slightly, in her nearest approach to a frown.

"Don't be silly. I mean—poor Sylvie! It's such bad taste."

"Why?"

"Why! After all that—notoriety! The dreadful things in the papers."

"Still," said Gay reasonably, "what do you expect her to do, now she's come home again? Shut herself up all the rest of her life and burst out crying?"

"Her father should have sent her abroad."

"Where she'd have a good chance to run away with another chauffeur or something," commented Gay dryly.

"Well, at least she needn't give a party to celebrate her return," retorted Constance.

"She isn't. Her aunt's giving it for her."

"Same thing. You wouldn't think Sylvie would care to be seen. It's rather common."

"Sporting!" declared Gay. "Takes a lot of courage, I'll say, to face the village gossips. The first ten words are the hardest, you know, and the sooner she gets it over with, the better."

"Oh, you would think so! Well, at any rate, don't say anything to her."

"How can I go to her tea and not speak to her?"

"I mean, about her husband."

"I'm not quite an idiot."

"But you do make *faux pas*."

"That's kinder, sometimes, than being too darn tactful."

"Oh, Gay! Really! It's tiresome—this constant darn and damn. Besides, everyone does it."

"Well, I don't mind being like other people," said Gay cheerfully. "I'm not so superior as you. Where do you get that stuff, anyway—that you are made out of some special kind of mud?"

II

IT WAS at Sylvie Thorne's rather defiant tea, and only a few steps away from the rather defiant figure of Sylvie, a little, flushed, fair-haired girl of seventeen, with a sullen mouth, and hard, brilliant eyes, that Adelaide first met Thorvald Ware. Under the shadow of Sylvie's tragedy, so to speak—though Adelaide would not have spoken so for the world—Adelaide realized with a sharp pang of the heart, which her sophisticated mind instantly repudiated, that a girl may have time to fall quite desperately in love with a man before he has ever been presented to her mother. For she saw at once that Constance was in love.

Constance, who, from babyhood, had just blandly accepted homage, as untouched as an idol; saying, now and then, like all her contemporaries, "Oh, I'm just perfectly crazy about So-and-So! Isn't he simply divine!" but not really meaning it, ever. Half laughing at herself as she glibly rattled off the current phrases.

Even now, of course, she did not betray herself to the casual eye. Blushes and drooping head were not for Constance. In fact, Adelaide could never remember having seen a blush, either real or artificial, on the fine porcelain of her daughter's cheeks. It was just the slightest sign that no one, except Adelaide, would have noticed, or if they had noticed, would have ascribed to some other cause—cigarettes, or too late dancing. Constance's teacup swayed ever so slightly in the saucer. Just for a second, the beautiful hand of the idol had trembled, then was quickly controlled. But Adelaide knew. She remembered.

She remembered how her own hands used to tremble, only much, much more, at the approach of Conrad. She remembered, as she caught the quick flash of annoyance through Constance's eyes, her own girlish, half-angry confusion. How she had fibbed to Conrad about the unsteadiness of her own hands, inventing excuses for her nervousness; refusing to admit, even to herself, that any man could shake her so completely from her valued, cool poise. How much more humiliating it must be for the proud Constance to feel herself wabbling on her pedestal.

Adelaide looked quickly, sharply, at Thorvald Ware. All this time she had been talking to him, of course, lightly and carelessly. Thorvald Ware was not listening, although he replied with mechanical courtesy. His eyes were fixed on Constance in deep, rapturous oblivion. Why, he was nothing but a boy—twenty-four, five? But then, these excessively fair men always looked younger than they were. He was blushing—easy enough for him to blush, one could see. He was crimson right up to the thick fair hair, and getting more crimson as he tried to stop it, while a look of hate—yes, positively, hate—rose in his clear, candid, gray eyes.

"Whom is he hating, I wonder?" thought Adelaide. "Constance or me?"

And then she saw whom he was hating—Gay, who had come up and was standing just behind Constance, watching the scene with all the frank interest of a little brother, round, blue-green eyes stretched, mouth betraying the secret of the Cupid's bow.

"I wonder if you have met my younger daughter, Mr. Ware?" murmured Adelaide, beginning to enjoy herself. "We mothers no longer present our daughters to the world, you know—they present it to us."

"Don't be antique, mummie," advised Gay, coming round and laying an affectionate paw on Adelaide. You couldn't call it anything else. It was just a short, plump, little, serviceable hand that needed a manicure.

"I know Mr. Ware awfully well," she added. "He taught me to ski, didn't you, Thor?"

"Tried to teach you, you mean," amended the young man. "You're not much good at it."

"Ho!" cried Gay. "Better than Constance anyway."

"I don't remember Constance's trying," said Thorvald Ware stiffly.

"I didn't. Skiing's beautiful, of course, when you do it well," said Constance, smiling directly at Thorvald Ware. "But I couldn't bear to tumble."

And the very idea of Constance's tumbling seemed sacrilege. All right for Gay, who now laughed, too loud as usual.

"'Member when I fell on my back and couldn't get up again? Makes you feel like one of those bugs, with all your feet sticking up in the air, waiting for someone to come turn you over."

"This was at my snow picnic, two weeks ago," vivaciously explained Rita Dallett, who had introduced Thorvald Ware to Adelaide.

Mrs. Dallett was tiny, and lively, and very dark. This year she was looking Spanish, her heavily penciled eyes snapping under an intricate arrangement of black-lace veil and matador's hat, her *retroussé* nose tilted at an almost alarming angle, her teeth shining out of fantastically

(Continued on Page 117)

"I Know Thor's Poor," Said Constance Naughtily, "and I Don't Mind. So Why Should We Talk About It?"

THAT PAL IDEA

DECORATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"WHAT you ought to do," said my well-meaning bachelor friend, who prides himself on understanding all the family problems of his married acquaintances—"what you ought to do is to make a pal of the boy."

"Yes," I nodded, as politely as though the suggestion were both profound and original; "in just what way would you go about that?"

"Spend more time with him," he answered instantly.

"But he objects to what time I do spend with him."

The boy in question was between sixteen and seventeen. For the past six months he had been quite deliberately sidestepping me at every opportunity. If he came into the room where I was sitting, he made some excuse for escaping as quickly as possible. If I came into the room where he was sprawling, he rose, stretched his long awkward body and sidled out.

"There must be a reason," declared Monte.

No one, young or old, sidled out of the room when he came in—bless his care-free, jolly soul. He was a prosperous architect and as well groomed as one of his neat suburban houses, made to sell for around twenty-five thousand dollars, of which he had built so many. He had just passed forty and was as popular with the debutantes as with the matrons; as popular with the college sports of his acquaintance as with the middle-aged golf fans of the country club. His only responsibility was to make himself agreeable to everyone, and even that required no effort on his part. He lived in a water-color world as gay as his preliminary sketches for bridal homes.

"If the boy acts like that, there's a reason," he stated.

"It's a simple one," I answered. "He does not care for my society."

"Perhaps that's because you don't get his slant on life."

"On the contrary, it's because I do."

"Eh?"

"Because I do and don't approve of it."

"Ah," he exclaimed triumphantly, "there's the nigger in the woodpile! You're growing old, man!"

"Of course I am"

"But you mustn't."

"I don't see anything abnormal about growing old," I insisted. "I'm bored with those old cocks who at sixty cut a stiff-kneed caper to prove they are only sixteen."

"Oh, I don't mean physically. Of course your muscles lose pep."

"I can still beat you at squash," I reminded him. He lighted a cigarette and waved that argument aside. "And golf," I added.

But he ignored that fact also. "What you must guard against is the loss of your youthful point of view," he asserted.

"I don't see that either," I objected. "Not to lose it is a form of idiocy. To maintain that you don't view life more clearly at fifty than at fifteen is a confession of weakness. It means you must have learned nothing in the meanwhile. Nine times out of ten this youthful-heart pose is a pure pretense anyway. It doesn't deceive anyone. I'll make an exception of bachelors, because they lack personal experience of the deeper truths of life."

"No need of jabbing me just because I'm trying to give you sound advice," he returned, looking peeved.

"I'm not. I'm only stating a few facts."

"Then go back in your mind to that period—however remote it may be—and ask yourself what you enjoyed when you were a boy."

"I do. That's the trouble. I remember what a dog-goned fool I was."

"Then you ought to have some sympathy for your own boy."

He settled down in his chair with the complacent air of having concluded the argument right at this point.

"Sympathy!" I answered. "I have no end of it for him. If I didn't have, I shouldn't care a hoot what he does or what he does not do. But I do care. That's why I'm trying to save him a lot of hard knocks."

He shook his head sadly at me.

"You don't understand this new generation," he observed.

He could have said nothing that would have irritated me more, because of all the current fallacies, this to me was one of the most prevalent and most absurd. It was based upon the assumption that there was something unique about this latest brood of youngsters, something extremely subtle and complicated about them. They were too deep to be understood by any but the most advanced minds. In fact, there was some doubt if even those great intellects were justified in the attempt to direct in any way this new race of sensitive young geniuses. I had heard a gentle old man who had taught long enough to know better make the assertion that a child should never be foiled in any of his desires—that discipline of any sort was a relic of barbarism. He had several children of his own, but fortunately they had been brought up by the mother on the old-fashioned lines before he acquired his new ideas.

"Light a fresh cigarette, Monte," I advised, "because I'm going to air my views at some length on that last statement of yours. In the first place, there is no such thing as distinctive generations. There is only one—the present, and we're as much a part of that as anyone else now living. There are a number of younger people in the world, to be sure, but even they are steadily growing older and others still younger taking their place. The men of twenty yesterday are reaching their majority today. So even that group is an ever-changing one, and at most never anything but a noisy minority. Even while they proclaim themselves the dominant factor in the world, they are being pressed hard by their still younger brothers and sisters, just as you and I are pressing on the heels of those who antedate us by a few years or days. But taken en masse, we are all one—all of today and the only generation there is. On what grounds then do these youngsters try to hog all the present?"

"Because the future is in their hands," Monte answered sententiously.

"That isn't true, because it's just as much in our hands as theirs. They don't seem to be worrying about the future anyway. If there is anything which distinguishes them,

(Continued on Page 205)

Good Old Army! Good Old War!

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

ONE beautiful morning in July, 1919, the transport that was bringing the 13th Field Artillery back from France steamed slowly into New York Bay. Me and my friend Henry Elton and a crowd of other privates was up on the top deck; and never in our lives had we been so happy and so excited. We thought—poor ignorant boobs that we was—that all the troubles of our army lives was over at last.

Everybody was rushing around from one side of the ship to the other, leaning over the rails, pointing to this and that, waving to all the little boats, and hollering and yelling. It looked like the whole bunch of us had all of a sudden gone crazy. And maybe we had.

"Looka there! Looka there!" yelled Henry. "Sandy Hook!"

We leaned over the rail on the left-hand side of the boat and looked at good old Sandy Hook. It was nothing but a little low sand bar; but it was part of America, and it looked like heaven to us. The sky was blue overhead and the sun was warm and pleasant, and the little waves in the bay were very good to look at. So we laughed and jumped around and cheered for Sandy Hook as loud as we could.

And after a while somebody on the other side began to holler, "Coney Island! Coney Island!" We all rushed over to the other side of the boat, and far away we could see a beach and big bathing pavilions and scenic railways with flags flying. So then we cheered for Coney Island.

The boat kept gliding along smooth and steady up toward the Narrows, and Jim Davis caught sight of the house where he lived over on Staten Island. It looked to me like a rather ugly little shack, but Jim seemed to think it was the most wonderful thing in the whole world, and he like to went off his nut with joy. He waved his hat at it and whistled and shouted until the boat went on up through the Narrows and it was out of sight.

Then all of a sudden everybody began to yell, "There she is! Good old lady! Still in the same place!" It was the Statue of Liberty, standing just as calm and steady as we had left her the year before. To the north, rising out of the faintest little bit of mist, were the skyscrapers of Manhattan shining in the morning sunshine, and to the right was the Brooklyn Bridge. In all the world there never was anything so beautiful.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," said Henry. "I never was so happy in my life, and yet I can hardly keep from crying."

We was now in the Upper Bay and there was lots of boats all around that were blowing their whistles as a welcome to us.

"Look there!" said Jim Davis. "A ferryboat! A Staten Island ferryboat! Ain't it marvelous!"

As the ferryboat passed us it let out a long whistle, and we shouted and yelled louder than ever.

There were people on board that waved to us, and we waved back.

"Well," said Henry, "it looks like they're glad to see us back. We been away a long time, but it looks like people haven't forgotten us."

"Oh, yes," said a dismal voice beside us. "It don't cost them nothing to wave at us. But suppose we was to strike any of them for a job, would we get it? No! I hear that it is the hardest thing in the world for returned soldiers to get jobs."

It was Charlie Hiner, a guy that we used to call the Gloom Hound.

"Shut up!" I said.

Then I noticed a feller that we called Sloppy pointing out something on the shore.

"That's Jersey City," he said, "and right beside that high building over there is one of the swellest restaurants in the world. And that's where you'll find me just as soon as I can make it. I tell you, boy, they got real food there. What pie they have! With good, soft, thick, heavy bottom crust. Lots of nourishment in it. I'm going to have about six pieces of pie with ice cream on top, and I'm going to have steak with onions and fried potatoes, and cauliflower, and pork and beans, and everything else I want."

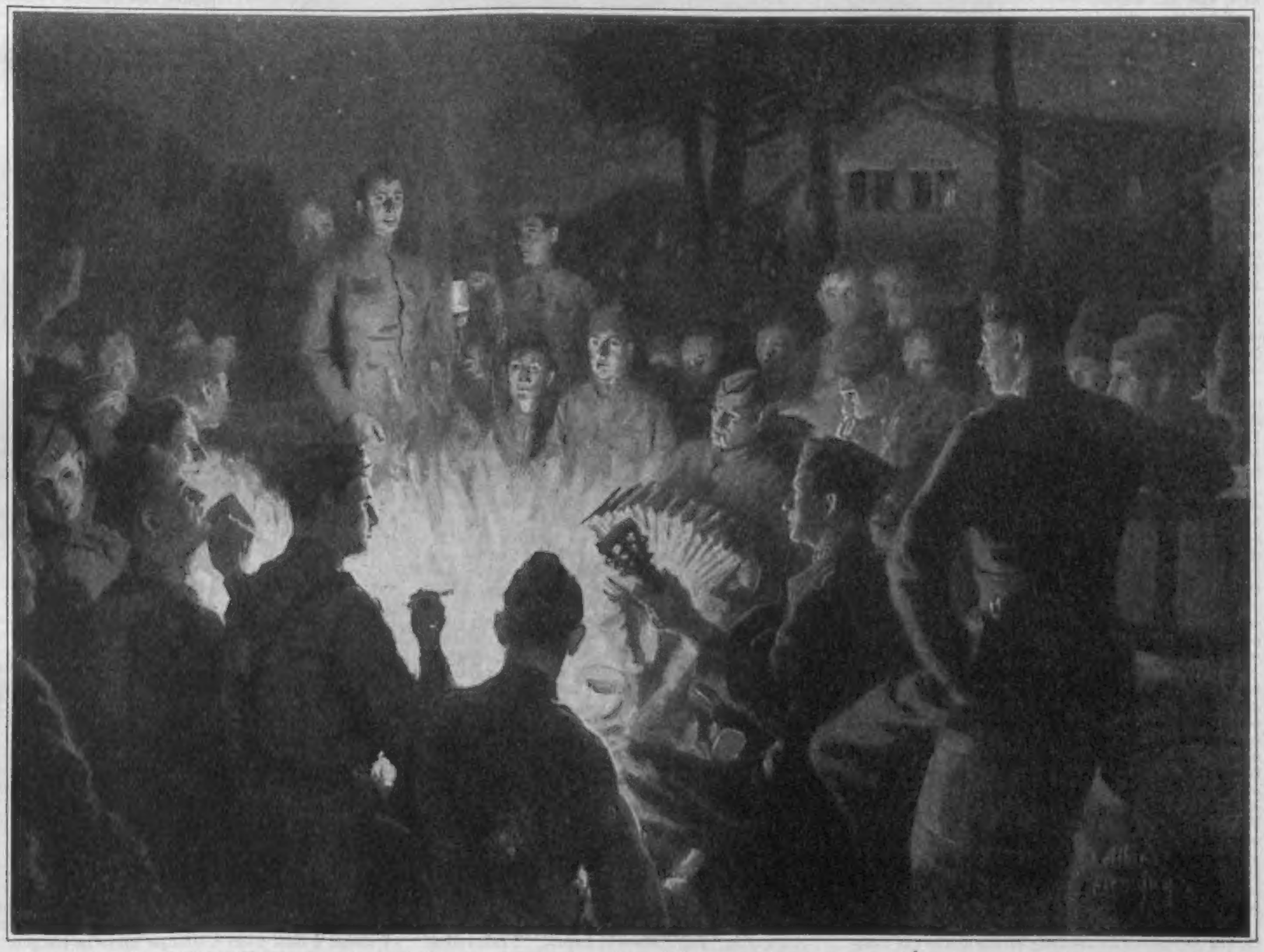
And Sloppy raved on and on. But we was all so happy and excited we hardly noticed him, and nobody even thought of making him shut up.

The ship kept on, and finally a lot of little tugboats came out and began to pull us in to our pier. Hoboken at last! We all gave three cheers for Hoboken—the finest town in the world!

I guess the only man that didn't shout himself hoarse was Porky Hennessey. Ever since that rainy day at Septsarges when we dug a grave for his brother, Porky had been pretty quiet.

We marched down the gangplank and along the pier, and got into a train that was waiting. Me and Henry turned back a seat and sat with Charlie Hiner and a guy

(Continued on Page 236)



It Was the Last Night the Battery Would be Together, So We All Gathered Around a Fire in Front of the Barracks and Sang the Old Songs That We Used to Sing in France and Germany

OUR BROTHER

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IN SEARCH of news, Jackson Piper, reporter for the Lanesville Tribune, turned into the Lanesville Square on Monday morning at eight o'clock. He was a stout young man of about twenty-five, who wore, contrary to the dictates of fashion, a Vandyke beard, without which his face was a full moon. Normally, his expression was cheerful, but the dullness of the day oppressed him. The sky seemed to rest on the roof of the tall department store, the tip of the soldiers' monument and the roof of the bank. The winter was cold, but there had been as yet no snow, though the bare earth cried to be covered and farmers in the wide market garden round the town shook their heads.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, which were market mornings, the square was a different place. Automobiles, carts and even old-fashioned Conestoga wagons passed and repassed, now arriving piled high with farm produce, now returning empty. On Charles Street, except on the coldest days, cars and wagons were backed to the curb and farmers dispensed their wares in the open—apples, potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbages, dressed or undressed fowl, country butchering, baking and many other articles.

The farmers and their wives and daughters were, of all the objects to be seen, the most interesting, though to Jackson their interesting qualities had had to be pointed out. This was the home of the plain people, Amish and Dunker, River Brother and Seventh-Day Baptist, Mennonites, old and new, reformed and unreformed. Clinging to ancient beliefs, avoiding the new easily because they had been taught from infancy to believe the new dangerous, they went about secure in their consciences and happy in their possessions.

To the stranger they looked much alike, but natives could distinguish them from one another. Here was a staunch Quakerish figure of prosperity—this was a Dunker. This woman's black cap strings hung loosely—she was Mennonite; her neighbor's were broader and of white material and tied in a bow—she was Amish.

Of all, the Amish were most picturesque, clad in suits, often of corduroy, of their wives' manufacture, and fastened with hooks and eyes instead of buttons. With bushy beards and hair aureoling their placid faces, they planted themselves, hands in pockets, like objects permanent in the landscape. The women wore deep bonnets of black over their white coifs; but their dresses, all made by the same plain pattern, were of solid colors in strange combinations of red and brown. The children, dressed exactly like their parents, suggested an exhibition of dolls, decked out to represent the fashions of adults.

Jackson Piper stood for at least ten minutes before the bank, then he moved halfway round the square to the department store. He carried his hands in his overcoat pockets like an Amishman, but his fingers played not with coins but with a tablet and pencil. He wished to get married and his meager salary was hardly enough for himself. He received extra pay for special work or work overtime; but except for the account of the New Year's celebration, with a great deal of vague padding about the Volstead Act, he had done no special work. There was nothing to report, there were no murders from which to wring the last drop of sensation, there were no scandals to hint at. Even the weather had been against him; the roads were clear and no cars skidded at corners. The lack of news was a serious matter.

At half-past eight Billy Sieber turned into the square. He was the reporter for the Daily Mirror and he and Jackson had learned, after various unhappy experiences, that

"I'm William Hershey. These are Betsey and Tilly Shindledecker From Across the Street. We're Redding Up"

friendliness paid better than enmity. He was stout also, and about the same age as Jackson, but he looked younger because of his smooth face. He had aspirations to be something better than a small-town newspaper reporter and he kept notebooks of impressions, not realizing that the picturesqueness of his neighbors eluded him; himself of Dunker stock, he could not see how different were his own people from others.

He walked over and said "Hello," and took his place beside Jackson, so that they could talk and at the same time watch the square. A fight, though fighting was practically obsolete; a collision, though the cars were managed with the utmost care; a fire, though fire might bring destruction and death—Jackson and Billy looked about hungrily.

"Nothing doing," grumbled Jackson. "Got nothing but church news."

"Same here," sighed Billy. "Give you an exchange."

"All right," agreed Jackson. It was a game which they played, keeping careful account. "You owe me one."

"A woman fainted in the Evangelical Church last evening. Minister preaching about hell. Got too lively for her."

"That so?" said Jackson, with mild interest. "Got her name?"

"Yes," answered Billy. "But you'd better set it up without names. Got anything yourself?"

"Not a thing," said Jackson in disgust. "I heard some bootleggers were to be pinched at Three Valleys and I missed my evening with my girl. Nothing doing."

"That's the word with everything—nothing do——"

Billy stopped, his last syllable unformed, his lips parted, his eyes fixed on the opposite corner of the square, from which opened a narrow street called Meyer's Alley. It led into a quarter which was not respectable and toward it the eyes of those seeking excitement were in the habit of turning. Pedestrians began to walk in that direction; they vanished one by one into the narrow opening, the last pair moving rapidly. The corner was for the minute deserted; then other citizens, seeing their fellows disappear, followed after them.

"Better get round there," said Billy, moving away.

"That's the truth," agreed Jackson, stepping along behind him.

In the dull and dingy alley the sky rested upon the roofs of the houses, which were much lower than the tall buildings on the square. Here was a fish market, here the office of a job printer, here a saddler's shop, here an unoccupied building, its windows opaque with dust. Above and behind the storerooms were lodgings of the lowest type.

There was room for but one automobile, and one automobile filled the space—a substantial roadster on the side of which was painted in large letters, Lanesville Police Department.

"The chief!" Gasping excitedly, Jackson shouldered his way among the people and Billy followed in the wide path which he created.

"What's the matter here?" demanded Billy loudly.

"A man was killed," piped up a little child.

"Kid, you clear out!" ordered a loud voice.

Seeing a blue-coated officer in a doorway, the two young men advanced to his immediate neighborhood.

"What's doing?"

"Two people dead—man and woman."

"Suicide?"

"Don't know."

"Who are they?"

"Mary Grant is the woman."

"Not surprised," said Jackson. "Who's the man?"

"Don't know him. The woman who owns the place thinks he's one of these here plain people."

"Is that so?" cried Jackson. His fingers gripped the tablet as though it were really money.

"Not likely," said Billy.

"Coroner here?" asked Jackson.

"Everybody's here. We did it on the Q. T. We're about through."

"May we go in? News is news."

"Sure!"

The officer moved to one side and they filed past into a narrow hall with a stairway at the back. Jackson moved briskly though heavily, panting as he walked. Billy came after him more slowly, the color gone from his face.

"Don't say nothing doing to me!" said Jackson.

"Bet he's wrong about the man," answered Billy uneasily. "The plain people don't murder and they don't suicide." He quickened his step and on Jackson's heels went up the foul stairway.

II

WILLIAM HERSHEY was pottering round his barn at eleven o'clock when a stranger drove to the gate. William was a short, slender young man to whom a heavy

reddish beard gave no appearance of maturity. He wore the tailless coat and broad-brimmed hat of the small Mennonite sect to which he belonged, and removed some distance from the observer he looked like a boy, though he was the owner and successful operator of a farm, the husband of a wife and the father of three children.

Every few minutes he walked to the door, pushed back the upper wing and looked out. His gaze sought neither the comfortable little gray house, where Mary was busy and the three children happily at play, nor the house yard, where the clothes which he had hung out waved gently upon the line, nor the road which wound down to the plain, but the lowering sky.

It was too early in January for the change in light to be perceptible and there was no snow to reflect what light there was.

"It ought to give snow," said William anxiously. "It will be bad for the farmer if we have no snow. The snow keeps the earth warm and puts good minerals in the soil. It ought to give snow. It looks as if it would give snow," he concluded hopefully.

His gaze swept the plain. He gave much thought to the affairs of the Improved New Mennonites and his mind's eye ran through the short list of members: "Stauffer, Shindledecker, Herr, Lindakugal, Erlenbaugh, Kinzer, Steckbeck, Kluck, Ensminger. How few! And the Ensmingers, they're not always faithful, and the Klucks are growing feeble, and Samuel Kinzer, he's lost to us." Thinking of Samuel Kinzer, he lifted a prayer to heaven, speaking with ardent longing as one might speak of a beloved and faithless woman. "Oh, Almighty God, who watchest over the falling of a sparrow, send Samuel Kinzer back!"

So occupied was he with thoughts of Samuel Kinzer that he heard neither the car nor the stranger's shout. He knelt down in the far dim corner of the entry.

"Almighty God," he prayed again, "send Samuel Kinzer back!"

"Mr. Hershey!" shouted a loud voice. "Mr. Hershey!"

William scrambled to his feet, asking, "What is it?" and, hurrying along the entry, approached the door. The face of the stranger was framed in the gray opening, his features indistinguishable in the gloom.

"Are you Mr. Hershey?"

"I'm William Hershey."

"Do you belong to the Mennonite Meeting down toward Lanesville?"

"I do."

"Had you ever a member named Samuel Kinzer?"

"We have a member named Samuel Kinzer."

"Not a very steady one, perhaps?"

"He's nevertheless a member." William's expression was one of grave alarm. "If you're once one of us, you're always one of us. The lambs of the fold are not cast out. His father and his mother and all his grandparents as far back as anyone knows were of our fold."

"Do you know anything of his recent life?"

"No," said William honestly. "I know nothing."

"Did you ever hear anything?"

"Yes." William bent his head.

"He's dead," announced the stranger.

"No!" cried William. "No!" Color fled from his cheeks, he stood with his lips parted. "That can't be!"

"He shot himself." The stranger discharged the details of his story as though they were bullets and William lifted his arm as if to protect himself. "And a woman," went on the stranger. "She's better out of the way—a bad lot. She abandoned him for someone from whom she could get more money. He shot himself and her last night. I came to see you for this reason: I'm the undertaker and the bodies are at my place. The woman has relatives who will bear the expense of her burial, but the boy apparently has no relatives. We thought before burying him at the expense of the county we would find out if he had friends who care to make arrangements."

"He has no relatives—that's true," said William. "But he has friends. I'm his friend and there are others."

"Can you come down to Lanesville this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"My place is on Charles Street."

"I'll be there as soon as I can," promised William. "But my horse is not so fast as some."

The stranger looked up at the sky.

"I'll take you down and bring you back. It may snow by afternoon."

"No," answered William. "I thank you, but if I have my team on the plain I can see the brethren."

"This is Monday—you could have the funeral Wednesday afternoon."

Again William looked up at the sky. "Thursday morning would be better."

"Are there people to come from a distance?" asked the undertaker.

William shook his head. "We're all here. We're only a little flock. But we do not bury hastily."

The undertaker walked toward his car. His eyes sought the eyes of William, who walked beside him. Tears were running down William's cheeks, vanishing into the red thicket of his beard. The undertaker blushed as a girl might blush.

"I never saw so perfect and beautiful a human being."

"Yes," agreed William. "You have right. It was his undoing."

"How old is he?"

"He's my age," said William—"twenty-nine. He was my friend. We played together as little children."

The undertaker spoke in an unaccustomed way and used words which did not exactly fit his tongue: "He has a kind of unearthly beauty—angelic-like."

"Yes," agreed William, weeping.

The undertaker stepped into his car. "Charles Street, east of the square."

"Yes, sir," answered William. "Thank you." He saw at the kitchen window a face framed in a white cap and was reminded of the duties of a host. "Wouldn't you step in the house and warm yourself a little?"

"No, thank you," answered the undertaker. "I must get back."

William looked toward the house, then toward the barn. He would have preferred to go to the barn and there prepare to impart the news, but the round face looked at him expectantly. He crossed the yard slowly and approached the door. His own grief still sent the tears rolling from his eyes, and there was something else which troubled him—an old suspicion, an old jealousy which he had long since conquered.

The door was opened from within. "Come in," said a cheerful voice from behind it. "Did you think it was locked?"

The door moved shut and Mary appeared. Dressed in light blue, her cheeks red, her arms rosy from the hot water in which they had been immersed, she was a charming

(Continued on Page 126)

On Charles Street, Except on the Coldest Days, Cars and Wagons Were Backed to the Curb and Farmers Dispensed Their Wares in the Open

THE CREAM OF HEARTS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

A VERY small and quiet woman who was younger than old sat looking intently at a small man. They were sitting in a room where for the moment a single bed had all the appearance of a couch. Finally Ella Banks said: "Osbert dear, you're just not made for worldly success and I'm afraid I am. I mean I want to do something as big as possible. The funny part of it is I always thought I could. I do right this minute."

He replied that he didn't doubt it. "But I'm not going to do so bad, Ella. If I'm only assistant in a drug store now, I can tell you the time will come when I'll own it. I can see why you want to keep on working for a little, but soon you won't have to. I don't want you to work a minute longer than necessary. You will be married to me and I can take care of you."

Ella Banks had returned to her abstraction. "That's sweet of you," she acknowledged absent-mindedly. "I like to work, and, Osbert, don't for goodness' sake say anything about your pride. That doesn't come into it. You would be perfectly contented to own a small drug store on a small street, but that's not what I mean by success. Osbert, anybody looking at me would laugh, but the truth is I like pretty clothes—good clothes—expensive—anything that touches me just has to be good. It affects me, if you can understand that. I—I feel different. It's the same with my room here. You'd never notice them, but I paid fifteen dollars for that pair of curtains. And this dress—I won't tell you what I paid for it. I'm certain you would never marry me if you knew really how extravagant I have to be."

"I'm in Love, and if My Best Young Man Can Take a Large Account to Willie Deacon, We'll Be Married"

"Of course, Ella, I can see you're not ostentatious and that's one of the reasons I fell in love with you."

Ella was close to him and she leaned over and kissed him. "I couldn't put it into words how much I love you, Osbert. I'm glad everything about you's what it is. I wouldn't have you changed a mite. I guess I'm determined enough for the both of us. But, dearest, I've got to speak about this. You must give me my head, or I'd never be contented. I'm always stirred up with plans inside. They've got to come to a lot. They've got to!" She rose and walked across the room and back.

"I'm getting as much as you right now, Osbert—fifty dollars a week. And while you might get some more, I hardly could. That's a good deal for a secretary even in special legal work. I couldn't expect Mr. Jayne to raise me again, and he's old. I don't see where I could find another position with an admiralty lawyer. This isn't New York, remember."

He told her that he couldn't make out why she bothered. They were happily engaged and would soon be married and both were doing good. "I wouldn't dictate to you, Ella. If you want to keep on working, no matter if I am disappointed, you can, for a while anyhow. I wouldn't want it to interfere with—with other things."

"You mean children," she answered quickly and directly. "You must say what is in your mind without dodging around. It's all right for us to speak out. Well, it won't; but we'll have to wait. Osbert, can't you see that I must have things nice? Pretty little pieces with hand lace. A decent place. If you love me, you have to take me the way I am, and I'm kind of an old maid. I expect, single or married, I'll never get over that. Listen to this: I couldn't draw on a pair of thick stockings. I couldn't make myself. I couldn't go up to a counter and buy them. I haven't had to and I won't."

He sighed, holding her hand. "You'll have to be you, I know. But maybe marriage will change you some."

She shook her head doubtfully. "I haven't seen anyone it changed yet. Or not in the way you mean. I'll never sit still all day in a house, not so long as I have my health. It's not in me. I must find out what to do, and it's not admiralty law. Other women get along and they haven't a bit more sense than I have. Mr. Jayne will tell you that. I help him more than he knows too." She was again restlessly on her feet. By the bureau she suddenly picked up a white jar with a metal lid. "Look at that!" she cried. "It's for my face and I pay four dollars for it. The best there is. Milano Emollient. I have to have it."

"And it's just there," he returned, at last with spirit—"it's just there you fall down, like any plain dumb female. You pay four dollars for that and you can get exactly the same from us for seventy-five cents. Your head ain't as able as you make out."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, frowning.

"Just what I say," he asserted. "That's a good quality cold cream and nothing more. All the rest is advertising and the way it's put up." It was clear that he was happy to have found a subject in which he had authority. He knew more about this than Ella. "I never thought you would be easy like the rest. You better stay home, if you spend the money you earn so hard on that nonsense."

"Can you make it?" Ella Banks demanded. "Really? A cream that can't be told from Milano Emollient?"

"Any day," Osbert assured her; "that is, if it's really good and not dosed up with mineral oil. Cheap. Well, I should think I could. Unguentum aquæ rosæ—that's all it is, just that. A base of almond oil with rose water and paraffin and white wax with a trace of borax. There's a good profit in it at seventy-five cents. But four dollars " He whistled. "Robbery!"

"And vanishing cream?"

"A dryer compound."

"Astringents?"

"Oh, they're anything with alum and a mild scent."

Ella stood gazing at him with narrowed eyes. "Osbert," she said, "that's it."

Bewildered, he asked what was. Instead of replying, she went to a drawer and returned with a bank book. "I have twelve thousand dollars," she told her thoughts, the room, rather than him.

"Why, Ella, that's elegant!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea. Probably you think I knew it all the time and was marrying you for your money."

She shook her head at him with an affectionate impatience. "Let me think."

Osbert Latta looked at his watch and reluctantly rose. "I'll have to go to the drug store and so you can think what you like. But don't think too much of that money away from you. I'm going to be your husband and you'll have to listen to me, if you want to or not. The more since I found out you gave four dollars for that cream. I lost a lot of regard for you right there."

She kissed him with feeling. "Indeed you are going to be my husband," Ella reiterated. "I couldn't think of living without you. I love you, Osbert. Meet me tomorrow at three, downstairs from Mr. Jayne's office. I'm going to talk to him before I decide anything or say more

to you. Only, you mustn't worry Osbert, promise me you won't. I'm not dumb all through -and kiss me again."

Mr. John Jayne's inner office was large and darkly furnished and usually, except for Miss Banks and himself, empty He was no longer very active in the practice of admiralty law. In fact there wasn't much of it to practice; most of his cases were referred to him by the great New York firm he represented. In addition he was seventy-three years old. But he added for his own benefit that he didn't look it. In many ways his son Arthur seemed older than he did, and Arthur was only forty-seven. There were things about his son which he didn't understand. That is, he didn't know where they could have come from. Certainly he, John Jayne, was not like that; and Arthur didn't resemble his mother. What the devil had made him so evangelical and severe about trifles? But Arthur's daughter Canda—there was a girl! As different from her father as Arthur was from him.

He asked Miss Banks, "Has Miss Jayne been in the office lately? I hate to be out when she comes."

Yes, he was told, she had been there only yesterday afternoon just after he had gone. She had taken all the special Havana cigarettes from the box and Miss Banks had had to order more.

"She won't like them," he predicted. "Not wrapped in hebra paper. It will bother the paint on her lips." He wondered if Arthur knew that Canda painted her mouth. Probably not. "There isn't much this afternoon," he added needlessly. Miss Banks left her desk and came over to him. Something special in her manner arrested his attention. He turned, sitting, and gazed at her searchingly. She seemed to find a difficulty in speaking.

"There is something I have to say without wanting to," she told him finally. "I guess I might as well make it short. Mr. Jayne, I am going to leave the office."

He was momentarily speechless from a sharp painful surprise. Then, "Leave the office," he repeated after her. "Nonsense!" He grew more vigorous, decided. "You can't do it. You mustn't think of it. Ridiculous! Why, you are the office!"

"I'm sorry," she insisted.

"It's that nincompoop you're set on marrying," he declared. "As soon as you had him in here I realized what he amounted to, and told you when I had the chance. Well, I won't hear of your going."

"It isn't Osbert," she explained carefully. "He wants me to stay with you for another year at least No, Mr. Jayne, it's because of what you referred to. I'm sorry, but there isn't enough here for me—for Osbert and me."

"That's Osbert's affair," he asserted positively.

"And mine," she went on. "I'm afraid it can't be helped. And that's not the worst. Will you let me explain a little?"

"But of course! Don't keep on being ridiculous." He waved to a near-by chair. "It won't do any good, though, I won't let you off."

She smiled slightly. "I want to go in business for myself, Mr. Jayne. I think I'd be a success. I know I would I have been studying and planning and there's one way I'm sure it could be done."

He said impatiently that oh, she would get along. "What is it? Law? Be a woman lawyer?"

She shook her head. "I want to open a beauty parlor."

Jayne stared at her incredulously. "You!" he almost shouted at her. "Open a beauty parlor! You've lost your wits. I never heard of such folly. One of those places with a name like the Marigold Shoppe."

"Exactly," she agreed with him. "And do you know what those shoppes made last year – the ones they have a record of? Thirty-nine million dollars! Please listen to me, Mr. Jayne. There is a tremendous profit in them, and Osbert is a chemist. That's where the money is, do you see, in the toilet preparations." Miss Banks told him about the jar of Milano Emollient for which she had paid four dollars. "We can make it better than that for how little you'd never guess. It's all in the selling and I think I could do it. Don't you, really?"

"Yes," he acknowledged, "you could. Or any other rascality."

She interrupted him as politely as possible: "Here is what I hope to do and I hope you won't think I'm presumptuous. I don't want to bother you, Mr. Jayne. You see, appearance counts for everything. You must have an attractive place and your creams and preparations put up nicely Well, I have saved twelve thousand dollars, all in good securities; and though I know it's a narrow margin, I'd like to borrow ten thousand dollars with that collateral."

"And it occurred to you I'd let you have it for a beauty parlor." He sniffed indignantly.

"It occurred to me you might let me have it," she agreed, correcting his phrase

He said very loudly that he wouldn't dream of any such thing, but all the while he was realizing that he was going to lose her. Lose Miss Banks? He didn't know what he would do. She went on explaining about unguentum aquæ rosæ. It did seem there was a great deal of money in it. Why, with Mary dead and Arthur what he was, Miss Banks was closer to him than anyone else he could think of. She was in his will. He distinguished her words once more. She was asking directly if he would let her have the money. Hell, of course he would!

"Yes, you can have it," he said crossly. Then it occurred to him to ask if that would be enough. It wasn't much when rentals and the cost of furnishings were counted. Miss Banks thought she could make it do. "I'll try to get through with that. At first it will be small."

An admirable girl. John Jayne discovered that he had a deep affection for her. "Perhaps you'd better have twenty," he suggested. "The security would be all right. You're all the security I want."

Suddenly excited, she rose and came close to him, clasping her hands. "Mr. Jayne, would you consider being a partner—a silent partner? I'm certain it will turn out well. If you like, let me have twenty thousand dollars and I'll give my time and what ability I have myself."

Jayne was forced to laugh. "A partner in a beauty parlor!" he repeated. "John Jayne and toilet preparations! Creams! A shoppe!"

"No one need know it," she pointed out. "You could be a very silent partner. You need never appear. And it could be made perfectly safe. I mean, if you have confidence in my honesty; the agreement drawn so that either of us could terminate it in three or six months. In case of

(Continued on Page 157

The Moonlight Streamed Over the Terrace and Upon Canda in a White Dress. She Had Never Been More Desirable, Nor He More Wretched

THE CRISIS IN RUBBER

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE most startling economic revelation of the year 1925 was the sudden discovery by the United States of her almost complete dependence upon Great Britain for crude rubber. There was not the slightest reason why the disclosure should have had any of the elements of shock, because this state of affairs has been going on for a long time. It took an acute crisis, caused by a shrinkage of supply which sent costs soaring, to bring the average citizen bang up against the realization that, figuratively, he is bound hand and foot to a monopoly from which there is no immediate escape. Furthermore, this monopoly is in the inelastic grip of government control.

In the first article of this series the larger picture embodied in the menace of commodity control was projected. In the case of four products—rubber, coffee, nitrates and potash—I cite only the major ones—we are practically at the mercy of alien interests. All are subject to more or less drastic official action of some kind. Our annual bill for these and kindred essentials amounts to more than $800,000,000. In 1925 rubber alone accounted for about five-eighths of this huge sum.

In the case of coffee, nitrates and potash, and especially coffee, there can be a degree of substitution. Not so with rubber. There is no understudy for the latex, the milk that flows from the rubber tree, which, when treated, becomes the backbone of one of our dominant industries. Rubber, because of our dependence upon foreign-owned sources, is therefore the weakest link in our industrial chain. We consume more than 70 per cent of the world's supply. By a curious coincidence, this represents the output controlled by Great Britain economically or politically.

Specially Trained Coolies Budding Trees Which are About Ten Months Old

Industry's Rubber Keystone

IT IS almost as unnecessary to remind an American today of the value of rubber as it is to emphasize the need of food. With an automobile for approximately every six persons in the United States; with $1,750,000,000 invested in motor manufacturing; with many millions of persons directly dependent for their support and maintenance upon the automotive activity, and practically the whole nation relying upon it for comfort, business or pleasure, it has a premier position. More than $1,250,000,000 is employed in the rubber industry, and the sales value of its products last year, including the 59,000,000 tires turned out, was $1,500,000,000. Our factories make three-quarters of all the rubber goods used throughout the world. Putting it in another way, rubber is the corner stone, so to speak, of three great industries—rubber manufacturing, the automotive, and oil, through the gasoline used in the automobile, whose total capitalization is more than $14,000,000,000. Our gasoline bill last year alone was well toward the $2,000,000,000 mark. Finally, rubber has passed coffee, silk and sugar and become first among our imports in point of value. Yet we produce barely 3 per cent of the quantity used.

Acres of Old Tires to be Reclaimed

Almost from the hour when Columbus, the first European to see rubber, observed it used as a plaything by the Indians, who bounced it back and forth—hence the original name of India rubber—the substance has been bound up in romance and fiscal adventure. In every sense it is another black Golconda, because it has affected the economic destiny of nations and individuals. It was not until the discovery of vulcanization in 1839 by Charles Goodyear, a Connecticut hardware merchant, that the commercial era of rubber really began. It is worth noting that Goodyear's only reference to tires was a suggestion that they might be used to lessen the noise of barrows used for wheeling luggage at railway stations.

Bark

RUBBER got its name in business because it was originally used to rub out pencil marks. In London half a cubic inch of it once cost the equivalent of seventy-five cents. This is said to be the highest known price recorded for raw rubber.

A succession of episodes makes the story of rubber rich and colorful. Upon the foresight of Sir Henry Wickham, who ingeniously got a cargo of Brazilian seeds into England—it is a familiar story—was reared the whole British rubber-plantation supremacy in the Middle East. Those Brazilian seeds were planted at Kew Gardens, London, and the seedlings sent out to Malaya and Ceylon.

As in cotton and wheat, the rubber market has literally ridden the whirlwind. In 1910, when plantation rubber found itself for the first time, the world, and especially the British section of it, went rubber mad. A period of overspeculation ensued that was almost as frenzied as the eras of the South Sea Bubble or the tulip mania. At that time the price went to $3.12 a pound. Shares in rubber plantations rose to a premium of nearly 5000 per cent. There was a less hectic repetition of this history last year, when the price advanced to $1.21 a pound.

Like coal and petroleum, rubber belongs to the family of hydrocarbons that are among the best aids to modern civilization. Unlike them, it is a thing of today, with no stored reserves to draw upon, while the two great fuels are the fossilized remains of age-old plant life.

Now a word about the rubber tree. The milk is a secretion in the inner bark. Thus the bark and not the tree itself is tapped. Someone has well said, "The bark is the capital of the rubber-plantation business." Scientific wounding of the tree, as the phrase goes, has been highly developed both by the British and the

Crude Rubber Loaded on Trucks After Being Washed and Formed Into Long Sheets

Dutch. There is no season in rubber output, because with care the bark may be bled every day of the year. Happily for the planter, so far no disease has developed to menace permanently the life of the tree.

In one sense rubber sticks to what might be called the mode, in that there is bootlegging in the raw product in Ceylon, Malaya and other British possessions. It grows out of the restriction act. This rubber running is carried on by natives, who smuggle the product of their tiny acreages out of the country and sell it to small buyers.

Most of the rubber, both wild and cultivated, is obtained within a zone from ten degrees north to ten degrees south of the equator. As more than one historian has pointed out, a sort of India-rubber belt encircles the globe.

Until 1910, wild rubber—that is, the product obtained in the jungle—supplied most of the world needs. The bulk of it came from Brazil, although for a period there was a fair supply in the Belgian Congo. The alleged atrocities perpetrated upon the rubber gatherers in the African area caused an international sensation and labeled the output red rubber.

Brokers in Front of the Rubber Exchange, in Mincing Lane, London

The introduction of plantation rubber in the Middle East on a considerable scale did not follow immediately after the sprouting of the Brazilian seeds planted in Kew Gardens. The reason, of course, was that the automobile age had not come, and the Brazilian product was ample for all existing commercial needs. An interesting incident led to what is now one of Britain's chief overseas meal tickets—I mean her rubber empire—the safeguarding of which brought about the latest rubber crisis.

How an Ill Wind Brought Britain Rubber

FOR years English and Scotch planters had grown coffee successfully in the British Middle East colonies. Late in the 90's the trees were attacked by a disease which well-nigh impoverished the growers. They looked about for a new crop. Finally they turned to rubber, which, planted for purely experimental purposes, had previously thrived out there.

This was the beginning of the British plantation industry in Ceylon and Malaya, which now represents an investment of more than $700,000,000 and provides, with all the plantations in the Dutch colonies, more than 95 per cent of the world's rubber output.

To understand just what brought about the impasse in rubber you must go back a few years. It was not until 1907 that the production of plantation rubber first exceeded 1000 tons. By 1914 it had reached 73,000 tons; in 1919 it was 349,000 tons. In 1910, when the influence of the motor car began to be felt in rubber output, there developed the boom to which I have referred, when the price went to $3.12 a pound.

This naturally resulted in heavy planting. A rubber tree, however, is not commercially tappable for five or six years and does not reach the full-bearing stage until it is ten or twelve years old. Consequently the heavy planting of 1910, 1911 and 1912 did not exert pressure on the market until about ten years later.

The depression which began in 1920 in the industry was primarily caused by the overplanting of the previous years, although a contributing factor was the world-wide postwar slump, when everything industrially went to pot.

Since this depression was responsible for restriction, it may be well to analyze it for a moment and see just what happened. Two points must be made clear. In the first place, the producers themselves depressed prices by forcing supplies upon a saturated market. Apparently the producers wanted their industry to be regarded as unique, because in no other line can there be any expectation of selling 100 per cent of the potential product year in and year out. When the market refused to absorb all this rubber the planters became panic-stricken.

Secondly, the plantation industry is different from manufacturing in the nature of its operation. If a manufacturer cannot produce at a profit he shuts down his concern and discharges or reduces his personnel. Eventually, if the market improves, he has more or less difficulty in reëstablishing his position.

Forward Contracts in a Falling Market

ON A RUBBER plantation the trees improve instead of deteriorating when left untapped. Although rubber for a time sold under the cost of production—roughly, eighteen cents a pound—in few instances was the selling price less than the cash outlay necessary to harvest the crop. Moreover, the depression brought about wholesale reforms in planting and production methods. While the British planters contended that they faced ruin in 1920 and 1921, it is a matter of record that not one British company failed.

Take a look at the other side of the picture. During the collapse in 1920 the price of crude went from fifty-three to sixteen cents a pound. American tire manufacturers who had bought far ahead were hard hit and many small concerns were wiped out. Two of the leading companies alone lost $100,000,000 in writing down inventories.

At this point a fact in connection with the rubber business must be explained, because it bears directly on the violent price fluctuation which restriction eventually brought about. Every important tire manufacturer must keep at least four months' supply in hand. This means that he must buy futures, or forward contracts, as the British call them. Unfortunately for the manufacturer, the market price of the crude is frequently

(Continued on Page 140)

Tearing Crude Rubber From Bales

THE GOLD PUTTER

The Chicago Novelist Begged an Introduction and Led Up to Mr. Yates a Bevy of Flappers

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

FROM an angle of the clubhouse porch the loose-jointed young man with the slightly bulged eyes watched furtively and somewhat intently the middle-aged person who had a pear-shaped face and a mouth oddly puckered in one corner; Mr. Leonard Hicks being the party of the first part, Mr. Hudson T. Yates the one with the pucker. Moreover, although they were total strangers, Mr. Yates was conscious that the young man was watching him, and he wondered why. Being no better informed, we may be indulged a mild interest in the affair, which continued in that static condition for some moments.

At any rate, there they were—Mr. Hicks and Mr. Yates, who had never met before, and possibly never would again—in conjunction, as an astronomer might say of two heavenly bodies. And when important celestial bodies, Jupiter and the sun, for example, make their nearest approach, things are apt to happen—eclipses, storms, high tides in the Bay of Fundy, flooded paddy fields in Japan, a crime wave in Chicago, a poor peach crop in Delaware. So with humans. New and unforeseen contacts sometimes result in surprising changes, queer turns of fate. One never knows.

Perhaps some such premonition as this came to Mr. Hudson T. Yates, sitting in an orange-and-blue chair holding in one hand two quite new golf balls, and a shiny brass putter in the other. At least, he did not break the spell by abruptly striding out toward the putting course, as he might have done. No. He waited to see if the young man with the bulgy eyes had any particular motive behind that stealthy stare.

Which suggests either that Mr. Yates was somewhat curious or that he had very little to do. Well, some of both, but perhaps more of the latter. Leisure was what Hudson Yates was long of just then—ample, abundant leisure. It was rather new to him—leisure; and, as has happened before in such cases, he did not know quite what to do with it. Yet this was the shining goal toward which he had climbed with stubborn sturdiness—leisure. No whip of necessity cracking about his ears, no burden of business on his shoulders, no deals to be pushed through, no mulish directors to be wheedled or bullied this way and that. Now that it was his, this hard-won freedom, he was discovering that it was quite a trick, after all, to idle away golden hours; that, if you didn't watch out, they were quite apt to turn leaden. So the trivial fact that he was being closely observed by a young man with prominent eyes and an inadequate chin became almost a diverting incident.

Also there was another element, one which Mr. Yates would hardly have acknowledged if it had been stated. This was that he found the attention, even of a casual stranger, not wholly displeasing. And to account for this unusual state of mind it may as well be frankly admitted that Hudson T. Yates was being a bit lonely. They say it is, you know, on the heights. True, these figures of speech can be loosely applied. Some might agree, and some might not, that the possession of great wealth securely invested, the absence of business cares, should lift one to blissful summits. All this had Mr. Yates, as well as fairly good health, and bliss was not his.

Nor had it been back in Merlin, Wisconsin, where, as you may have read, he began his meteoric financial career, and to which he returned when he had quit the field, laden with more loot than any Cæsar ever dreamed of acquiring; said plunder being in the shape of majority holdings in public-service corporations and chain-grocery concerns, with assorted blocks of many other high-grade securities. But you get the idea. He was a winner, and the Merlin Men's Club did its best to welcome him as a conquering hero should be welcomed. Of course he dragged no actual slaves behind the spare tires of his Luxuro Six limousine; no dancing nymphs, no corps of trumpeters preceded him on his way from the C. & N. W. station. But the band played Yes, Sir, That's My Baby all the way up Lasalle Street, and twelve of Merlin's comeliest high-school girls defied pneumonia in pink tulle costumes to stand in the Third District motorbus and scatter paper flowers along the route of the procession. There was a banquet at the Hennepin House with souvenir menus and a dish called poulet à la Yates, which turned out to be fried chicken with corn fritters on the side. Also when Mayor Ben Bigler arose in his place to demand, "What's the matter with Huddy Yates?" the response was roared with such impetuous vigor that a darky waiter decanted a trayful of pineapple sherbet on the head and shoulders of Ernie Weissman's best saxophone player and dashed terror-stricken out into the night.

Touched by these tributes of respect and good-fellowship Mr. Yates at once eased himself into the rôle of Merlin's chief benefactor. He bought the old Colonel Doble place and gave it to the city for a park—Yates Park, as it was promptly named. He matched dollar for dollar all that was raised in the hospital drive. He installed a new pipe organ in the Presbyterian Church and gave a tiled swimming pool to the Y. W. C. A. Then he built for himself Yates Hall—Italian Renaissance, or near it—with copper finials, a glass entrance marquee and a three-car garage; and prepared to settle down with his daughter Agnes among his boyhood friends and neighbors. He meant to rest, to enjoy the fruits of his increase, to get his blood pressure back to normal and, when he got around to it, to take up golf.

But somehow his plans failed to work out. The boyhood friends whom he asked in for small dinner parties were not so congenial as he had thought they would be. They regarded with suspicion the caviar canapés and were frankly awed by the butler, who looked very little like a stage butler. They were on the alert for any signs of being patronized; they lied recklessly about their radio sets; and the moment one of them got him alone out came a dull ax that needed grinding. Couldn't he place Son Harold as manager in one of them chain stores; how about helping me buy a third interest in that Novelty Woodwork

Company where I've been foreman so long; or why not do a little something for the church too? Mr. Yates had not given until it hurts, but he had signed charity checks until he was bored.

Agnes, too, was finding life in Merlin somewhat flat and savorless. Not that she demanded a gay social round of parties and balls. Agnes was not that kind of an heiress. She was no jazzing flapper. Hardly. She was thirty-two and quite plump, especially about the face and ankles. She always had been plump, but since skirts had become so much shorter she was keenly sensitive about her ankles. Perhaps for the reason that she could hide them in boots she had made horseback riding her chief sport. Aside from that she was a good sniff player—at least, she could beat her father—and she was a collector of Sandwich glass. None of these diversions was popular in Merlin, Wisconsin. Besides, she had no girlhood friends there, having moved away when she was five. Then, because her mother had died when Agnes was barely fifteen, she had gone about a lot with her father, had been his constant companion. A calm-eyed, placid-natured young woman who thought Hudson T. Yates a wonderful man and seemed to have no ambitions of her own. She had lived in the big house for a dreary ten months without making complaint, but at last, as she pegged out for the third game that evening, her father voiced her opinion and his own:

"We made a mistake about this Merlin proposition, didn't we, Aggie?"

"Perhaps we did, dad," she assented.

He shoved away the dominoes, lighted a cigar, and in a musing tone stated the case pro and con, as was his wont when he had a decision to make:

"It's a nice enough place, old Merlin; progressive, growing, all that. And there are good people here; some of 'em mighty fine folks in their way. But somehow their ways don't seem to be ours. You don't seem to be having such a good time, Aggie; I either. The men here—well ——" He hesitated.

"They're not of your caliber, dad."

He rubbed the chin which gave to his face that pear shape. "They have different tastes anyway. And they're all mighty busy about their small affairs. Strikes me we ought to be getting out among our own kind."

"Where, dad?"

"Well, wherever they collect—California, Europe, Florida."

"I'd love to go to Florida, dad."

"Eh? You would? Say, how long will it take to close up here and pack a few trunks?"

They were on their way in exactly a week, and could have started two days earlier had not there been some delay about getting the private car. You know how it is. Even if you know the general traffic manager so well that you call him Dan, he may be unable to produce a private car on short notice. And while Hudson Yates was not the sort of magnate who shuddered at the thought of having to occupy a drawing-room in a common Pullman, he had made up his mind that for this trip the Thesbia was essential. For one thing, the Thesbia's chef could fry corn-meal mush just exactly the way it should be fried—crisp without being tough—which was an art. Besides, arriving at a new place where he might know very few people—well, this private-car gesture might help. There could be no mistake about your rating, for instance. It ought to be as good as letters of introduction.

But on the hotel spur at Boca Mira Inn he found three other private cars; with berthing places, light and water connections for as many more. So the advent of the Thesbia caused no stir, and at the end of his fourth day there Mr. Yates was well aware that under the many-dormered roof of the great hostelry were sheltered some two or three hundred men whose names were quite as well known in big-business circles as his; some of them much better known. A few he recognized by sight, others had been pointed out to him by an immaculately white-flanneled person who he had at first guessed might be a big Wall Street operator, but who subsequently revealed himself as a high-pressure real-estate agent especially privileged to hunt in this otherwise closed preserve.

There were, among a list whose naming sounded very much like running through the page ads of a high-class periodical, Mr. J. R. Hess, maker of the Hess Electric Elevators; Major Dobry, of the Dobry Chemical Corporation; Mr. Nat Tabor, of the Tabor Tablets Company; Mr. Peter Avery, of the Kent-Avery brokerage firm; and so on down the line. Important men, such as you would find at annual chamber-of-commerce dinners or appearing before congressional committees.

Yet it was something of a shock to Mr. Yates to observe how little notice was taken of them at Boca Mira. Peter Avery, for instance; a rather wizened old gentleman with a face something like the top of a totem pole. When Mr. Yates saw him for the second time, Mr. Avery was being shooed off the eighteenth green, where he had been practicing mashie approaches contrary to the ruling of an assistant grounds keeper, who was demanding, quite impatiently, if he didn't know better than that. Also, in the main lounge that evening, as little groups were forming for various activities—bridge, dancing or social gossip—he noted Major Dobry retreating unobserved to a corner for a game of solitaire, Mr. Nat Tabor reading a two-day-old Philadelphia newspaper, and the Hon. Jake Hess trailing after his monumentally built wife with two packs of cards and an evening wrap; neither their presence nor their passing causing a ripple of interest. They might have been the merest nobodies.

Yet there were certain others who seemed to be very much in the spotlight; persons about whom a circle of admirers was formed whenever they appeared, who set tongues buzzing, caused necks to be stretched, eyes rolled. And Mr. Yates, appealing to the plutocratic real-estate man, learned the who and why of these local heroes in some detail. They ranged all the way from Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's high commissioner, down to a Hungarian count whose divorce from a St. Louis flour heiress had held the front page for nearly a month. In between was a golf professional who had recently won some important championship, or was about to win it; a Fifth Avenue man milliner who wore a diamond-set platinum wrist watch; a railroad president's son who had but lately eloped with a movie actress; and a Chicago novelist who was expert at dancing the Charleston.

"Huh!" commented Mr. Yates.

But later, having detached himself from the obliging real-estate agent—not without promising to inspect Boca Mira Estates at an early date—Mr. Yates whispered to Daughter Agnes all that he had been told about the notables, and Agnes confessed to being thrilled. She agreed that Judge Landis looked exactly like his pictures in the rotogravure sections, that the count had the kind of eyes you would never forget, that the golf pro wore his nose

(Continued on Page 97)

It Was Something of a Shock to Mr. Yates to Observe How Little Notice Was Taken of Them at Boca Mira

VELVET

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

"Anything Might Happen — to Me," He Thought. "I've Got to Cut Loose From This Bunch, and Do It Quick"

I DO NOT say that Donovan wished to murder the sheriff of that county, but he did, in my presence, softly consign him to the center of the next state east, which was Nevada, nearly. Then he returned to the subject of conversation, much as if the telegram had not arrived.

"A thief may own property," he said, "and because of it he may turn honest. Why not?"

"Whose property?" I asked, eying the message.

"His own, or he wouldn't own it."

"The profits of his trade?"

"There are many ways of acquiring ownership in property. He might inherit it and own it, or earn it and own it, or find it and own it. He might even steal it and own it, although that would be a little harder to do."

"A good deal harder," I said.

"In any case, his owning property would tend to make him honest. It might even tend to make him industrious. Why not? Property is a form of energy."

We had been talking about the Carlatt diamonds, the search for which had brought Donovan to Los Diegos. Redelos Indemnity, his company, had insured the stolen stones. The robbery had been committed by two masked bandits, who had entered the Carlatt offices in mid-afternoon, gathered up the diamonds, herded the office force into the vault, and made their leisurely escape. Since then nothing had been heard of them. Donovan had suggested whimsically that they might have gone off with the loot and turned honest. The interruption of the telegram had followed, and Donovan's soft outburst against the sheriff who sent it, as I have already recorded.

"Any word?" I asked.

He passed me the telegram he had just opened.

"This word. What does a butter thumbs of a sheriff know about unset diamonds?"

The message was a belated reply to one of his own. He had asked the sheriff of that county to detain a pair of suspicious characters said to be working north along the railroad to his town. The clew had been of the meagerest, but it had brought unexpected results. According to the wire, not only had the arrest been made but the thieves had confessed and were already on their way, under guard, to the hiding place of their loot to turn it over to the law. That hiding place was stated to be a railroad culvert one mile south of Acme station, in Cache Pass.

A knocking was heard at the door. A moment later the senior Carlatt partner burst into the room, almost too excited for speech. The Carlatt offices were located near the hotel.

"They've caught the thieves!" he cried breathlessly. "I just received this wire!"

He produced a second telegram from the sheriff of that county. Donovan glanced at it, then passed him his own. Carlatt's message seemed the earlier. No mention was made in it of the railroad culvert, and none of the fact that the thieves were on their way to the loot under guard.

"I wish one of us were there," said Donovan.

"The man is crazy!" cried Carlatt. "Loose diamonds! A double handful of them! Enough almost to fill a half-pint jar! Every stone in the lot worth five hundred or more, and because of their number all looking as common as glass!"

"He's probably honest," I suggested, "or will become so."

"Oh, honest! I dare say. But think of it! The man has never seen an unset diamond in his life! How can he know whether all have been found? How can he guard against leakage? It's like sending a hostler with a feed pail for half a pint of attar of roses worth five hundred dollars a drop!"

"We can't reach Acme station in time to be of use," said Donovan, "but I think I'll run over just the same. We can put up at Cache City if you want to come along—both of you. I shouldn't wonder but we might find that sheriff there."

"I'll go of course," said Carlatt.

"And I," I told him.

"Be ready in half an hour. I'll have a car waiting, with robes and gas, Baker Street entrance."

Three of them were old-timers, hard-featured and weatherbeaten, but the fourth, a sullen-eyed recruit, was a mere boy hardly out of his teens. He went by the name of Crickets, from a casually displayed interest in grasshoppers. Upon the present sunny afternoon the four derelicts were seated in a row along a railroad embankment toward the summit of Cache Pass. They were seated in the sun, because there was no shade. They were seated along the railroad, because they were waiting for their train. Their train was the next train, provided they could board it. They did not expect that it would stop for them at exactly the right point, but a long siding ended fifty yards or so above, and it would stop at the siding.

The embankment on which they were seated had been thrown across an arroyo leading down from the hills to the east. In winter the arroyo now and then carried water, but not for more than a few hours at a time. This drainage water was carried under the railroad through a sheet-iron pipe, or culvert, the protruding end of which could have been seen from above had the disreputable four cared to look.

For that matter, many objects of interest were visible to him who cared to look—clusters of artemisia toward the edge of its range, a bank of stunted buckthorn, a sprinkling of California poppies, a black-chinned sparrow perched on a wire overhead, a Le Conte's thrasher skulking among the Spanish bayoneta to the left.

The youngest of the four, the tramp named Crickets, did care to look at the plants and birds about him. Some of these he even knew by name, but he did not speak of this knowledge to the others. Thus it happened that, upon raising his eyes to the ridge along the east, he caught the flash as of the sun upon a snow pocket among the brown rocks.

"What's that white thing on the hill?" he asked, more of himself than of the others.

"That's a grasshopper," replied the tramp at his left, with heavy humor.

"That's a tree," replied the tramp at his right.

"That's a cloud," replied the tramp at the end of the line toward the siding.

"I know it's a cloud," retorted Crickets, "but I don't know what kind, see? I'm going over and look."

"Bite it for silver," said the end tramp.

"That's a white cloud," said the tramp at the right.

"Take the coffee can and cut off a slice for your supper," said the tramp at the left.

Crickets, setting his young jaw, scrambled down the embankment to the culvert and the floor of the wash, crawled under the three-wire fence and proceeded to make a survey of the hill beyond, using his bandanna handkerchief as a receptacle.

By the time he arrived before the whiteness at the crest his collection contained the shell of a fossil snail, a wing feather from a widgeon duck, a spray of bladder pod, another of Turkish rugging, and a small red crystal that might have been garnet.

The whiteness that had drawn him from his seat on the end of a tie proved to consist of a double handful of icelike crystals. What they were he did not know. At first he took them to be rock crystals of some kind, possibly quartz. Then he took them to be glass. Bending over them, he fingered them appraisingly. They were too beautiful to be glass. If it were not for their number he would have said they were diamonds. Perhaps they were diamonds. Perhaps he had discovered a diamond mine. He had never seen diamonds mined—perhaps they occurred in deposits like this.

Anyhow he had found them and they were his.

"It can't be," he thought. "They're just crystals."

Again he ran his astonished fingers through them. A man does not have to know diamonds to see their beauty.

"They're just quartz or something," he repeated. "Just quartz, or glass, or something. Maybe I can tell. If they're diamonds they're hard enough to scratch anything.

If they're glass they won't scratch this red stone I found, but if they're diamonds they will. I'd better try them out."

Holding the fragment of stone that looked like garnet between his fingers firmly, he drew one of the crystals across it. The crystal scratched it with ease.

"The red stone might be soft itself," he thought. "If it's as soft as glass I can scratch it with steel."

Fishing in his pocket for his time-worn knife, he opened it at its broken file blade. Then he tried its sharp corner upon the red fragment. The steel refused to scratch it.

"That stone's hard all right," he decided. "The other stone scratched it all right. They're diamonds all right—these crystals. They're worth money all right. I'm a rich man all right."

But as that realization swept over him, another likewise swept over him. He had found half a pint of diamonds, and undoubtedly they were worth a fortune, but he had found them in the full sight of his three companions. Of these, one was a murderer, one was a yegg, and the third was a burglar. All three were fresh from San Quentin prison. Once let them suspect him of having found diamonds anything might happen.

"Anything might happen—to me," he thought. "I've got to cut loose from this bunch, and do it quick."

Meanwhile he had to gather up his diamonds. Up to this moment his actions had been leisurely and casual. Now they became nervous and hurried. He had already untied his bandanna handkerchief. He now emptied its contents upon the ground, garnet and all, smoothed it flat, and began transferring to its ample surface the diamonds from their pocket between the rocks. And because he saw that his companions might visit the place, he was especially careful to leave none behind.

"I'm rich," he repeated. "I'm a rich man. I own property. I have to be careful."

When he had sought out the last glittering stone from its crevice, he brought the corners of his handkerchief together in a knot, tested the parcel for tightness, and stuffed it into his ragged pocket. Then he rose and began searching along the hill, as if for further snail shells and pebbles.

"Diamonds!" he thought. "Thousands of dollars' worth! That's me! Rich!"

Another thought, allied to that earlier one, crept into his mind as he made himself saunter along the brown hillside. He was now rich. He could now seek out a girl he knew, back in his forgotten former life, and ask her to walk with him.

"As if she would!" he thought then, and glanced with distaste upon his ragged clothing.

He might have deceived his companions, had he not previously made the mistake of hiding some of his actions. Instead of transferring the diamonds openly to his bandanna handkerchief he had transferred them behind the bulk of his body. When the tramp who was a murderer and the tramp who was a yegg and the tramp who was a burglar saw that action they guessed that there must be a cause. His further saunterings, intended to remove suspicion, merely served to color it. They began shouting to him to return and show them what he had found.

Their language cannot be given, but the younger man understood it clearly. They were not throwing gibes at him now, because of his interest in grasshoppers or what not, but were ordering him to return. They were ordering him to give up his property to them—the diamonds he had found. He did not doubt that they would take the last stone.

Unconsciously his body straightened, his head went higher, the muscles in his arms hardened.

"I found them and they're mine," he thought. "I'll seed this desert with them before I give them up to that bunch."

He could have escaped from them by running, as he knew; he was younger, tougher, faster. The possibility of such an escape remained with him in his consciousness, even as he discarded it in favor of one more difficult. But he knew the desert too well. Besides, his clothing was not such as would commend him in case he fell into trouble. Instead of putting distance between him and the San Quentin men, he continued along the hillside in a sweeping circle, as if he meant to strike the railroad at a point nearer the station and then walk down the track.

The arrival of the freight from the north gave him his chance. His companions ahead were seen by the train crew; he was not. Seizing upon a favorable moment, he made a dash from the shelter of the station for the nearest car, a C & D composite box. An instant later he had disappeared beneath its fat body

In the old days of wooden construction it was not uncommon practice for a tramp to beat his way along the railroad by riding the brake beam. The feat required nerve and a watchful sense of balance, but the wooden beam supplies a not uncomfortable seat. Wooden brake beams have gone. The modern hobo rides the trusses of a car, sometimes in a hammock, or he rides the blind baggage, or he selects an empty and rides in comfort.

Even as he dived under the car, the fugitive felt in his pocket for his diamonds. Ignoring the truss rods, which he could not have used anyhow, he scrambled directly to the rear truck, and then climbed over the axle. Here he swiftly braced himself upon the sharp-edged steelwork in such manner that the play of the brakes would not pinch his legs and the jar of riding would not dislodge them, to drag upon the ground. An air pipe overhead helped him support his cramped body

Later, as the train moved on, he saw his companions standing beside the track. They seemed to be scanning the cars for him, but he was too nearly invisible to be seen.

Again he felt in his pocket for his diamonds. The parcel remained as he had left it, intact and safe. His fingers were able to distinguish the separate stones through the cloth

"Velvet!" he thought. "I own them all—every diamond. I could buy this car if I wanted to. I'm a rich man."

Then he settled back to endure the strain of the jarring, swaying ride down the grade.

II

THE three San Quentin men watched their arrival with interest. The prisoner in front—the talking prisoner—descended from the too high car steps with a lurch, whereupon the handcuffs attaching him to the deputy at his heels straightened with a sharp jingle as of coins shaken in a child's tin bank. The second prisoner did not stumble, but his deputy did, and the handcuffs connecting them likewise straightened sharply. The sheriff descended last

"Now show us," the San Quentin men heard him say to the first man out.

"It's like I told you," replied the prisoner. "We hid them in the culvert past the siding, see? They're inside the culvert."

The sheriff grunted something that was not heard. His party set out at once, for the afternoon was waning. The San Quentin men leisurely followed. They did not mean to

Continued on Page 228

"Now Will You Tell Me What You Did With the Diamonds You Stole?" They Heard the Sheriff Demand

ON AND UP

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"Who is That?" She Inquired in a Low Tone. "That," Replied the Actor, "is Mr. Peter Jones, the Novelist"

ABOUT two weeks, or maybe three, before he would have starved to death quietly in a back room Pete Jones encountered Sarah Blanche Newby in her office at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, which, as every polished person knows, is the true center of modern art, culture, civilization and advance. Mr. Jones was an incompetent-looking young man with a weak chin and a timid smile. There was something tragic in his pallor, and his blue eyes looked out drearily upon an unresponsive world.

Miss Newby was officially the only young and pretty business agent on the boulevard. Her chin was round and firm. Her manner was brisk and there was decision in her gestures. Were her cheeks rosy, touched up a bit? Certainly. Was there an extra dash of carmine upon her full lips? Was the back of her neck shaved? Without a doubt.

Mere chance took Peter Jones into the Newby Agency chance and a deep-toned, thin-faced actor named Hale, who faintly knew Jones and who had business with Miss Newby concerning a job. While the actor talked in the usual repressed way of movie people out of work, Pete Jones sat rigidly upon the extreme edge of a chair, his hat beside him and a book under his arm. He trembled slightly and unobtrusively. Miss Newby concluded her brief business chat with the Thespian, ruffled her curls and glanced across the room at the pale stranger.

"Who is that?" she inquired in a low tone.

"That," replied the actor, "is Mr. Peter Jones, the novelist. He writes under the name of Fergus Spind."

"I would like to meet him," said Miss Newby.

"Certainly."

The actor arose and summoned Pete. Mr. Jones stood up politely and started to cross the room but did not reach the side of Miss Newby's desk. Instead, he toppled over in the exact center of the office rug, where he lay comfortably, staring at the ceiling. His book, Robes of the Night, fell beside him, with the pages open at the place where the hero orders a sirloin steak and onions.

"That's funny," remarked the actor, bending in inquiry. "I don't believe Jones drinks."

"I don't believe Jones eats, either," suggested Sarah Blanche, who, being an agent, knew something of young novelists in Hollywood, particularly young zealots with only one novel under their belts.

They sprinkled the fallen one with drinking water until he revived, and presently the actor hurried away upon other imaginary business. Mr. Jones smiled sadly and sank into a leather chair, and the girl regarded him with a query in her bright brown eyes.

"You are better now?" she asked.

"Yes," he assured her, "I'm all right now. Just a touch of the sun."

"If you are a novelist," continued Sarah, "what you need most in Hollywood is an agent. I am an agent for actors, authors, extra people, publishers and others, and I shall be glad to represent you, Mr. Jones. The first thing I usually do for a client is to buy him a meal."

"Thank you," said Peter, a far-off and foody gleam in his eyes.

"How long since you have had a meal?"

"If you mean a full meal," replied Pete—"a meal at a table, with dishes—if you mean that kind of a meal, I should say about three months."

"Heavens and earth!" said Sarah, and they repaired immediately to the Dog and Duck and began the formation of an acquaintance that is beginning to leave footprints upon the sands of time.

"This man," Sarah reflected, looking at Peter while he ate, and noting the lines of his chin and the droop of his shoulders, "needs looking after."

"Where do you come from?" she inquired.

"Kansas City," said he in a more animated way; and Sarah was quick to notice that he looked better when he smiled.

"Tell me about yourself," she commanded, and Mr. Jones lighted a cigarette, asked if he might have another cup of Java, and began discussing facts which had previously interested nobody.

He had come, he said, from Kansas City to sell his novel to the movies, because he believed it contained a majestic and superior story, and because he needed money. He knew, from what people said back in Kansas City, that the movies were filthy with lucre and tossed away thousands and thousands to persons who had good novels.

"Is this your first book?" Sarah inquired sympathetically.

"First, only and last," said Peter. "And not under my name either. Peter Jones would go well on the back of a gravel truck, but not on a book, so I took the name of Fergus Spind."

The lady nodded and the slowly filling gentleman revealed minor facts. He had peddled his book in person, passing from studio to studio and conferring lengthily with office lads at gateways. He had trudged hither and yon, holding his book in his hand; but it appeared that the lofty powers were without interest, either in the man or his volume, which was bound in black covers and splashed with curly green letters.

He tried in vain to enter the magic portals where he could show officials how his novel glorified romance and young love and would make a master film. The haughty ones scorned him. He sat for days in outer offices, with the shaved and the unshaved, holding his Robes of the Night upon his knee and thinking of his diminishing capital.

One or two studios commanded him to leave his tome with the boy and to call again. Expert opinion agreed that Robes was mild and harmless balderdash, written by a bungler who apparently knew nothing of life, liberty, love or the pursuit of happiness.

Peter Jones moved subsequently to a smaller room in a far-off street and discovered that the human machine will go indefinitely without food. Occasionally he rode along with the free real-estate excursions, hoping there would be sandwiches.

Now there are agents and agents in the land of the movies, male and female, and the latter are often hoarse and stocky individuals wearing brown suits and lacking little but a derby hat and a bulldog pipe. Sarah Blanche Newby was as none of these. She was a blooming damsel, with cute mannerisms which she carefully elided from her business hours. She could be astonishingly firm when it was needful, and boost a movie magnate a thousand dollars without the flicker of an eyelid. From the first she felt an unaccountable longing to mother the literary waif upon her doorstep.

"How long have you been in Hollywood?" she asked.

"Six months," said he.

"Have you tried to get a job?" He shook his head. "I will see if I can't get you something to do," said Sarah. "It won't be much, for you don't know much about the business; but it will keep you going."

"Thank you," said Peter. "My book is up in your office. Maybe you can sell it some day."

"I will read it," she promised. "Meantime, as your agent, I shall advance you enough money to tide over."

The first job for Peter was a batch of piecework from Poverty Row. It consisted of writing the titles for a newly finished picture, and the sum involved was thirty dollars, which is the bottom price for a title job.

Poverty Row is the strange and incredible land of the quickies. The quickies move in their own domain and have nothing to do with the other and more pretentious activities of Hollywood.

They form a distinct and somewhat sneered at branch of the movie industry, with their own methods, legends, prices, people and standards. Quickies are photodramas that are never advertised and hence are never heard of by ordinary folk in the evening search for something new to look at.

Poverty Row is not a place of tin cans, rusty fire escapes, clotheslines and browsing goats. Not at all. It is a pretty street in Hollywood, with neat lawns, trimmed hedges, concrete walks and small stucco office buildings in shades of brown and gray.

Calm-eyed gentlemen sit behind mahogany desks and give brisk orders to underlings. Business moves rapidly and inexpensively. Sums are mentioned in dollars instead of hundreds or thousands. The calm-eyed gentlemen are experts who know the secret of making a complete five-reel motion picture for two or three thousand dollars. One week seems to be par for five reels, hence the appellation implying haste.

In the pretentious studios a drama costs from seventy-five thousand to four hundred thousand and upward. Second-line shops produce masterful things in film for thirty and forty thousand, and in the far-down studios, comedies and tragedies of standard length are hustled out for fifteen and twenty thousand.

Then comes Poverty Row, which is the last trench. The plan there is to make the movie for three thousand, or two, do it in a week and sell it Saturday night for five thousand and let the buyer make what he can. The actual low-price record seems to be sixteen hundred dollars for five snappy reels of comparative entertainment.

Pictures from the Row are never shouted in the market place, but are immediately sold and forwarded to a public that eagerly awaits. They can later on be found in the back-street theaters of large cities, in the slums and in the small towns of the land, where the theater is no gilded temple, but a lodge, or a fraternity hall, movies two nights a week.

The producers purchase the leavings of other and more ambitious films and hack them into shape with considerable ingenuity. They buy bits here and there from the film libraries, hire a well-known actor for a single day, shoot him steadily and scatter him throughout the picture.

In Poverty Row, Mr. Peter Jones earned his first honest money and bought a shirt, which he needed. He learned about the rapid and inexpensive making of movies, and how to write scenes and subtitles: what the movies mean by "suspense," "drama," "action," "motivation," "punch" and "box-office value."

He became, as time went on, better friends with Sarah Blanche Newby, thoroughly appreciated her and her good deeds, and, when he had money, purchased little gifts for the lady. On the other side, she read his book, which was a man's job anywhere. She read it carefully, but she did not tell him how fragile it was; instead, she merely said that she thought she could dispose of it to the movie folk if given plenty of time.

In the particular Poverty Row studio wherein Peter pursued his education, a genius named Mike Hartz presided, and it was Mr. Hartz who talked with Peter on an afternoon in the sun.

"We would like something new from you, Mr. Jones," said Mike, sitting upon the edge of Pete's table and shading his eyes. Peter assumed an inquiring expression and said nothing. "Something new," continued Mike gently, in the tone of one who never expects to find anything new in this world. "We have made the automobile story a good many times—a good many times."

He exhaled a gentle sigh, as one will when talking of an old and valued friend

"It is a good story," he went on. "It always was good, and there is nothing experimental about it. We sell it and it always makes money for the man who buys it from us, so we know it's good, and we have no kick coming. But there are times when I feel I would like to make another one and let this one rest. Maybe you can think up something, Mr. Jones."

"I certainly will try," said Peter, who realized that he was being treated nicely.

Now the automobile story has been riding around Poverty Row for lo! these many years; and it is a grand old stand-by, its theme well worn, but still rugged and almost, as you might say, sempiternal. It changes but slightly as the months pass. The managers bequeath it a different title with each fresh production to encourage the gay and gallant public. The companies shoot it in widely varying localities—sometimes with mountains, sometimes with the sea in the distance: but the essence of the tale remains unchanged from season to season, and here it is in a nutshell:

A rich old cuss manufactures motor cars. Usually he smokes large cigars and wears whiskers, though the whiskers may be left off. He has a daughter named Adelaide, or possibly Iris, who is inevitably a pretty flapper. The rich old cuss employs a handsome young dog of a fellow in his factory, hammering away at the automobiles. If he is not in the factory he strolls about the salesroom in the nicest possible college clothing. Sometimes he is a mechanic, and in that event he can smear himself with lubricating oil and look devilish. This impudent young squirt is called Jim or Bill, both good short subtitle names; and, of course, he falls in love with his employer's only daughter, despite the horrible difference in their financial ratings. Love interest is thus chucked into the fabric from the beginning.

Another rich old cuss makes a rival automobile, and attempts to hire Bill away from Iris' father, or to bribe him to disclose the secret, which is always a rather vague secret and has something to do with the way Iris' old gentleman puts his cars together. Misunderstandings arise, and everybody in the film is sure that Bill is a dirty dog, with no honor, character or manliness; but the audience knows perfectly well that Bill is a noble soul, filled to the bursting point with high ideals, and will lay down his life for Iris at a moment's notice. Iris is apparently unaware of this sentimental fact, regards Bill as a sneaky scoundrel and goes on spurning him from reel to reel until the audience gets ill over the whole business.

The big race is arranged to fit in at the finish of the five reels, where a race ought to be, and is designed to prove which old cuss makes the better automobile. Sometimes it is a cross-country race, with the madly careening cars dashing from bump to bump; and sometimes it is a mere racetrack race, at which anything can happen, especially

Continued on Page 196

Hymie Grinned and His Eyes Disappeared. "Don't Talk Foolish," He Said. "Seven Hundred and Fifty a Week for a Novelist"

MORMONS AND WHAT NOT

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

PHOTO BY LINK TIFFANY STUDIO, OGDEN, UTAH

Mormons at Play. From Left to Right: Stephen H. Love, W. H. Wattis, President Heber J. Grant, Counselor Charles W. Nibley and Senator Reed Smoot

THE fairest, glossiest and most prominent of the foundation stones upon which fame is built are occasionally of a nature to send a series of sharp shooting pangs through the astral bodies of those by whom the fame was slowly and painstakingly erected.

The French statesman Morny kept his name green in the mind of posterity by concocting a sauce for fish. Sir Isaac Newton received millions of dollars of free advertising because an apple bounced on his head and shocked him into discovering the law of gravity. William Ewart Gladstone is noted for the traveling bag to which he was addicted. The mere mention of George Washington's name evokes primarily the sacred picture of the fallen cherry tree. Abraham Lincoln, as is well known to the modern youth, prepared for the presidency almost exclusively by splitting rails. Calvin Coolidge may live in the minds of future schoolboys because he took intermittent exercise on a mechanical horse and once remarked, "They hired the money, didn't they?"

The westbound traveler, numb from the monotony of the Western plains, unexpectedly finds himself in a broad and fertile valley, bounded on either side by towering snow-capped mountain ranges. The fields are green, and separated here and there by long ranks of lancelike poplar trees. Simple farmhouses, built of adobe bricks in long-gone days and emanating an aura of early New England or Pennsylvania, nestle among wide-spreading cottonwoods and masses of shrubs. Refreshed by the spectacle, the traveler institutes inquiries and is informed on what seems excellent authority that the smiling valley, with its saw-toothed mountain rim, is one of many similar valleys that constitute the state of Utah.

"So," says the traveler, peering curiously at the landscape—"so this is Utah!"

What a Mormon Looks Like

AND since the human mind is what it is, his eye hunts eagerly for a Mormon, and the name of Brigham Young comes up out of his inner consciousness and gambols sportively on the surface. Utah and Mormons and Brigham Young are names that automatically go together, just as Weber and Fields go together, or pork and beans.

It is hard to say what the traveler expects to see when he looks for a Mormon. He would probably deny indignantly that he expected to see a large, rough-looking man with lambrequins, followed by several wives; but there is little doubt that he expects to see a person differing radically from the ordinary run of humanity. He expects him, possibly, to have a different shape, or at least to wear noticeably different clothes. It is in the back of his head, at any rate, that Mormons have devoted themselves with great persistence to having a lot of wives, and that Brigham Young achieved fame by marrying one of the largest aggregations of blushing brides since the days when Solomon set up a new series of marrying records for all subsequent polygamists to shoot at.

This leads us back to the hypothesis advanced in the opening paragraph, to the effect that the ghosts of famous men must frequently moan dismally over the somewhat spotty texture of the foundation on which their fame rests.

Brigham Young and the Mormons have other and better things to their credit in Utah than extra wives; but the newcomer to the state is unable to consider the other things until he has in hoarse whispers sought information on polygamy. It is difficult for him to believe that the Mormon Church has forbidden polygamy for more than a third of a century, and that the Mormons no longer indulge in that peculiar and hazardous pursuit. He is loath to credit the fact that the percentage of male Mormons who had the courage or the price to struggle with more than one wife in polygamy's busiest days was only three out of every 100.

Fact Finding

IT MIGHT be remarked in passing that the number of wives acquired by Brigham Young is almost the only subject that can be discussed in Utah without giving rise to serious differences of opinion among and between Mormons and non-Mormons. They will argue bitterly over nearly every other subject connected with Utah and supply the investigator with widely divergent facts on each.

One goes to a prominent non-Mormon—playfully designated as a Gentile in Mormon circles—and asks him to state the color of the whiskers worn by that celebrated Utah scout and trapper, James Bridger.

"White!" says the non-Mormon with great positiveness.

So one hastens to another prominent non-Mormon and asks him the same question.

"Black!" says the second non-Mormon with equal positiveness.

To make quite sure, one goes to a Mormon and asks him. This time he is more than likely to be told that Bridger's whiskers were brown.

Ask two residents of Salt Lake whether the Mormon situation is a frequent source of conversation at formal dinners, and one of them replies "We talk about nothing else," while the other declares firmly "It is never mentioned."

Utah is a baffling locality in which to try to get at the facts, and the only accepted fact seems to be that Brigham Young had twenty-seven wives. A proper understanding of the magnitude of this number will probably be obtained by those who ponder the fact that a ballet of sixteen Tiller Girls is usually sufficiently large to make any stage seem crowded.

It is a very different matter when one undertakes to find out how many grandchildren, grandnephews and grandnieces are chalked up to Brigham Young's credit. The Mormon Church is heavily supplied with bishops, and there appear to be more to the quarter section in Utah than there used to be princes in South Russia, where everyone who owned

PHOTO BY THOMAS, SALT LAKE CITY

The Office Building of the Mormon Church, Salt Lake City. Just Beyond it are the Lion House and the Beehive House, in Which Brigham Young Dwelt in Amity With His Many Wives

more than six pigs and an extra pair of trousers automatically acquired the title of prince. Bishops, however, are scarce by comparison with Brigham Young's grandchildren.

Many Mormons pretend to think that the numbers of Brigham's grand-descendants can easily be counted by anyone who has access to an adding machine and a free afternoon.

But argumentative Gentiles of the noisier sort are free to declare that these grand-descendants will soon be numerically superior to Utah's chief crop, sugar beets.

As soon as the visitor to Utah has partially satisfied his morbid curiosity concerning polygamy, and has disappointedly discovered that Mormon men, women and children bear a striking resemblance to an unusually healthy assortment of Massachusetts, Texas, Indiana or California Episcopalians, Congregationalists or Lutherans, he reluctantly begins to look around him to see what he can see. It then begins to dawn on him that he is in an unusual community.

Main Street, Salt Lake City, With the State Capitol in the Distance

Salt Lake City, in its location, is one of the most singularly favored of all American cities. Elevated a little above the floor of Salt Lake Valley, it looks across the smoky-blue waters of the lake to a range of serrated peaks, snow-covered during a large part of the year. Behind it rise the majestic rock walls of the great Wahsatch range, also snow-capped from early autumn until early summer. All who see Salt Lake City comment on its magnificent location, and the residents to whom the comments are made usually nod their heads and agree.

"Yes," they say, "that feller Brigham Young was quite a feller. He put this town right where it belonged."

There is no crowding of houses in Salt Lake City, and no traffic congestion. The city was laid out in ten-acre blocks, and each block was divided into eight building lots. The streets are sufficiently wide to permit six automobiles to travel abreast on them, in spite of the fact that they were laid out in the days when a street was supposed to be enjoying heavy traffic if three buggies attempted to pass one another at any given time. One mentions these matters with approval.

Versatility

"THAT'S right," admits one's guide; "the way this feller Brigham Young doped things out was a caution."

One speaks of the enormous tabernacle, shaped like the half of a giant roan-colored goose egg, and of its astounding acoustics, which are so potent that the dropping of a pin at one end sounds to the persons standing at the other end like the snapping of a lady's garter. One speaks of the impressive but overangular-looking temple, and of various other surprising matters.

"Yes," declares the recipient of the confidences, "Brigham Young did all those things. He certainly was a great feller. Yes, sir; he certainly was."

Brigham Young, one quickly realizes, didn't fritter away all his time with his twenty-seven wives, contrary to the opinions so frequently voiced by uncouth barbarians from Eastern centers of so-called civilization who hesitate between trains at Salt Lake City to see the sights and to hear the music of the great organ in the Mormon tabernacle. He had a large, aggressive and active hand in everything—agriculture, industry, architecture, city planning, the drama, finance, military tactics, education, politics morale building and various other matters; and the results that he obtained through his own intelligence and foresight, coupled with the remarkable organization of the Mormon Church, were such that his name is almost as closely identified with Mormon activities in Utah today, and almost as frequently mentioned, as it was when he was alive

This fact, considering that Brigham Young died in 1877, is enough to give pause to the most confirmed scoffer, if not to give him several pauses.

Organization

UNLESS one has at least a sketchy idea of the highly efficient and extremely far-reaching organization of the Mormon Church, one cannot properly understand the church's tremendous wealth and power, the success and contentment of Utah's large Mormon farm population, and the frequent passionate determination on the part of non-Mormons to blame the Mormons for such things as business reverses, political defeats, droughts, epidemics, hard winters, destructive thunderstorms, family troubles and that dragging-down sensation

It is common practice to speak with admiration of the business organization of large corporations, and there is little doubt that the executives whose powerful intellects are responsible for the economical and efficient operation of the countless departments and divisions of a great steel company or a great oil company are entitled to a large amount of respect and esteem. There is also little doubt that there is no organization in the world that obtains from its employes the loyalty, the labor and the results that the Mormon Church so bountifully receives from its 500,000 unpaid members. This statement may possibly be laughed off, but only after a spell of laughing so protracted and so forced as seriously to damage the most powerful laughing apparatus in existence.

Without going so deeply into the matter of organization as to befuddle the lay, or Gentile, brain, then, the Mormon Church divides the territory populated by Mormons into districts that are known as stakes—a term taken by Joseph Smith, founder and champion prophet of the Mormon Church, from the Book of Isaiah, in which

(Continued on Page 187)

A Bit of Salt Lake Valley, Settled, Irrigated and Farmed by Mormons

George H. Jay and the Dust Hunters

"I Paid Out a Lot of Insurance on That—Half-Ounce Premium Brought a Mouth Organ, Provided Stomach Trouble Arose Within Ten Days and It Did"

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

FOREIGN business, speaking frankly, did not greatly appeal to the well-known agent, Mr. George H. Jay, of 5 Finch Court, Southampton Row. To be exact, it hardly ever appealed to him. It seemed somehow to get itself accomplished without any sort of appeal whatever for the services of George Henry; and that was a great sorrow to him, for if he had a weakness at all, it was a weakness for foreign things—things like dollars. Probably there was not an agent in London more genuinely ready and anxious to give a kindly welcome and a real good home to a stranded dollar than the breezy Squire of Finch Court.

Dollars, of course, came under the heading of foreign business at 5 Finch Court—when they came at all, which was but rarely. So, for that matter, did ducats, doubloons and bezants—if any, which there weren't.

There was, too, a protecting wing, a friendly fin, ever available at 5 Finch Court for any other form of foreign business, such as ivory, gold dust, jewels, oil and pleasant merchandise of that description.

But it never came to be protected—at least, not until the morning when George's clerk, Gus Golding, brought in the card of the gentleman whose name was Hungerford Bourke. It was, in its way, characteristic of Mr. Bourke that he never gave George H. time to consider, in conjunction with Gus Golding, his advent, for he followed his card and Gus into Mr. Jay's private office forthwith and straightway.

The gentle George, indeed, had barely deciphered the copperplate before the huge Hungerford bulged into the room. He was so very vast in stature that the quite sizable office seemed to shrink almost to rabbit-hutch dimensions. He was as lean as he was big-framed and tall; his skin was very unhealthily yellow and rather baggy; the whites of his eyes were pale brown; the backs of his hands were heavily thatched with sandy hair; his beard was red and did not appear to fit him very well, in spite of its obvious sincerity; and his voice was like unto the voice of a behemoth with lumbago. He leaned down from his towering height, laughing like a large creature braying at random, and flicked a big finger at the card.

"Oh, damn the flummery!" he bellowed. "I'm Bourke—you're Jay. Now we're acquainted." He favored Gus Golding with a topaz-colored stare. "You clear," he said.

Gus, who had observed large lions at the zoo noticing him with just that topaz-hued stare, cleared forthwith, without grief or delay.

"Only Daniel What's-His-Name would want to stay in that lion's den this morning," muttered Gus behind the carefully closed door.

Gentle Mr. Jay beamed unextravagantly at his colossal caller.

"Yes, now we're acquainted, Mr. Bourke," he agreed briefly. Then he added, in the vein which he considered Hungerford would most appreciate, "Sit"—indicating a chair. "Smoke"—passing a cigar box. And finally: "What's your business, Mr. Bourke?"

The big man eyed him with interest. "I want to hire a man—a special kind of man. I'm told you are the likeliest person in the City to find me the man I need, Jay."

"Yes? Describe him, Mr. Bourke, and I'll tell you if that's true."

Hungerford Bourke leaned back in his chair, and, hardy bit of oak though it was, it creaked under the stress of the big man.

"I'm looking for a man who is salted to the tropics; who has got his conscience under control and his courage ready to hand; who is used to handling natives; who has got some notion of business and finance; and, finally, who can be trusted to handle very large quantities of gold dust—very large quantities, Jay. Gold dust by the hundredweight—not by the ounce. That's the man I want, Jay, and I'll pay you like a king to find him for me."

George H. nodded, smiling kind of fatherly, and, still adapting his tone to his new client's style, observed:

"It sounds to me, Bourke, as if you want a kind of cross between an experienced missionary and a fully trained pirate. But I've no doubt I can find him for you," added George H. "Though it will save time if I warn you that he will inevitably and naturally require to know what you want him for before he signs on. You see that? Please yourself, of course, but better tell me now why you need him."

Hungerford Bourke nodded, with a wide-eyed, greenish-yellow stare.

"I am a man accustomed to taking care of my own, Jay," he stated. "And I'm not afraid to tell anybody what I've got. And I'll add to that statement that if I were in right health I'd be needing nobody to deputize for me in this business. But I'm not fit. I've got a serious knock in the gizzard, like an all-in, all-out, prematurely aged flivver. I'm seeing doctors about that presently; it's why I came home. She's a good old gizzard and she's been a mate to me, but just at present she's laboring, and my business won't wait for her to catch up. So listen, Jay. I'm a man who has raked the world, particularly the British Empire, for its best—and I've found it."

He was puffing rather fiercely on his cigar.

"Jay, old man, I don't mind telling you," he bellowed, so forthrightly that he was also telling Gus Golding next door, "that I've found one of those places that you read about in history books and those publications dealing with dreams and their meanings. A place, Jay, where the natives have access to gold dust in practically unlimited quantities, and where no white men are encouraged—except me. They won't trade with ordinary whites in the way of ordinary trade, Jay. Somebody massacred 'em too severely in the old days—traders. A bunch of Spaniards, centuries back, I make it out. That sounds queer, hey? . . . Give me another cigar, will you?"

He took it and set it afire.

"That bunch of Spaniards are only history—a legend, you may say—with the present-day descendants of those natives. But whatever those ancient dons did to those ancestors, they done it thoroughly, Jay, believe me, for I never saw a lot of aborigines get the wind up the way my lot did when I suggested doing a little business together—a little trading, you understand. I had wormed my way into the confidence of the chief, in the first place, by interfering with my rifle between a lion and him. Just as well I had, too, for they'd have smeared me at the very idea of my wanting to trade. It's a sort of religion with 'em not to

trade with whites, see? . . . You haven't anything in the nature of a powerful alcoholic refreshment close by, Jay, hey?"

George produced that—an easy one to a high-class agent liable to be called upon by clients for anything from a burnt feather to a bottle of champagne.

"So, seeing that trade was taboo," resumed Hungerford Bourke, wiping his beard, "I got closer still to the king and introduced them to insurance; yes, good old insurance. And they took to it, Jay, in a way that would make a civilized man weep for the gluttonous greed of the average native—yes."

The giant paused, evidently reflecting upon some pleasant episode of the past.

"I fixed it up with the chief first. I explained about commission—you'd understand about that, Jay, probably—and he came forward like a real hard-boiled ruler, jaws wide open, and so on."

Mr. Bourke leaned forward, letting large plumes of cigar smoke find their own way out of his mouth, he, in his interest, forgetting to expel them.

"Jay, old friend, they took to insurance, sanctioned by their chief, like young ostriches take to deserts. Believe me, man, I used to charge 'em premiums that would make the teeth in a dentist's show case chatter with fright! For instance, say, one of 'em, Gumjee the lion hunter, went out hunting lions. Speculative, chancy business, with a soft metal spear, that, Jay. Well, I'd sell him a short-term policy before he started. One ounce of good gold dust would be his premium. If he returned well and hearty, good work—no harm done; wife glad to see him, children pleased; father's come home with the lion's skin, Gumjee delighted to sit facing the large can of beer brewed all ready for him, insurance policy expired, thing of the past—all well, everybody satisfied. Me with another ounce stacked up. Good—good work, hey?

"Now suppose Gumjee got bit—crawled home all bit up by beasts. Naturally, a case for the insurance company. They—me—would cheerfully pay out on the claim. A couple of yards of red flannel for the wife—good bright flannel—well, flannelette. Doesn't sound much, but you've got to bear in mind that scarlet flannelette to a savage lady is about what this pink—pink—crêpe de chine, is it?—you know, Jay, that soft stuff they wear—is to a civilized lady. So everybody's happy. For an extra half-ounce premium on my hunting policy I would throw in a worsted fringe to the flannelette, with a tassel or two, at that. 'Stonish you, Jay, what a lot would go to the extra half ounce of dust for the fringe

"I had a whole range of insurance risks. Picked up a case of mouth organs down at the port. For a half-ounce premium I'd insure any of the tribe against stomach trouble. If you saw the things they eat—the quality of 'em and the quantity they put away—you'd understand that stomach trouble is one of the things they more or less rely on, Jay.

"It was a popular policy, that. I paid out a lot of insurance on that—half-ounce premium brought a mouth organ, provided stomach trouble arose within ten days—and it did. They went hunting for it, you may say.

"I exhausted the case almost at once. In less than a fortnight the place was as much a hell of harmonicas as London is a hell of saxophones. . . . No, they wouldn't trade with you, not on any account, but they'd gallop to insure with you. I had struck the insurance man's dream of paradise. What I mean is that I'd got their minds completely off the premiums and completely onto the benefits. I was salting it down by the sackful, when I got a touch of fever. And the fever must have got me sort of delirious, for I went for the big thing—too soon. I started out to insure the chief's life, in a way, on a one-premium-only policy. Yes, for one payment of a ton of gold dust I guaranteed him immortality! It was premature—an error due to delirium.

"We started off lion hunting while his people were collecting the ton—and, let me tell you, Jay, a ton of it wants collecting. First day out I got bit by a lizard—not a snake, but some kind of venomous lizard that infests that region. It was aiming for the chief, but I stuck out my arm for it, you may say. Couldn't very well let a man to whom I'd promised immortality get bit by a stinging lizard anyway. Hardly business, that, Jay, hey? Well, the chief was glad enough, of course—had me nursed by black slave girls in short scarlet flannelette uniforms. Rough, that, Jay. Anyway, I didn't die—though the lizard did, I heard. Caught my fever, no doubt.

"But that bite, whatever there was in it, certainly got my gizzard knocking. I had to come home, and do it quick. Nerves all wrong, gizzard blowing off its cylinder head, liver pre-igniting; and valves—valves, Jay—carbonized from here to Christmas. When I first landed I used to cry like a child at sight of a scarlet postal pillar box. Thinking of the flannelette, I suppose. I'm stronger now, but still not fit to go back there for the rest of my dust. Walking about now against doctor's orders, for that matter. But these town doctors measured me up by town-man standards—me, Hungerford Bourke, one of the old wolves out of the Never-Never, Never-Has-Been and Never-Will-Be. . . . You listening?"

"Never listened so hard in my life," announced George Henry with curt avidity.

"Well, there's that money, that gold dust, out there not such a mighty long journey from this office—calling for collection. It's got to be collected quick and by a man on the spot. I can't go unless I want to perish on the way, and I've come to you to find me a man who can go; and not a man who can merely go, but one who can get my dust—yes, and not merely get it but come back with it. Is that clear?"

"Very clear," said George H., and added without hesitation, "I have the very man I judge you require."

"Where? Let's have a look at him," demanded Hungerford Bourke.

George pressed a bell button. "I'll telephone for him He and his wife are staying in inexpensive lodgings here in town. And while he's coming here I'll tell you about him."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Bourke.

"A man of the kind I am recommending doesn't come on the market very often. He is special," stated the gentle George earnestly, taking up a letter from his desk.

"Well, mine is a special job, believe me," said Hungerford Bourke.

"This man Tattenham—Edgar Tattenham," pursued the squire, "is a man who has been through the mill. Well educated, well connected, well brought up, well furnished with ideas and ideals, he started life with the sincere intention of being good—good, Bourke. Men like you and me, ready to jump in and grab ours and jump out again, aren't fit to light his bedroom candle. I'm being frank. I take your money for that, and I usually deliver the goods. Well, Edgar Tattenham started out some years ago a thoroughly good young man. But somehow he didn't put it over,

(Continued on Page 172)

"Sit Down, Mrs. Tattenham. And Allow a Rough Diamond to Say That it's a Pleasure to Set His Jungle-Weary Eyes on Your Bonny, Bonny English Face"

THE PLUVITOR

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Dere Goes de Ol' Steeple! Hang On, Lily, Us is Launched an' Headed fo' Eden!"

Aims to spend my money just as fast as I kin;
Don't crave no heav'nly treasure whah you dies to win.
Aims to blow my bank roll 'fo' it gits too late;
Dey's a one-way traffic through the pearly gate.
—VITUS MARSDEN.

LADY LUCK had smiled at the Wildcat. "Don she laugh so hearty dat now all she kin eat is soup an' gumdrops," the favorite of fortune exulted. "Me an' Lily sho got punctured prosperous when dat hailstorm of solid gold teeth hit us." Reviewing the successive events of an evening which had left him staggering under a load of Lady Luck's dividends, the Wildcat retreated from the harvest field in Oakland before any rival reaper could cut him down. Upholstered with five thousand dollars in currency, he concluded that he was equipped with enough shock absorbers to justify a little speed.

"Feet, lead me!" His feet led him toward San Francisco. A carbon-colored adviser trailed him.

"Let me help you 'range yo' program, Wilecat."

"Talk fast, boy! Right now Ise cruel but courteous. Aims to ketch me dat Sam Francisco ferry. Chatter whut you kin an' think de rest—us don't believe you ennyhow. Come 'long, Lily, double-time dat off hip. Li'l' pepper on dat leg o' lamb!"

The trailing adviser stumbled over the mascot goat and shifted to a position on the Wildcat's port side. "Fust thing you needs is a sumpturious residence in some inclusive white-folks district."

"Nex' thing I gits would be a epitaph in de society news of de mawnin' paper tellin' how at de eleet house warmin' some delayed firemen stumbled oveh de crematized remains of de host whut well-wishin' neighbors had sot fire to. Naw, suh, boy—when de hothouse rose is lived its day an' withers in de garbage can, de modest violet still holds sway unpestered by his fellow man. Dat's me!"

"Whah at you gwine to live widout no residence?"

"Anybody whut kin make hisself a tent outen greenbacks an' papeh de walls wid twenty-dollah bills don't have to worry none about no residump. When de roof is spent, you got de California sunlit sky, an' when de walls is gone, whut of it? You gits a li'l' mo' of dis gran' climate an' a betteh view of de good Lawd's promis' land whut de white folks calls Sam Francisco."

"Chilly when de fog comes in."

"Den you puts on yo' hat. Boy, you kain't agitate me none wid real estate 'less you throws it in chunks. An' lissen to me, you better uncouple an' detour yo'self outen dis parade befo' I waves you a las' farewell wid a rock in it."

"Ain't no need gittin' uppity 'count of yo' vulgar wealth."

The Wildcat stopped and exhibited a knuckle-covered fist. "Playmate, one mo' step an' I tags you fo' taps. Betteh let me miss you befo' I hits you. You betteh retreat befo' yo' next of kin has to mortician yo' fractions. Git away f'm me befo' Oakland views yo' pussonal remains. Leave limber!"

A blue flame in the Wildcat's voice scorched the wings of the parasite, and thereafter, trailed by his mascot goat, fortune's favorite pursued his way alone to San Francisco. Crossing the bay, the spell of the night claimed him. The dark shadows on the eddying tide inspired a melancholy realization of his nominal isolation. "Prison bars of gold! Wish de lootenant had me. Wish li'l' ol' Demmy was here. Money ain't nuthin' 'less you got friends you kin spend it fo'—ol' friends whut likes you jus' as well when you is broke as when you is rollin' high."

On the troubled borderland of sleep, in a rented room above the Clover Club on Fillmore Street, the Wildcat mumbled a review of his predicament: "Money don't git you nuthin' when you ain't got it—don't git you nuthin' much but trouble when you is. I feels like a blackbird in a gilded cage. Kain't even flap my wings."

At ten o'clock on the following day, waking up by request of the management, the caged blackbird discovered that the Clover Club had changed hands since his last visit. One Cassius King, lately retired from the prize ring, staggering under a cargo of fat, had replaced the former owner. Advised of the Wildcat's financial status by scouts across the bay, Cassius King made haste to horn into the Wildcat's program on a profit-sharing basis:

"Welcome to our city! Fust off you an' me regales some breakfus', an' den whut's de matteh wid a tour around de town in my private limoseen?"

The Wildcat answered through the locked door of his room: "Who dat?"

"Dis Cassius King speakin'."

"Sounds like a slogan. Oveh an' above dat, who is you?"

"Ise de new sole owner of dis Clover Club. Yo' ol' friend is gone."

The Wildcat opened the door. "Come in whilst I s'questers my feet into dese shoes." He held out his hand. "Cash, Ise glad to meet up wid you."

"Much obliged. Come 'long wid me whilst us 'vestigates de culinorium."

"De whut?"

"De eats."

"Mighty high-toned name."

"Mighty high-toned eats—if dey ain't, us vulcanizes de cook. Fetch de goat along. Dey's a li'l' yard behind de kitchen whah at he kin roam."

"Sho will—chances is dat Lily craves a ration. Goat ain't et nuthin' 'cept a piece of rope on de ferryboat las' night fo' goin' on two days."

"He mighty soon fo'git dat. My cook prides hisself on his refuse. Turn Lily loose in de back yard an' come to yo' own banquit."

Ham and eggs, waffles and coffee, buckwheat cakes and sausage, biscuits and persimmon jam, double it, twice around the track, and multiply by three. "Whuff! Lawd gosh, Cash, I figger I never did eat me such a bustin' breakfus' in all my bawn days. Whah at you say dat cook come from?"

"Covington boy—got his main trainin' in Paducah. Dat ain't nuthin'. Us eats again right afteh we gits back, an' den you sees jus' how homesick dese Kaintucky rations kin git you. Come on out to whah de limoseen is waitin'. Light a fire at de front end of dis seegar an' r'ar up like a Feenix outen de ashes. Us drives to de beach whah de nigh edge of de ocean is at."

At the seaboard end of Golden Gate Park the Wildcat's guide nodded at the Pacific with a proprietary air. Pride embellished his voice.

"Dere you is, Wilecat! How's dat fur a ocean?" he asked.

"Tol'able fair enough as oceans go. Ise rid worse." Memories of a round-tr pride in the interests of democracy soured the Wildcat's reply.

Cassius King tried again: "Look at dem waves! Whut you say to dem waves?"

"Mediocin' fair fo' sprouts. Dey's too temporary. Ain't nuthin' like whut us vetrums rid de time us visited de war. In dem days it seemed like de ocean was 'quipped wid dem permanent waves. Ennyhow, Cash, I likes my water agile an de way through 'stead of jus' de top layer. I likes it to git some place. Dese oceans jumps up an' down an' foams all de time jus' like a Democrank convention, but when it comes to gittin' enny place dey is worse 'an Congress. Give me a good ol' headstrong river like de Mississip'. Any measly nation kin hold back a ocean, but nobody never rigged no bobbles on a bucksin' river. De ol' Mississip' is boosted mo' farms into de Gulf dan dey is kingdoms in Europe. Any ocean kin ride you up an' down, but who craves to gallop on a pump handle? I likes a river whut rides you steady f'm where you's at to where you aims to git. An' when it comes to scenery—who ever

knowed it to change on a ocean? Ocean scenery always made me sick at my stummick. I craves my scenery fresh ev'y so often. Somehow I never could tolerate me no stale scenery."

"Boy, now you talks human!" Cassius King was quick to indorse the Wildcat's scenery note. "Wilecat, I sees yo' point. De man you needs to meet is de Hon'able Punic Grasty. Dat man sees mo' fresh scenery in his bizness dan dey is on earth. You might say he makes it. Might not 'zackly make it, but he sho changes it around. Right now he's got one contrack alone wid some Portuguese farmers whah at as fur as de human eye kin reach he got to take some measly ol' dried-up land whah de crops is burned plumb yaller an' change it to de greenes' kind of outdo' scenery, includin' veg'tables an' all sorts of garden truck."

"Whut you say de boy's name is?"

"Hon'able Punic Grasty."

"Whut de boy work at outside of bein' hon'able?"

"Nemmine 'bout de quectiums. Let him reveal de whole truth an' nuthin' but de truth. Befo' you gits through wid him, does yo' Lady Luck treat you right, de chances is you gratifies yo' cravin' fo' scenery. Git in de limoseen an' us gits back to de Clover Club, whah at de Hon'able Punic holds out his headquarters."

By working fast, Cassius King, counselor and guide, was enabled to accomplish a meeting between the Wildcat and the Hon'able Punic Grasty within the hour.

"Now dat you men is met," the liaison agent suggested, following the introduction, "how 'bout settin' down an' seein' whut de cook has got fo' lunch befo' you talks bizness?"

With memories of the breakfast supplied by the Kentucky marvel crowding his brain, the Wildcat voted an enthusiastic yea. "Suits me. Dat breakfus' was de nobles' rations Ise et fo' many a day." Seated at the table, the Wildcat turned toward Punic Grasty. "Hon'able, whut bizness did you say you was into?"

Enjoying the complicated flavors of a mouthful of sausage, Punic Grasty resurrected his vocal organs after a deliberate interval of swallowing. "I is a pluvitor."

"Den whut—I means, whut is you?"

"A pluvitor, an' I may add dat I was a charter delegate to de fust Pluvitorian Congress eveh held in de United States."

The Wildcat's eyes widened. "Lissen to dat! Hon'able, Ise been round some, but I be dogged if I eveh met up wid whut you says you is befo'. Kin a field hand step up brash-like an' ax whut is dis bizness you alludes at?"

"De scientific perfession which I represents is derogatory f'm de ancient pluvitians of Egypt. De name comes f'm de Latin 'plurus,' meanin' mo' dan one as applied to drops of rain. Us furnishes localized pluvia by de exultation of special machines in de pluvitorium. Is all dat puffickly clear?"

"Sho is. Dey's one mo' questium I'd like to ax you—whut was it you jus' said you did?"

"I pluves."

"Sounds reasonable. What I don't see yit is does you pluve by de week or at so much a pluve?"

"I pluves by de contrack. Right now my main work is fo' de Portugee settlers in Salt Valley. Dey ain't had no rain in dat valley fo' two years. Ev'ything is burned up. My contrack wid de li'l' city of Eden pervides dat dey pays me twenty thousan' dollahs if a inch of rain falls on de surroundin' district befo' Thanksgivin' Day. Dat's Novembeh twenty-six'"

"You means you is a rain maker?"

"Dat's a vulgar unperfessional name fo' all de fakers whut is been imposin' on de public since time begun. I is a scientific pluvitor."

"Hon'able, does you mean to say you kin pufform at de word of command?"

"Dey ain't no command, 'ceptin' whut I gives. I pluves accordin' to contrack or else de party of de fust part retains de money." The pluvitor reached into an inner pocket of his Prince Albert coat and produced a document which he unfolded and handed to the Wildcat. "Read dem special paragrafts at de beginnin'." The Wildcat handed the document to the third member of the party.

"I leaves Cash read it, Hon'able. So fur I ain't learned how to handle dese writement papers."

"Dat's all right, Wildcat. Dey's lots mo' folks kain't read documents dan whut kin." The rain maker addressed Cassius King. "Read our new found cumrade a few things outen dis contrack," he directed. "Read him de start an' den read him whah it speaks 'bout de money."

Cassius King squinted at the paper before him and plowed his way through the preliminary text:

"'Dis 'greedment, by an' betwixt de 'corporated town of Eden, representin' de Salt Valley district, its officials an' citizens, pardners of de fust part, an' Punic Grasty, pluvitor, party of de second part, witness'—a lot of things," the reader interpolated. "Den it comes to de money part, which says dat de 'said town an' district of Eden, its citizens an' officials, heirs an' assigns, do by dese presents agree to pay to de said Punic Grasty, pluvitor, de sum of twenty thousan' dollahs, pervided dat one inch of rain shall fall on de said town an' district of Eden on or befo' Thanksgivin' Day, Novembeh twenty-six, in de year of our Lawd, one thousan' nine hun'ed an' twenty-five.'"

"Dere you is, Wildcat," the pluvitor summarized. "All set down in black an' white an' good as gold, pervided I kin pluvish a inch of rain by Thanksgivin' outen de majestic heavens oveh an' above de centralized district of Eden."

The Wildcat stood up and held out his hand to the pluvitor. "Hon'able, I congranulates you. Sho looks like you got twenty thousan' dollahs sewed up in a sack."

The pluvitor shook hands without much enthusiasm. He draped his features into a doleful mask. "Hol' on, Wilecat. Don't be preliminary wid dem glad tidings. Dey's a mighty serious obstruction 'tween me an' dat fortune. Ise on'y got ten days mo' befo' de contrack runs out. Looks like Ise gwine to lose."

"How come you gwine to lose? Got it all yo' way, ain't you?"

"I got ev'ything my way 'ceptin' de price of de 'quipment. Nobody seems to know how luxurious de prices is fo' de 'quipment I needs."

"How much does it run into?"

"Runs into mighty close to five thousan' dollahs, includin' de agitators an' de pluvitorium. De agitators alone is got solid-gold decimals. Of course, as fur as de pluvitorium goes, almost any po'table studio sech as dese detachable houses whut is used fo' garage pu'poses would suffice. De whole thing whut standa 'twixt me an' losin' dem twenty thousan' dollahs is dem solid-gold decimals. It's all 'lectric, jus' like my po'table 'quipment dat I uses fo' localized heaven testin', but dey's on'y one 'lectric company whut kin put de machinery together fo' me, an' dey is mighty high-priced. Right now dey is makin' so much money wid radio dey don't care nuthin' 'bout decimalizin' de machinery I needs 'less I slaps down de cash wid de order."

"Looks to me like you could 'a' got a pardner to put up de money."

"Ise advertised—look at dese clippings f'm de newspapeh—but ev'ybody whut is answered craves to come in

(Continued on Page 213)

"Heaven, I Command Ye, Pluvo!" "Lawd Gosh, Hon'able, What Dat?"

FILMS ACROSS THE SEA

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

The Submarine Scene From Mare Nostrum, Made by Rex Ingram in France. Types are Easy to Find Abroad—One Sends to the Country Desired for His Actor. However, in This Case the Typically German Submarine Officer is a Frenchman

AFTER Donizetti, who, quite appropriately, runs a barber shop on the Piazza Barberini in Rome, had finished waving his scissors at my hair and was replenishing his gigantic atomizer for a general gas attack of aqua cologne, he paused with a wild light in his eyes and began fishing for words.

"The signor is from whose part of America?" he asked.

"The West," I said.

He lowered the atomizer. He beamed, as though his greatest dream had come true.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Cowboy!"

"Yes," came the natural answer, "plenty of 'em."

That was fatal. Donizetti didn't understand anything but the affirmative. He called the rest of the scissor wavers and made a speech in Italian. Whereupon they grinned excitedly, then stood, merely gawking, as at some strange form of animal. The cashier left her desk and came forward for a closer view, customers craned from their uncomfortable chairs. It was quite a tumult, out of which, at last, came a proud announcement.

"Luigi here," said Donizetti, pointing to a proud co-barber, "he makes pictures too. He work here in Roma for the Signor Neeblo in Ben Hur."

Thus was the secret out. Anyone from the western part of America, a cowboy; any cowboy, an actor in the motion pictures. Yet it was not an unnatural deduction in a land that takes anything in an exceedingly literal fashion, and where motion pictures are conducting a general post-graduate course in Americanism that is certainly efficacious, even if slightly exaggerated. Nor is Italy an exception. All Europe right now is busily engaged in learning that most Americans are millionaires, most women bathing beauties, every evening meal a banquet with dancers rising out of fountains that spring from the tables, half the country occupied by cowboys and the rest crammed with mansions. To say nothing of the precocity of American pets!

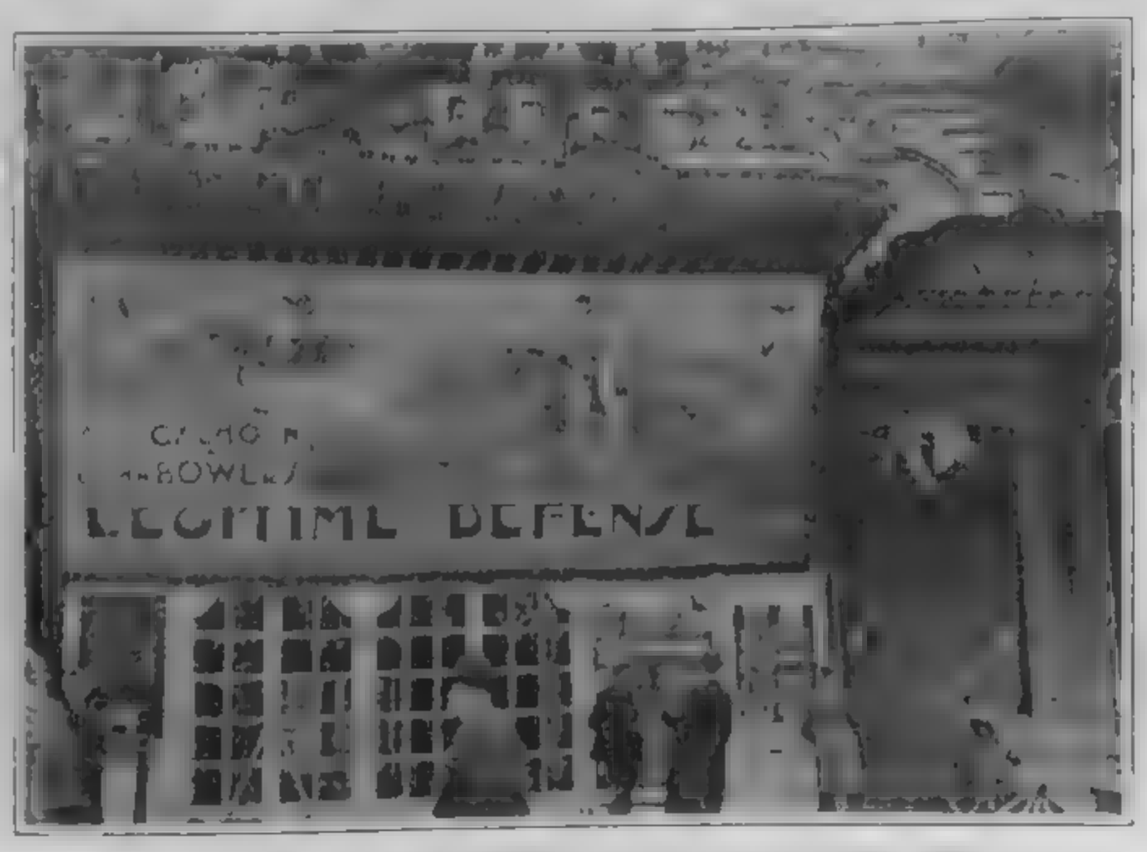
"All your animals are so smart," said a Frenchman to me the other day.

"Animals?" I asked blankly.

Seeing America by Movies

"YES. In every picture there is always some smart animal," was the illuminating reply. "Perhaps it is a dog. He is very smart. Perhaps it is a pig, or a rabbit. But they all do things."

Naturally, that remark was only the statement of an individual. It may have represented an individual's reaction; it may have done much more. The European, these days, is receiving his education of American customs, American manners, American homes, modes of living, products, thoughts and actions via the motion pictures, in an invasion of the films which cannot really and truly be appreciated until one has seen the saturation for himself. In fact the American photo-play infiltration has ceased to be a mere invasion. It now has assumed proportions which have caused comment in the House of Parliament, in the Chamber of Deputies of France, in the governmental discussions of Italy and Germany. There is but a small margin left which holds it from the proportions of an absolute monopoly. Practically 85 per cent of the motion pictures which are shown abroad are of American manufacture.



The Western Picture is a Good Seller in Algeria and Egypt

And this in spite of feverish efforts to combat them, for there are underlying things about that picture invasion which amount to far more than the mere selling of so many feet of film.

By-Products

NOT so long ago an American picture salesman led me down a side street in Paris to a typically French café, dance hall and drinking place; the kind of thing which the tourist rarely sees, because it is off the beaten track, and contains only a few of the requirements necessary to give a traveler the thrill which he so ardently desires. An orchestra blared at one end of the big expanse, furnishing music to a large floor packed with dancers. The space of the balconies and salon was crammed with tables, each with its patrons, while waiters sped ceaselessly to the filling of orders.

"Now," said the picture man, "I'm going to show you one reason why American movies are causing the European nations to lie awake nights."

He pointed first to the bar, then to the dance cashier and the exchequer of the café proper.

"Notice anything familiar?" he asked.

I did. It was the steady plunking of fingers against tabulating keys—in that typically French establishment, where one would naturally expect to find the foreign system of *caisse* with a checker writing every sale in a book and the cashier taking the money and making the necessary change; the work was now being done by nine cash registers of an exceedingly American make.

"The pictures are responsible," said my companion. "That statement isn't a matter of conjecture. I happened to be in the office when the owner of this place came in. He said that he had been seeing American pictures with cash registers in them and that he had inquired from the owner of a theater where he had seen one of these pictures how he could go about getting the information as to whether they would help him in his business. The owner had sent him to us, not knowing that there was an agency for the cash register in this city. Naturally, we did the rest. Now, as you see, he has nine of the things."

Of course, the war was to blame for it—there is always the war to blame for everything in Europe. However, the fact remains that there were few motion-picture theaters in Europe which were showing American pictures even as late as 1919. Then it was a matter of some American feature having to do with the war. Then, too, these showings were only in such cities as Paris; otherwise the distance between one Hollywood opus and another was a long and tiresome affair. It's all changed now. One sees today posters bearing the familiar motion-picture names

of America upon the walls of villages which did not even possess a motion-picture machine ten years ago. One sees images of Felix le Chat in the store windows of small towns—for Felix, it seems, is a comedian *le plus originel*. One hears familiar names upon the streets as a group of pleasure seekers start theaterward, and they are the same names which send the picturegoer and his family to the neighborhood playhouse at home. And no longer is it a matter of cities; there are more than 3000 picture houses in France alone which purvey as their steady amusement diet a program which consists almost exclusively of pictures from the United States. Some 1700 of these theaters are in towns of 10,000 population and under. Even tiny Belgium is busily engaged in flickering forth American pictures from 700 theaters, Italy is racing France, Germany has a single group of 175 theaters which recently gave up the effort to show German pictures entirely and capitulated to the steady demand of patrons for American stars, while England heads the entire list. Nor is this all.

There exists a type of picture vender in Europe—although his number is steadily lessening—which one does not see in America; the volunteer picture missionary, carrying onward the word of the American picture as a salesman would show his samples. He is an itinerant, making his living, as such people in the United States did in the early days of the picture, by carrying a small projection machine and a few cans of films from town to town, and furnishing a night's entertainment in the local theater or town hall. Sometimes an admission is charged; often the amount of money which the exhibitor receives depends entirely upon the worth of his show, the whole town being invited and a collection being taken up after the last bit of patched film has been run off. Almost invariably these are American films, forerunners of the time when the towns along his route of activities will tire of waiting for his uncertain appearance and plunge for a projection machine of its own.

Even this isn't the end, for there remain districts which are not a part of Europe, yet feeders for it—Egypt, for instance, which gets most of its films from America, via France and England; Morocco, Tunis, Algeria and the rest of the colonies of Africa, which should be learning nice things about the country to which they belong instead of paying their money to take pictorial lessons in Americanism. That is why a great deal of money has been spent within recent years in various countries of Europe in a frenzied effort to take the place of American pictures with local ones, and why even more money is to be forthcoming. It constitutes a condition which goes even deeper than the incident of the cash registers.

"I would have you understand in the beginning," the European head of one of the biggest of American motion-picture companies told me with a laugh, "that I am not a picture salesman. I am a politician. All the men who represent my company in the various countries of Europe are politicians also. They have to be. Fancy, for instance, the incident which we recently faced in Italy!"

Politics

"WE HEARD that a board of censorship was to be appointed. We fought it, although we knew we couldn't beat it. The real blow came when we learned that one of the proposals of that board of censorship was that a very influential member of the national board must be an Italian motion-picture producer. A fine chance our pictures would have had—especially when censorship is a bit different here from what it is in America! When a picture is thrown out, it is thrown out and that is the end of it. No need for rime or reason. No need for even the flimsiest excuse. The picture must not be exhibited, and one must take that for final.

American Stars are as Well Known in Europe as at Home

"The result is that one must know politicians, play every form of political game, and be as alert to political tricks and the forming of coalitions for the benefit of one's product as though he were a Seventh Ward alderman at home. In it all, the greatest assistance, of course, is the picture-going populace. Deprive patrons of their American-made pictures and they stop going to the theater. That naturally enlists the theater owner on our side. What political power he may have is therefore drafted for us, and the battle goes on, a matter of wheels within wheels; politics attempting to stop American pictures, and by the same token forced to keep them alive."

"But why," I asked, "should there be animosity for a thing which people demand? If, of course, they do demand them."

"Demand them?" he asked. "We couldn't exist if it were not for that demand, and the fact that their liking for motion pictures almost amounts to the proportions of a strike against theaters when they are deprived of what they want. Of course," he laughed, "this is not a *communiqué officiel*, as one would say over here; but there is probably not a country of Europe that would not subsidize a motion-picture company for any amount of necessary money, if by that subsidization it could be assured of putting its own local pictures upon the screen instead of those of America."

Films as Foreign Missionaries

"CERTAIN interests in Italy, for instance, are right now 150,000,000 lire the losers for having tried to combat American pictures with Italian ones. The effort has not been successful. The American stars went right on drawing their audiences, the American pictures went right on getting their bookings, while the Italian ones suffered.

"In Germany, the same thing was tried with a combination of theaters and production. Cheap pictures were turned out by the score. The public wouldn't have them, with the result that the great chain of theaters now has its reciprocity agreement with American producers whereby the German product will get a certain percentage of the business and the American the rest. If a man or any set of men could guarantee a government that he could put national pictures into the theaters of that country instead of the foreign films, guaranteeing also, of course, that the public would patronize them, he could play with millions overnight.

"You see, it isn't just the pictures, or the money that goes into the box office, or the rentals that the theater owner pays. It's something which these countries look upon with a great deal more seriousness. In the old days we used to talk glowingly about hands across the sea and the benefit of closer communion with nations which we desired to be friendly with us. Now it is a matter of films across the sea, and the nations of Europe see that America possesses a weapon of progress that is simply overwhelming.

"Being a politician," he chuckled, "I naturally know that a nation exists upon its resources. It exists too upon the centralization of its national thought. In America, for instance, the schools don't urge that every child study the history of Italy or the life story of France or Germany. The American child is supposed to study American history, partly because any person is supposed to be naturally curious about his native land, but mainly because he is an American and must have American ideals, thoughts, beliefs and customs. He is supposed to grow up to pay American taxes, fight America's battles and believe in America's superiority. The same thought is true in any country that intends to live by the national pride of its citi-

"To that end, a nation is eternally playing the missionary. If it has

(Continued on Page 221)

A Scene From Mare Nostrum, Showing the Mixing of Nationalities. Hughie Mack (Right) is an American, the Boy in the Center an Arab, and the Old Seaman an Ex-Strong Man From a German Circus

STATE AGAINST ADAMS

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

SOMEONE tapped on the glass of the French door to the upstairs study.

"Come in," said Harry Adams, taking his feet down from his secretarial desk and turning from the sports page of his newspaper to the Wall Street section.

Miss Alys Perrin, the interior decorator, entered, closing the door behind her.

"Good morning, Mr. Secretary," she said. "And how did the market behave yesterday?"

"Won out in the tenth, 2–1," he said with a suggestion of defiance. "Listen, Goldilocks, I don't see you doing such a heap of work around here yourself, that you got to step in with a knock the first thing in the morning. All I see you doing around this house is walking about and looking pretty. I wish I had your job."

"Could you fill it?" she said, lifting her delicately molded chin and turning about before him in the fashion of a cloak model. She was studying the room for its artistic possibilities, and may have been unaware of the young man's admiring regard.

This one room had been a trouble to her; she had visited it several times a day for the past week and had not yet decided the color scheme.

"If I had that movie profile and those big baby-blue eyes I could make a stab at it," he said confidently. "Pardon me, Miss Perrin, but how do you pronounce A-l-y-s?"

"It is pronounced Miss Perrin," she said. "You did very well, Mr. Adams."

"What's the matter with Harry?" he suggested.

"He's all right," she said. "In his place. But I'm afraid that I'm taking your mind from your work, Mr. Adams. That is——"

"Don't apologize, Miss Perrin," he said, lifting a hand. "Mind is the right word. I'm through for the day already. I'm a fast worker."

Harry Had a Complete and Rounded Impression That Someone Had Stepped Into or Out of the Bedroom With Exceeding Briskness

"That's my impression," she said. She lowered her gaze to him. "Pardon me, won't you, Mr. Adams, and I don't mean to be curious, but I am. What are you supposed to be doing here?"

"As Mr. Karger-Kelley's financial and corresponding secretary," he said, "I am supposed to be immersed in business affairs up to the cowlick. Unfortunately Mr. Karger-Kelley has no business. To give him something to do, Mrs. Karger-Kelley furnished this office in her palatial country home in Greenwich, state of Connecticut, and put me in here, and Mr. Karger-Kelley comes in every morning and dictates letters to people, sassing them about his wife's affairs in business English. He also asks me what is doing in the stock market, although Mrs. Karger-Kelley's money is sewed up in real-estate mortgages, and the stock market doesn't mean a thing to her; but it gives Mr. Karger-Kelley good practice in talking business and smartens up the office. I guess you caught him at it."

He broke off his facetious tone, and said, "But it's rotten to kid about him. He's really a mighty good fellow, even if his wife shows sense in holding onto her own money. Now there's a smart woman, even if—but I guess she knew what she wanted when she took him. And he is a very nice man."

"And for that you get thirty dollars a week," she said.

"Curious again, eh?" he taunted. "Enough for one, isn't it? What do you care?"

"Not a teeny little bit, Mr. Adams," she said, returning to her contemplation of the old-fashioned gilded picture molding.

He rose and walked up and down, frowning, stopping before her to frown into her uplifted and abstracted face. On the second turn his frown wavered when he stood to stare at her; his eyebrows went up, and the corners of his lips sank, and he lifted a hesitating hand to her. Her abstraction became quite complete, statuesque. Under the fatuous tenderness of his gaze her oval face was innocent of expression, utterly serene. And then her lips rounded in a soundless whistle; she shouldn't have done that just then, even if she had to express contemplation somehow.

Harry Adams paled with sudden resolution. He raised his other hand, too, moved toward her, and shot a penetrating look at the lace-curtained French door. His hands sank; the fierceness faded from his mobile face. "Now what was that?" he said in a conversational tone. He strode to the door, opened it and stepped into the stair hall.

Across the hall was the door to the Karger-Kelleys' bedroom. The boring glance that Harry Adams had shot at the scrim on the French door had passed right through it, quite as Harry had warily intended, and had brought up against a figure silhouetted by the daylight from the bedroom. The figure had been printed against the rectangle of brightness for but an instant, and was then gone with the closing of the door; and yet Harry had a complete and rounded impression that someone had stepped into or out of the bedroom with exceeding briskness—with a briskness that suggested an emergency and an imperative need for haste. Harry wanted to know about it if a situation requiring such twinkling speed had arisen in the leisured household of the Karger-Kelleys, where clocks were considered to have done their bit when they chimed sweetly and looked expensive, and were permitted to suit themselves in the inessential point of indicating time. There had been a disquieting furtiveness about that figure.

"Cluney, perhaps," reflected Harry, knocking on the bedroom door. "But since when is he making it so snappy?"

He opened the door slightly, calling, "Cluney!"

There was no answer. He pushed the door wide and surveyed the room. The twin beds were tossed; the room had not yet been made up. The morning sun shone on the disordered toilet things on a dresser, slighting the pale silver and the unresponsive tortoise shell, focusing on a small object that glowed and flashed as with an original radiance. Harry guessed what it was; it was Mrs. Karger-Kelley's diamond necklace with diamond-and-emerald cross. He had seen her wearing it, and had heard talk of it—a discussion of its insurable value. It was thoughtless to expose it so.

Ah, but perhaps —— He strode into the room.

He went straight to Mr. Karger-Kelley's clothes closet, and seized the knob to yank the door open. The door seemed to be held against him, and was then pressed out suddenly. Harry jumped back.

Cluney stepped from the closet. Cluney was Mr. Karger-Kelley's man, valeting him and officiating as a footman on occasion. He was a pale and bony man of average height and middle age, partly bald; the brown iris of his left eye was clouded by gray. Mrs. Karger-Kelley had hired him and approved of him quite, saying that he had good style.

"Good morning, Mr. Adams," said Cluney, evidently dissimulating surprise at the encounter. "I did not startle you, I trust?"

He turned to switch off the electric light in the clothes closet. The closet, within which Mr. Karger-Kelley's garments hung in faultless array, was almost a chamber in itself, being six feet deep and five feet wide.

"I didn't know who it was," said Harry, looking challengingly at Cluney. Hang it, the fellow didn't have to pop about so. Harry turned his back on the valet, took up the necklace, dropped it into a small drawer in the top shelf of the dresser, and turned the key on it. The key had been in the lock; Harry put it in his pocket and walked from the room, glancing behind him several times.

He crossed to the study and sat again at his desk, but turning his chair so that he commanded a view of the dresser through the open doors. Cluney appeared in Harry's lane of vision, coming from the clothes closet, and being at all times remote from the dresser. Cluney closed the door behind him and went off. But Harry's anxiety for his employers' carelessly exposed valuables had been aroused, and he watched the bedroom door, waiting for Mr. Karger-Kelley; he would hand Mr. Karger-Kelley the key to the drawer, discreetly wording a rebuke. Miss Perrin had left the study, unkissed and unkind.

He had seen Mr. and Mrs. Karger-Kelley through the windows of the bedroom. They had been standing out on the lawn, at a point where they commanded a view of the windows in both exposures of the bedroom. With them was Mr. Gorman, a local architect. Mrs. Karger-Kelley, for want of something more important to fret about, had become impatient with her square and boxy Colonial mansion and had decided that the thing to do was to shear off a gable and thus give the corner of her house the correct English line. Now Harry heard them talking as they mounted the stairs.

Mrs. Karger-Kelley said, "I think it ought to be raised to twenty-five thousand dollars, Mr. Pease, on account of everything going up. Only ten thousand dollars' insurance is not enough, don't you think? I left it out for you in case I was called away. I had the settings tightened in Tivoly's last month, and they said it would be worth twenty-five thousand dollars nowadays. Phil! . . . Where's Mr. Karger-Kelley? . . . Come up here, will you? What's that? Certainly you're wanted to witness."

She was a stout and florid lady, petulant but basically good-natured. She had married Mr. Karger-Kelley a year before. "A real romance, my dear. Oh, I tell you!" She had been a Mrs. Karger, fair, fat and forty-four, when her widow's weeds got on her nerves. She had gone to inspect a Park Avenue apartment; the renting agent who showed her through was a Mr. Philip Kelley—tall, suave, drooping, with a weak back, violet eyes and beautifully gesticulating hands.

She had fallen in love with the six-thousand-a-year apartment and the two-thousand-a-year renting agent, had rented the one and married the other, and they all lived together in the Park Avenue house, summering in equally fashionable Greenwich.

"Yes, my angel," said Mr. Karger-Kelley, suave as always, and even more drooping, as he hung in the doorway of the bedroom behind them.

"Where is it?" said Mrs. Karger-Kelley in the bedroom.

"Where's what?" asked Mr. Karger-Kelley unintelligently.

"The necklace! I left it right here on the dresser. Did you take it, Phil?"

"I?" said Mr. Karger-Kelley with unnecessary emphasis. "But it isn't gone, is it? Hello, the necklace is gone. Yes, you left it right there; I remember that. By Jove, someone has made off with it! Not a bit of doubt of it. By Jove, stole it! Positively, my angel. What had we better do? Well, you'll just have to go home again, Mr. Pease, until we find it again. Nothing for you to do here. By Jove, this is annoying, isn't it, just? There's where you left it, my dear; right on that identical spot."

"Right there?" said Mr. Pease, scowling at the indicating tip of Mr. Karger-Kelley's beautiful finger. "Rather careless way to throw ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry around, I'll say."

"Twenty-five thousand," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "Where's the key to this drawer? Though I'm sure I put it right here; didn't I, Phil?"

"Ten thousand is all my company is obligated for," said Mr. Pease, "and it's enough and plenty to be left around a dresser. If you tell me it's gone, we'll have the police in right away."

"Oh, it's gone, Pease, rely on that," said Mr. Karger-Kelley. "But I don't know about calling the police and getting all upset, do you, my angel? And I don't want to take advantage of Mr. Pease in any way. After all, my angel, it was our own fault very largely ——"

"Phil, you can talk more like an idiot than any man I know who doesn't keep company with a guardian," snapped Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "The insurance company is responsible, and if they want to be mean about it we'll take their ten thousand dollars, just because we're an hour too late. Where's that key? Where's Bertha?"

She hurried out into the hall, followed slowly by the others, and screamed, "Bertha!"

She ran down the stairs.

Harry Adams had taken in this scene with enjoyment. It seemed to him that Mrs. Karger-Kelley deserved a good scare.

If her necklace had really been stolen, there would have been a fine to-do in the house, with everybody under suspicion of being the thief, and probably jawed and bullied by the police; arrested, likely.

Mrs. Karger-Kelley was at the foot of the stairs, heading upward with the sought-for Bertha, when Harry strolled causally out into the hall, holding up the key.

"There's the key Mrs. Karger-Kelley is looking for," he said cheerfully, tendering it to his employer. "I saw the necklace on the dresser, and I went in and put it in the drawer and locked it up, and here's the key."

"How did you come to—I don't quite understand this, Adams," said Mr. Karger-Kelley, taking the key slowly. He turned and bolted into the bedroom and thrust the key into the drawer lock. He pulled open the drawer, looked inside, put in his hand and moved it about, and cried, "Where?"

"What's that, sir?" asked Harry, entering the bedroom.

"See for yourself, Adams," said Mr. Karger-Kelley, stepping back from the dresser. "It's not there!"

"Well," breathed Harry, pulling the drawer out entirely. The necklace was gone.

"What is it now?" demanded Mrs. Karger-Kelley, bustling in. "Oh, you found the key. Well, it's not there, is it? I knew it wasn't there. I left it right here, I tell you."

"But Adams says he put it in the drawer and locked it," said Mr. Karger-Kelley.

"How did he come to be in here?" asked Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "What were you doing in this room, Adams? . . . Pull all the drawers out, Bertha. . . . Yes, dump everything out! . . . What were you doing here, Adams?"

"Why," said Harry bewilderedly, "I saw somebody walk in here, and I didn't like the way they went in. I saw them through my door there. So I came over to see who went in there, and I found Cluney in the closet."

"Cluney in the closet? What do you mean? Do you mean that Cluney took the necklace?"

"No, he didn't take it—I'm positive of that," said Harry, "because I was watching all the time. I put the necklace in the drawer, and locked it, and walked out of the room, looking behind me; and I sat over there watching the bureau until Cluney came out and closed the door. And he didn't go near the bureau in all that time. Then I watched the door until you came. I don't know what made me so anxious, but that's how I was. But if it wasn't Cluney—and I'm dead sure it wasn't Cluney—how could anybody have got in here to take it?"

He glanced eloquently about the bedroom. It had only the one entrance, the three other doors in it being those of the private bathroom and the two closets. Mr. Karger-Kelley ran to the closets, flung them open, plunged into the bathroom as if to rout a porch climber from behind the shower curtain. Neither the bathroom nor the closets could be entered except from the bedroom; the bathroom had, of course, a window. Mr. Karger-Kelly flung it up and looked down the sheer house wall. He looked suspiciously at the architect, who was still out there looking at the house, planning, it is likely, to talk Mrs. Karger-Kelley out of her proposed butchery, or else to salve his outraged sense of the beautiful and the true by charging her a robber's price.

"Are you sure that's Mr. Gorman, the architect, out there?" said Mr. Karger-Kelley, pulling in his head but keeping the man below in the tail of his eye.

"The reason why you can talk so much like an idiot is because you are an idiot," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "Maybe you think Mr. Gorman shinned up the rain pipe and stole the necklace in the few seconds we left him alone outside, do you?"

"My angel, I don't think Mr. Gorman would stoop to climb in a second-story window," said Mr. Karger-Kelley.

(Continued on Page 105)

"Hello, Cluney. Why Aren't You in the Closet?" "I Can't See the Necessity, Sir," Said Cluney, Pale and Watchful

NETTING RESULTS

My Career as a Junior Champion—By Vincent Richards

IT IS a curious thing how often one's whole career is shaped by an accident, sometimes for good and sometimes not. In my case, I believe that the accident that drove me to tennis was fortunate for me, although, at the time it occurred, it was so serious that any career in sport seemed unlikely and my very life was in danger.

My brother was a quite well-known runner, and naturally, when I was about seven, I looked up to him with great admiration. I decided that I would be a runner, too, and I often ran beside him and took part in an occasional track meet. I used to fondle lovingly the cups and trophies my brother won, because they were the tangible signs of his achievements in a sport in which I hoped I might one day excel.

Gerald Emerson, at One Time a Junior-Title Holder

Then a mad dog bit me and tore away part of the flesh of one leg. For two years I walked on crutches, and during all that time I took regular Pasteur treatments to prevent any possible after effects from the bite. Even to this day one of my legs is much less fleshy than the other, but it does not cause me any inconvenience or interfere with my playing.

The accident did, however, eliminate me as a sprinter. The leg muscles had been seriously affected and I could never again hope to make a success on the track. It was then that I took up tennis, and I rejoice that I did, not only because I have succeeded in it but because I am sure that the all-round physical development one gets in the game restored me to health more quickly and completely after that bite than anything else could have done.

Beating the Boy Champion at Twelve

I AM not the only one among the champions who has really acquired a robust constitution from tennis. Several of them were weaklings as boys. Tilden, for instance, was a frail, lanky kid whom no one would have taken for a future champ from his appearance.

I have told you how I used to play against the side wall of our Yonkers apartment. On the court next the house a local tennis club played, and I watched them eagerly and enviously. I had no thought, even after I began to practice, of ever entering a tournament until F. B. Alexander invited me to a country club not far away.

He loves to tell of my first appearance on a public court. I was about twelve years old at the time, and the club to which he had invited me was a very wealthy one.

"On the day of the tournament," Alexander says, "boys with their parents were arriving from all parts of the country in fine limousines; the stage was all set for tournament play, when in comes a frail, white-haired kid in knee pants, an old broken tennis racket and a pair of old sneaks in his hand. This was Richards. Play began with Richards pitted against one of the best boy players in the country—Cecil Donaldson."

I would never have had the nerve to enter such a match if it had not been for Alexander's encouragement; and even if I did lose, I put up such a good fight that he was more interested in me than ever. He took me to a sporting-goods store and bought me a new racket; and better still, he gave me a lot of good advice. He was the first one to point out to me the danger of my chop stroke, which I had developed at the expense of all others. He urged me to cultivate a follow-through stroke and a volley game.

Fred Anderson, Runner-Up to Jean Borotra in 1926

The next match in which I played was against Ben Litzen, then boy champion of the United States. Ben was a tall chap, powerfully built; I was still not very strong because of my long fight against the effects of the dog bite; and although I was twelve years old, I weighed less than a hundred pounds and was still in short pants. But I defeated Litzen in two straight sets, and that victory set my feet on the path to the titles I have won.

Spirit

IN 1919, when I was sixteen, I won six tennis titles in as many months; but my first really big victory was that over Tilden in the National Indoor Tennis Tournament in that year. By the time I was eighteen I held every title except senior outdoor singles.

I tell these things, not out of pride, but because I want to make clear to the boys who are playing tennis today just what was at the bottom of this long line of victories; just what qualities of mind and body I either had or acquired that helped me to win these championships. I want the youngster who is beginning to play and who would like to try for tournaments to understand to what extent he must depend upon natural talent and to what extent upon acquired skill. I want to warn him of the pitfalls into which so many promising beginners fall, never to rise. In my opinion, a boy can learn almost everything he needs to know about tennis—almost, but not quite. There is one quality with which he must be born if he ever expects to hold his own against the greatest players in the country, and that quality is the fighting spirit.

Let me say first, though, that I do not believe in the born tennis player. I have seen too many of them rise for a time to a place near the top, only to sink into oblivion after a few matches. Tennis players are made, not born. A boy must, however, have that one qualification, must be born with it, if he is to succeed in tennis; he must be born with a good fighting spirit. A boy can learn technic, he can to some extent be taught court tactics; he can be trained to make good, powerful strokes; but if he has not a fighting spirit he might just as well give up all ideas of championship. He must be the kind of chap who simply cannot be discouraged, who fights hardest when he is in a hole, and who looks upon every defeat merely as another milestone on the road to ultimate victory.

I can best illustrate this by pointing to the career of Tilden. Tilden himself was the antithesis of the born player; he was literally a man made by being beaten. He had the singular experience of emerging from a long list of defeats into a championship. For twelve or fifteen years he was almost invariably beaten in the first or second round of a tournament; but during that time he never stopped working at his strokes; never lost sight of his ultimate goal—the Singles Championship of the United States and of the world.

The will to win in the face of heavy odds is intuitive. It is important not only in itself but because of its effect on your opponent. If he knows you have that fighting spirit he knows he cannot tire you out, or

Cranston Holman, of California

discourage you with a few spectacular strokes, or take you by surprise by sudden changes in tactics.

One of the old sport writers called tennis the most refined species of torture ever invented. Mentally, the torture comes from the fact that you make superhuman efforts to place your shots well, only to lose the point because you miss placing by a fraction of an inch. You must be alert, mentally and physically, for every second of the game; your mind must work at a prodigious rate while your body is indulging in the most fatiguing gymnastics. The tennis player covers about twice as much ground in three sets as a football player covers in his whole game. A match is like a battle, because the side that holds out longest wins. The player must, in the moment that he realizes defeat, be able to analyze the very stroke that cost him the game—or perhaps the match, or even his title. He must always be the artist who appreciates the beauty of a perfectly timed stroke, even if it was made by an opponent and a victor. Physically, a boy's endurance is based on his ability to spend his own strength carefully and wisely, and to save enough for the end of the game, when he may be hard driven and need all his reserve force. Mentally, he needs endurance to keep his eye on the ball, his mind on the spot where it will land and his spirit from discouragement, no matter how the game goes.

Hanging On to Your Laurels

I KNOW that the average boy learns to hate the word "perseverance." He has it rammed down his throat at school from the time he begins to write copy-book exercises and he loathes the sound of it. But not a single person who has ever held a place among the first ten in tennis reached the top without learning the value of intensive practice, and that is all that perseverance means in tennis. It very often happens that a young player will get by on his speed and assurance; on the strength of a natural instinct for the game and a good imitative faculty. He gets by for a little while, but the time comes when that is not enough, when he needs a firmer foundation upon which to build his game; and if he has no such foundation the whole structure of his promising career will come toppling down. I dare say that those of us who are fortunate enough to rank in the first ten players of the country, practice harder and more steadily than the younger chaps who are still on the way. It is even harder to hang on to your laurels than to win them, just as it is harder to stay married than to get married.

An interesting example of the value of intensive practice was given when Tilden went to Wimbledon in 1920. Before that time anyone who played against him had only to place the ball on Tilden's backhand in deep court and come to the net to make a sure-fire point. We all knew it—Tilden himself knew it.

"My backhand used to be a shining mark at which anyone could plug away with impunity," he said. "Bill Johnston had smeared it to a pulp in the final round of the championship in 1919, winning three sets while I was seeking one."

But in 1920 he went to England, and three weeks after he came back I played against him in Providence in the final round of a tournament. I naturally played against him as I had always done: I sent the ball deep to his backhand and came in for the final kill. But to my astonishment, the old tactics did not work. Big Bill whizzed the ball past me on practically every occasion with a perfect backhand drive that had amazing speed. It was only a little while until we all realized that in that few months in England, Big Bill had developed his backhand from a weak stroke that was the target for all his opponents into a backhand that is the greatest the game has ever had. It might be argued that this was the natural outcome of his games at Wimbledon; that this weak stroke had been strengthened by the necessity for playing against a series of brilliant opponents. But that would explain it only in part. He admits that he spent untold hours in intensive practice, both before he left and while he was in England; and he confidently asserts that to it, and to it primarily, he owes his United States and world championship titles. When Tilden lost a bit of the third finger of his right hand, he had another chance to test the value of intensive practice. In order to overcome the disadvantage of this, he practiced constantly, working over all his strokes as if he were beginning to learn the game all over again; and it was to this intensive practice, made necessary by his accident, that he probably owes the present perfection of his all-court game.

When it comes to strokes the most important thing for a boy to learn is to keep the ball in play, and

Frank T. Anderson. In Oval—Jandy Wiener

PHOTOS. BY EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y. C.

The Big Three—Richards, Tilden and Johnston

the first thing in that direction is the service.

The service is, of course, the most important stroke because of the greater chance of scoring on it; and the good service is one that is difficult to return, and which, when it is returned, can be killed by the server. The beginner must learn the kind of service he can do best and specialize in it. He must not confine himself to it, of course, because he must be able to mix up his strokes to confuse his opponent; but he should not try to develop a smash when a twist would get him more points in the long run. The cannon ball and American twist are the two best services; but the former stroke, because it is spectacular, is greatly overrated. It is all right when the player can get enough speed into it; but even Tilden's famous cannon-ball service, although it usually leaves the spectators gasping, does not mean very much in his game.

Putting a Weakness to Work

HE HIMSELF realizes this; and if you watch him closely you will see that he seldom uses it more than three or four times in a set. He uses it only when he is in a ticklish situation and needs the point badly. The boy who is beginning to play would do better to forget all about this tricky service and devote himself to the development of a good, reliable, fairly fast service that will allow him to take the offensive at every opportunity and at the same time eliminate any chance of double faulting. If he gets into the cannon-ball habit he will often send his first ball into the net, and that often leads to being penalized for double-service faults.

As for other strokes, there is a very good piece of advice that Shaw has put into the mouth of one of his characters in Fanny's First Play. It is this: If you have a weakness make a virtue of it. If you have a weak stroke work on it until it becomes your best, even if your other strokes suffer temporarily for it. You will probably lose game after game while you are building up your weakness into

(Continued on Page 88)

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

"You Two Stay Here. I'll Just Make Sure There's No One Upstairs"

By
Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VI

BUT if Molly was inattentive to the conclusion of Newbert's fearful tale, Nell was not. Molly had other matters about which to concern herself: but Nell's attention was riveted on Newbert.

When he paused now she cried, "How frightful! How perfectly terrible!"

She was for a moment silent, shuddering at the picture which he had drawn, the picture of a woman maddened by fear, fleeing blindly along that upper hall, tearing at the screen about the sleeping porch while the great dog leaped at her heels and the man came bounding silently behind.

"What did you do?" she demanded. "What did you do?"

Newbert had been looking toward Molly; but his attention returned to Nell again, and he nodded, leaning forward toward the fire, resting his elbows on his knees, his fingers intertwined.

"You're a glutton for detail, aren't you?" he said tolerantly.

"Oh, I don't mean that," she protested, and violently shook her head. "But what did you do after you found—her there?"

"I see," he agreed; and looked at Molly again, and then carefully ignored her for a while. "Well," he explained, "I looked things over, and I reminded myself that this sort of thing was my job; so I took a pretty careful look around, and made some notes and checked up on the time, and tried to remember my impressions of this motorboat that I'd seen going off, and the dog, and get them as accurately as possible. I went all over the house to see whether there was trouble anywhere else. I told you her dressing room had been gone over pretty thoroughly and this drawer in the living-room table broken open; and there's a kind of study off the living room with a desk there, and he'd been in there too."

He hesitated for a moment, then added, "There were some letters on the desk that had been ready to mail; letters she'd written, I guess, stamped and everything. He'd opened some of them."

"Did you look at them?" Nell asked quickly, and he smiled at her.

"That's my business," he explained. But he added apologetically, "It wasn't—just curiosity. I thought possibly I might be able to make some suggestion to the police by telephone—save them some time by looking around myself. I've been mixed up in things of this sort before, more or less, of course."

"What were the letters?" she demanded, and he laughed a little.

"Nothing of any consequence," he said evasively, and before she could insist he continued: "So I satisfied myself I'd seen all there was to see. Didn't touch anything, of course. I took another look at the broken knife in the chair and the point lying in the drawer; and it occurred to me this chap might come back to get the pieces. But the knife was an ordinary sort—kind of a hunting knife. I've seen guides wear them in the woods. I didn't figure he'd be back. So when I was all set I went to the telephone."

"There's no telephone there," Nell ejaculated. "I tried to get you this evening."

"There's an instrument," he told her. "But it's been disconnected. I realized this soon as I tried it; the wire was dead. That made me hurry a bit, because it raised the question of how I was to get the word around. So I headed for the boathouse, on a run by that time. And then I slowed down—kind of hated to go away and leave things as they were. But there wasn't anything else to do. I thought I'd have to get back to the landing, and then it occurred to me there might be a telephone on Big Dog; so I took that skiff I came here in and rowed over there.

"That house was closed up, but I judged I was justified in breaking in; so I stuck a rock through a pane of glass and opened a window, and sure enough the telephone was working." He smiled a little. "Probably I should have called the police first, but this was a chance for a big story. I knew they could get out a late extra and sell it to the theater crowds, and the other papers would be caught more or less flat-footed. And I didn't have anything to tell the police that meant hurrying at all. So I called the office first and let them have all the dope, and then I telephoned the police uptown here. The man I talked to had seen the two men that work out at Little Dog just a few minutes before—knew them apparently. Anyway he bolted out and stopped them and came back and told me they'd all be along pretty shortly. So I went back to Little Dog and waited for them to come."

"I wouldn't have stayed there alone for anything in the world," Nell declared. "You couldn't have hired me. I don't see how you dared."

He smiled. "I was settled down by that time," he explained. "But I didn't stay in the house. I sat on the front veranda and smoked cigarettes."

"How did you feel?" she demanded, and he said thoughtfully:

"Well, I hadn't taken time for lunch, and I was pretty hungry, and I didn't feel like looting the pantry. So I just sat there and smoked. Didn't feel particularly nervous. It got dark and I turned on some lights. Then the first thing I knew my cigarettes were all gone. I'd had pretty near a full package when I began. And then I heard the motorboat coming, and went down to the wharf to meet them, and the excitement commenced all over again."

"We saw them start from the landing," Nell explained. "I heard them tell Dill Sockford about it. That's how we knew."

He laughed. "They spread it, all right," he agreed. "They hadn't been there half an hour before there were a dozen boats hanging around and a lot of people landing. I'd had an idea the summer folks were pretty near all gone home by this time of year; but they turned up, a lot of them, and natives too—a regular mob. The house was full of them." He made a little gesture. "Not much chance of finding anything, of course, with them around."

"We thought Mr. Main might have gone over there, might have got off the train at Weirs and stopped there on his way up here," she explained; but he shook his head.

"No; no, I didn't see him," he declared.

Molly, who had been thus long silent, was stirred by this, by his tone.

"You know Paul?" she asked.

He turned to her then again, smiled reassuringly. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I know him. I met him ——" He hesitated. "I've run into him around town, more or less. In the courts, you know." Paul was, in fact, an attorney.

"He was coming tonight," Molly explained. "I can't help being a little worried. He wasn't on the train he meant to come by."

"I guess there's nothing to worry about," he suggested. "He probably got held up at the last minute, or missed the train, or something. Be along in the morning, won't he?"

Molly studied him thoughtfully; he was not, she felt sure, wholly frank. And she asked after a moment, abruptly, "What do you think the—the man who killed her was looking for, Mr. Newbert?"

"Haven't a notion," he declared. "No, I haven't any idea at all."

"Wasn't it curious," she suggested, "that you should come up to see her on this particular day—out of all the days you might have come? Did you come to see her about anything in particular?"

"Well," he explained, "you know these singers all have press agents, and they like publicity." He added, "And of course they're good copy too. People like to read about them."

"I should think it would be difficult," she suggested, "to sit down and interview a person when you didn't know what they ought to say. How do you think of questions to ask them?" She smiled faintly. "Or do you always ask them the same questions? How do they like the United States? And how do they keep their figures? And what face creams do they use? And what chance has an American girl in grand opera?"

He chuckled. "You've got it down cold," he agreed. "You could land a job with us at any time."

"And I suppose you'd have asked her about her jewels," she suggested idly, not appearing to look at him. But she saw, for all her seeming inattention, the stiffening of his features, the guard he set upon his eyes.

"Oh, yes," he agreed; "yes, ask them anything; the more personal, the better."

"She had some lovely ones," Molly commented. "But she didn't bring them up here. If she had, a person might think he was after them."

"Yes, that's right," he assented uncomfortably.

"She wore beautiful rings," Nell interjected—"always. I've seen them. Were they gone?"

Newbert shook his head. "Didn't seem to be," he said. "There were some on her fingers; and there were others, and a bracelet or two, and so on, earrings and things like that, in a box in her dressing room."

"Had he found them?" Molly asked, and he nodded uneasily.

"Yes," he agreed. "Oh, yes, they were scattered around."

Nell, who had been watching Molly, cried suddenly, "Molly, what are you trying to—to find out? Do you know anything about it?"

And Molly after a moment's hesitation looked at Newbert again, and she smiled.

"You needn't be afraid of alarming us," she told that young man. "I'm a grown woman, and not a particularly nervous one." She eyed him thoughtfully. "You must know Mr. Raleigh too," she suggested.

He nodded, eyes attentive. "Yes."

"Have you seen him lately?" Molly asked.

Newbert laughed uncomfortably. "You're all right," he applauded. "Yes; yes, that's the story. I had lunch with him and Mr. Main Tuesday, and they were talking ——" He checked himself, looked at Nell.

But Molly said quickly, "It's all right." She smiled. "She's in it now. She might as well know." She spoke to Nell directly. "Paul bought an emerald from Madame Capello last week," she told Nell—"bought it and gave it to me. I expect that is what this man—I expect he was looking for that." She turned back to Newbert. "That's what you think, isn't it?"

Nell cried quickly, "An emerald! Where is it, Molly? What makes you think ——"

"Upstairs," Molly said softly, with a little movement of her head; and Nell's eyes turned that way. But Newbert looked quickly at the naked windows all about them, and Molly saw his glance.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" he countered. "Do what?"

Molly smiled, watching him. "I know something about it," she assured him. "Mr. Raleigh was with us the night we first saw the emerald. I could see at the time that she was worried about it—half afraid of it. Mr. Raleigh said there was some story about it, or he said he had heard she had a stone that carried a story. But he couldn't remember what the story was."

Newbert hesitated. "He's been trying to dig it up," he explained at last.

"I think," Molly said slowly, "that you knew about it too. I have a feeling you came up to ask Madame Capello to tell you the story. Is that it? Was that how you happened to come?"

He said, after a moment, frankly, "Yes, you're right. You see," he explained, "we get on the track of things like this, get the whole story, maybe; but it isn't safe to print the things unless they come from headquarters. I was going to ask her some questions about it. I expected her to refuse to talk, or to deny the whole yarn; but even if she did, I could print it and then say that she denied it, or that she wouldn't talk about it. Do you see?"

"But why," Molly asked—"why did you come over here, to this island?"

He smiled. "Oh, didn't I tell you?" he exclaimed. "I got lost. Just happened to turn up here, that was all. Might have rowed around the lake all night if I hadn't seen your lights."

Molly shook her head. "You're a young man of one idea," she told him. "If you were a doctor you'd never tell a patient he was seriously ill. But I know that something—it's perfectly plain—something made you think he might come here. You came over to warn us, didn't you? Or was it just to ask some questions, perhaps to see the emerald?"

Newbert laughed uncomfortably. "You know, you're making it darned hard for me," he confessed. "I know how it feels now to be interviewed." He added with apparent frankness, "I expected to find Mr. Main here—thought he might put me up for the night."

She shook her head. "You wouldn't come away from Little Dog for that. You'd stay there to keep an eye on things and make sure you found out whatever happened, for your paper. You wouldn't come calmly away from the island, just to look for a place to sleep, would you?"

"I thought it was later," he reminded them. "It seemed later to me. It seemed as though I'd been there a long time."

She hesitated. "You're provoking," she told him. "And a little inclined to patronize us. Probably because we're women. Most men are that way, I suppose. Patronize and protect. I don't mind being protected. I'd as soon you were a dozen men, policemen, or soldiers or something. But I hate being patronized and I hate being evaded. Why did you think he might come here, Mr. Newbert?"

Nell had been listening intently, watching them both, her eyes turning this way and that from one to the other; the firelight on her face glowed like gold upon her brown skin, and her hair was filled with little burning lights like fire. He caught her eye, and for a moment he was struck, poignantly, by her beauty, so that his throat filled. Their eyes held; and Nell must have felt how deeply the sight of her affected him, for after a moment she said in a low voice, friendly and reassuring, "Tell her—Jim."

He roused himself abruptly, wrenched his eyes away, and he looked at Molly and smiled.

"Well, all right," he agreed. "It's guesswork on my part. Maybe I'm wrong." He hesitated. "You remember, I said he'd opened some letters on her desk, letters all stamped and ready to mail?" Molly nodded. "Well, one of them was to a bank in New York," he explained. "She asked them to credit to her account a check which she had inclosed. She named the amount—nineteen hundred dollars. And the check was gone." He was silent a moment, then continued: "I thought it might be among the litter, and I looked all through the desk, and it wasn't there. So I wondered if this chap might not have taken it, and I wondered what it was; and then it occurred to me that it might be the check Mr. Main had given her for the emerald."

Molly nodded. "It must have been," she agreed.

He met her eyes, then lowered his own. "It just seemed possible he might figure that out," he explained, "and figure out that you had the stone and come over here. I thought he'd probably come tonight if he was coming; so I figured I'd come over and get Paul and we'd lay for him."

He ended; and for a little no one of them spoke, each weighing this possibility. Nell stirred, and left her chair and sat down beside Molly on the wicker seat before the

(Continued on Page 66)

"And Then I Heard the Motorboat Coming, and Went Down to the Wharf to Meet Them, and the Excitement Commenced All Over Again"

THE A B C OF FIRST EDITIONS

By Vincent Starrett

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

I Know a Collector Who Spends Hours With a Reading Glass, Searching for Minute Evidences of an Internal Nature, Where Direct Evidence as to an Edition Is Lacking

THE prime requisites for collecting are a flair for books and a genuine love of the game. Lacking these, let no one attempt the gentle art of book collecting, whatever its rewards."

I quote these dicta from some earlier words of my own upon the subject, because I believe them to be important. They should stand, I think, at the beginning and at the end of any paper designed to instruct the novice. It is my firm conviction that the unbookish individual who turns his attention to book collecting solely for profit is letting himself in for a discouraging probation period. In time, no doubt, he may learn enough about values, at least extrinsic values, to justify his undertaking; but lacking the instinctive taste of the born collector, he is likely for some years to have a disappointing time of it. Encouraged by the success of others, he may rashly assume that all first editions are valuable, that all volumes carrying inscriptions by their authors are readily to be converted into cash, that all books printed before the year 1850 are desiderata by reason of their age, and that coffee stains and missing leaves somehow add stature to a volume's importance.

What Is a First Edition?

FRANKLY, I have little sympathy for this individual, and usually it is with malicious enjoyment that I listen to his tale of woe. He is disliked equally by dealers and collectors, and he reflects little credit upon a profession that he attempts to adorn. In particular is this true of the wide-eared type of shrewd young man—and I have known some dozens of him—who loiters in the shabbier bookshops to listen in on the talk that occurs between collectors. He annoys everybody by the mere fact of his existence. I say I have known dozens of him, and I have no doubt that he exists in hundreds. I know exactly what his game is. It is to eavesdrop until he has learned what writers' books are at the moment being sought by the up-to-date collectors, and then to hurry away in search of those books before they can be discovered by the men whose conversation has furnished him his information. Often he finds them, but he is no more entitled to his triumph than is the schoolboy who copies his neighbor's answers during an examination. He is an insufferable nuisance; but I am admitting that he can and does learn enough, at length, occasionally to turn for himself a very pretty penny.

His tale of woe, for the most part, is directed against the wiser collectors who turn their backs upon him, and against the dealers who, during the period of his probation, will not buy the worthless volumes he offers for sale, who in later years will not pay the exaggerated prices he believes he should receive for his more authentic finds. That frequently he is fleeced by the dealers is beyond question, but he invites it by his crudeness and by his offensive combination of arrogance and servility.

There are other objectionable types in the field, but there is no need to dwell upon them. Such advice as I have to offer is not for them, but for the honest collector to whom books are something more than commodities, to be picked up like old iron and sold like old dental fillings. I should be sorry to be the means of inducing any person to become a collector or a speculator, merely to make money. And, indeed, only persons of some culture and intelligence may hope to be consistently successful, since the possibilities of profit depend so largely upon the tastes and inclinations of the collector.

I shall assume that I am talking to intelligent beginners whose plan is to collect at once for pleasure and for profit.

Book collecting is a subject so enormous that it is literally true that a large library might be brought together of volumes solely concerned with that fascinating pursuit. Its subdivisions include practically every subject upon which books have been written—that is to say, there are collectors of books on surgery and there are collectors of books on tobacco and there are collectors of books on American history, on chess, on Gothic architecture, on Shakspere, on printing, on sorcery, on firearms, on bookplates and on languages. There are collectors of dictionaries and there are collectors of Bibles. There are collectors of books of certain periods, of rare bindings, of manuscript volumes and of old almanacs. The list is endless.

Whatever subject interests a man with a passion for collecting, that subject he collects in all its printed manifestations. There are, however, a number of subjects of outstanding appeal, and it is the books upon those subjects that are in greatest demand. And as in all other enterprises involving an exchange of money, the law of supply and demand operates in the enterprise of buying and selling rare books. Great libraries, brought to the hammer at the death or bankruptcy of their compilers, have been dispersed for golden sums, and single volumes purchased at ridiculous figures have netted extraordinary profits. To be sure, the market fluctuates, but a really fine and desirable volume, of the right edition, always will be worth a number of times its purchase price upon the day of publication.

A primer of book collecting is not the place for a discussion of such items as incunabula—volumes printed before the year 1500—Elzevirs, Gutenberg Bibles, block books, or the quarto editions of Shakspere. The public libraries contain whole volumes upon these subjects. At the moment, as a casual glance at contemporaneous sales catalogues will prove, the market runs strongly to first editions, and in large part to modern first editions. And as it is these volumes that the beginning collector is most likely to encounter in his browsings, and to recognize when he encounters them, let the talk be for a time of first editions.

What is a first edition? Obviously it is the first printing of a book. Those volumes printed in the first run from the presses, perhaps 1000 in number, perhaps 50,000, are first editions. Later printings, as the sales justify them, are second editions and third editions, and so on; and these to a collector, except in unusual circumstances, are of no interest whatever. However, first editions are run off in 50,000 lots only when the popularity of an author is wide; and it will be clear to everybody that a book of which 50,000 copies were printed at a clip is less likely to become a rarity than a book of which only 1000 copies were printed.

The Fewer the Higher

FOR instance, the publication not many years ago of a young author's first novel was not at all the literary event that publication of his latest novel has proved to be. Possibly 1000 copies of that first novel comprised its first edition, possibly 2000, but the first printing of the current opus was widely advertised as having been 60,000 copies. Yet despite the high superiority of the latest novel as measured beside the merit of that earlier performance, his first book always will command a higher figure in the rare-book mart. Let the class in book collecting answer why. Quite right! Because there are fewer of the one than of the other.

Out of the foregoing arise at once two other questions: How is a first edition to be told from a second or later edition, and what or whose first editions shall one collect?

(Continued on Page 76)

From the Diary of a Dramatist

By COSMO HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

THE word "resting" is perhaps the most tragic in the dictionary of an actor. It is also the most misleading. There is very little rest, either of mind or body, for a member in the rank and file of the actor's craft who finds himself out of a job—unless, of course, he has had the more and more unusual good luck to have been in a long engagement. In such an event, becoming rarer every day, except in the case of musical plays, he can look with a certain complacency on the immediate present and the not too distant future, because of a comfortable balance in the bank. He can then take a cottage at one of the numerous charming American summer resorts in which to install his family for several months and play the part in actual life of a substantial business man, or he can go to Europe on a bus man's holiday, see the plays there and do himself fairly well.

To the long-established star, the actor or actress who is in the habit of drawing a too large salary as well as a percentage of the gross receipts, the word "resting" conveys nothing but its Websterly definition, namely—"Ceasing to move or to act; ceasing to be moved or agitated; lying; leaning; standing; depending or relying." Any of these attitudes may be adopted by these particular and not too numerous artists in their country houses while they search among a stack of eagerly submitted plays for one with an attractive part.

Inveterate Micawbers of the Boards

TO THE vast majority of the profession, however, the end of a run invariably spells the beginning of anxiety, and the antitheus of the word which wears a refreshing implication that is not borne out in fact. Once an actor, always an actor, and with few exceptions the followers of Thespis do nothing but look for work when they are open to engagements. But in the process of looking for work they work very hard indeed. If they belong to the male persuasion they haunt theatrical clubs and, metaphorically speaking, keep their ears to the ground. In other words, they snatch at the hint of an impending production as a chipmunk snatches at nuts. They haunt the agents' offices daily and follow the round of managerial sanctums with ever-wearying feet. The members of the gentle sex have no clubs of this sort, and so rely upon the agents to bring to an end their unrestful periods of leisure and put them back into work.

How these charming people manage to live during the sometimes long hiatus between one play and another is a mystery to me. Butchers and bakers have to be paid and laundresses cannot live upon air. Rooms, however modest, have their rents attached, and the owners of delicatessen shops are not more charitably inclined than tailors, with their useful irons, or the proprietors of drug stores, to which frail humanity must head from time to time. And yet it is true to say that actors and actresses manage, by a process known only to themselves, to look as spruce and well turned out while out of work as when in the enjoyment of a prosperous run.

There are, of course, many ways that are wholly unknown to the public in which these inveterate Micawbers, who spend so great a part of their lives in waiting for something to turn up, meet the horrid requirements of relentless fate. There is, for instance, the histrionic habit that is known as "touching someone down." The generosity of the profession is such that the actor in work deliberately sets aside so much of his weekly salary as a sinking fund for his friends. Every night as he emerges from the stage door he is prepared to hand out small but welcome sums to his brothers of the grease paint who dart out of the shadows with an outstretched hand, or who wait at the club for his arrival, with an impromptu plea made at leisure.

Then there are the pawnshops where the fruits of luckier days are deposited with an inelastic uncle when the sun is behind the clouds. There are also certain managers, grateful for former favors, who may be relied upon to make advances to those actors in times of stress who have served them well and loyally in the past. Dramatists are on the list, too, and in London, especially, when one of them has the temerity to enter the Green Room Club, he immediately becomes like a honeycomb to a swarm of bees. It is a remarkable thing that whereas certain actors can always be relied upon to memorize their lines, they have the most faulty memories when it comes to the question of loans.

Character Part at the Crossing

IN THE course of a long experience with actors and their way of living I have met several, however, who are not content to rest during the process of enforced leisure. There is, for instance, the case of one who had made a certain reputation for himself in the English provinces, after having played for several years in repertoire and in the touring companies sent out from London, in which he took leading parts. Having a delicate wife and several children, it was quite impossible for him to carry on when he was not fortunate enough to be engaged, and so, being a great admirer of Thackeray, he adopted the practice of the hero of one of that great master's stories and swept a crossing.

Very carefully made up to represent a dilapidated gentleman of three score years and ten and assuming an air of quiet dignity and good breeding, he posted himself at the corner of one of the busiest streets in Liverpool, dressed in a

(Continued on Page 58)

As He Marched Along the Country Roads He Spouted Shakspere

THE CURVING SHORE

A Sparkling Harbor on its Golden Rim the Little Town. Concepcion!

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

I KNOW a little town by the sea ——" An eastbound express between Buffalo and Rochester was fleeing in the dusk through the yards of a third-magnitude town—warehouses, tanks and lumber piles, red and green lights already showing, stretches of filthy snow still visible in the last daylight. Six men occupied one of the Pullman smoking compartments, and the one who spoke sat by the window facing forward. He was unknown to any of the others, a squarish man who smoked a pipe with enduring regard. In the far corner sat a young man with restless hands, a game smile and tired eyes. He had the look of one who has been developed in athletics in college, but who has neglected all such training for several years. He was dressed unobtrusively but well, smoked restlessly and without enjoyment. The mark of possible success was in his face, yet the indication of temporary failure, at least, was unmistakable.

"At the end of every street, unless you're looking inland, you see a piece of curving shore—broad yellow sand, green water or blue water and surf lines," the man by the window resumed.

"California?" one of the others asked.

"No."

"Italy?"

"No; down in Sonora, on the Gulf. No winter except a rain now and then—you can hear the showers come on with a thrash—and no hurry down there unless someone starts shooting, which I've sure got to report they haven't grown out of yet. Someone always keeps the cathedral bells tumbling while the firing goes on. Guess they wouldn't know what they were shooting about if the bells stopped. All the rest are saints' days."

The voice was rich and easy; many a night's rest had doubtless been lost listening to it. Just now he was occupied refilling his pipe. Entirely unhurried, the big hands worked with care and finesse. His tobacco was in leaf—gold and brown leaves which he arranged long-filler fashion, tucking the bundle deftly into the bowl and twisting off the ends.

"I don't take tobacco by the lungful. I just smoke," he went on. "And the finest strip of shore line I ever saw is down there. You could drive a car for miles on the sand at low tide, only you couldn't get your car there yet—not overland."

The young man in the far corner rose with a jerk at this point and pushed his way out through the curtain.

"That's Milt Conway," one of the travelers offered. "Works out of Brooklyn. They say he's pulling down his ten thousand this year, and worth more. A commercial magazine typed him recently as one of four young supersalesmen."

The squarish man seemed entirely unruffled that his offering was sidetracked.

"Milt has averaged a Pullman berth five nights a week, forty weeks a year, for the last five years," the traveler went on. "Damn near a record. This is Friday night. He'll be home tomorrow, and leaves New York Sunday night or early Monday morning; goes down the seaboard—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, then into Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, with a week-end in Chicago. Second week out he does the lake towns—Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Buffalo. I meet him on this train every second Friday."

"How often did you say he tears around this circuit?" the squarish man asked.

"Twenty times a year anyway."

"I want to know ——" and the mouth stayed open.

Others came and went, but the man who knew the town by the sea kept his seat. He was alone with his pipe an hour later when the young man hinted at as a supersalesman returned. "You made me sick a little while ago," he laughed, "but I had to come back. That little town you spoke of ——"

"It's still there, mister. Her name is Concepcion."

The other reached for a card.

"They told me your name, Mr. Conway. Mine is Quinlan — Mat Quinlan."

"I sell yarns—woolen yarns, colored yarns."

"Mine is cows and steers—and oil," said Mr. Quinlan. "I've got some watered desert round Yuma."

"About that little town," Conway said thirstily. "I'm getting off at Rochester."

"You're welcome to know, mister. I happened onto oil some years back, which got to bringing me to New York—back and forth between Yuma and New York every short while. A man can get tired as a dog in the saddle and be all right next morning, but the kind of tiredness from sitting in trains gets meaner and meaner, piles up like a grudge. Why, there were two or three offices in New York that I thought couldn't keep open unless I got there."

"Legs ever feel woody?" Conway asked suddenly. "Ever tell yourself you could put through the day and not be able to make your legs believe it? Did the faces of the porters all get to looking alike to you—black faces, all alike?"

"No, my symptoms didn't take on like that. One morning coming into New York I knew I was tired—dirty tired of trains, but I wasn't played out like you."

The other put his hand to his jaw and held it there rather tightly. "Then what?"

"I took the first train back into the Southwest. I didn't stop at the ranch when I got to Yuma; just said hello to the boys, saddled a stout-legged pony and kept on going, over the border down into Sonora—kept on going till I rounded a headland and there she lay—in the morning."

"What did you say was its name?"

"Concepcion. It was growing on me I'd found something, the minute I crossed the plaza and heard the bells. When I came to Johnny Lindlahr's Lazaret I was sure of it. Friend of mine now, Johnny is—been there forty years. If you don't wait too long you could get there before the old man stops sitting in the sun and before the first motor car."

"I've got to make a break," Conway said. "Why, the other morning all I could see in the washroom was a lot of colored suspenders, some up, some down. I asked the black man brushing me what day it was. He said Tuesday. I knew it was Cleveland from that. Train due 7:57—always on time. Cleveland's as good a town as any to slosh round the rain in, but"—Conway's voice lowered—"I've kept thinking it was raining all week. Did you ever come to and register something like that and then keep on thinking that it was so, days after it had stopped?"

"No, I'm pretty solid built, such as it is. Say, you and I might have a little snack forward later, if you didn't have to stop off in Rochester. I'm starting back for Yuma in two or three days."

Conway seemed hard pulled. He began to talk fast.

The Main Door Was Being Pushed Again From Outside

"All week I've kept the yarns moving, but everything else has been queer as that crowded washroom—always the feeling it was raining outside. Wednesday night in Detroit I had dinner with a girl named Frances, and Thursday night in Buffalo a little friend of mine named Carlotta joined me—only I kept calling her Fanny at dinner. Humid little thing, Carlotta; keeps the back of her neck policed better than most, and has the funniest little white teeth. I could see her through a film, crunching her celery as she kidded me through the whole dinner about my calling her Fanny."

"You're getting a little over my head," Mr. Quinlan remarked. "All I know about women of late is from my niece, Ruthie Hempstead. Her home is in Rhode Island, but she's back on the ranch now. A new woman in everything but looks, Ruthie is; has her own little code to ask favors from no man. Been overseas and underseas and up in the air for hours—just to show she can go where a man goes. I believe she'd try bulldoggin' a steer once to prove she can do what a man can, indoors and out."

Conway's bored eyes turned despairingly out the window. Mr. Quinlan saw that the spell was broken and whipped the talk back to the little town by the sea.

"Out on the dunes back of Concepcion, they grow a lot of white grapes," he resumed, "and one day out there I noticed how oily the grapes looked. You'll have to excuse me, muster, but that's my pet little flimsy, being an oil man. So I took up a big land grant among the vineyards. Concepcion was generous, though I didn't steal nothing, but back country a ways is a big town called San Miguel, and San Mig got ugly over the concession. She's stayed ugly ever since. That's one reason why we have shooting affairs from time to time in that section of Sonora."

Through the little snack in the diner and on toward Albany Quinlan's talk flowed. "I've got the idea a city chap like you might take to Sonora and her little ways."

They were at the ranch in Yuma ten days later. It was like the withdrawal of a drug that Milt Conway was beginning to know. The reaction didn't take him while he was on train from New York; but set down here in the sunlight, he began to learn what the five years had done for him.

His mind lived over all the pits of his past, reviewing in close-up and slow movement all the mistakes of his twenty-seven years. He struggled to recall that he had committed no harrowing crime, merely fallen into a grind and all but ruined himself over the thing called career.

"The way you're looking, Milt, I think you'd better do the first sixty miles on the truck," Quinlan suggested as the plans for the Sonora trip matured. "I'm sending some canned goods down that far—to the end of the road, where I keep a corral of pack animals. No, I'm not going down with you this trip, but Ruthie is. She and my man, Bud Husong, will start a day ahead, because they're taking their horses full route. There's a pony waitin' for you down at the corral, and four or five days to sit on him after that, taking it easy."

Milt listened vaguely, his effort to speak a mere making signs with the mouth. His particular and private aversion was to a girl who tried to be like a man. If this one would only keep her back turned until his nerve was restored! She was going full distance by saddle and he with the canned goods. The slick-haired Bud Husong, decorated boots and 'brero, thin soiled gloves that seemed all but falling off, was at her side when not at the side of Quinlan, the big boss.

"Bud will take care of everything," the latter said. "He's got a precise shootin' eye and a clamp with his knees without losing a pedal that would squeeze water out of a cement sack. No, I don't mean Bud's a bicycle rider. That boy has sat Sky Rocket to the whistle, and Gangrene, Mad Madge and others more gentle, at Cheyenne and way up in Pendleton, where boys are boys. By the way, that's quite a cow pony—the white one Bud's takin' along this trip. You might look Ted over. He's Bud's top horse."

Milt did so, drawing up to the white one with the silver-mounted saddle. The beast's head and ears dropped with a sneering look and his hindquarters teetered, the nigh hoof like a coiled spring.

"Careful, mister; not too close," Bud said. "Ted's a one-man horse."

"What a Place to Run to—Here to Concepcion!" He Said. "How Much Nicer to be Here—Heart-Free," She Answered

Quinlan's niece and Bud Husong had left the day before. The truck was ready and roaring, its delicate passenger aboard when Mat Quinlan called up, "Only one thing, Milt—stay close to Concepcion!"

Milt's head was clearer after that first sixty miles, but he wasn't altogether bumped out of his blur. Riding with the pack train of twenty burros after that, he knew a single balm—that Miss Hempstead for the most part stayed ahead with Bud Husong. Milt saw her back, which he preferred for the time being, and heard her laugh at intervals, while his own pony lagged back to the last Mexican or the tiredest burro.

On the fifth morning the pack train set out in full daylight, but rambled in shadow for two hours thereafter, with a big headland at the left, as they moved south. Out yonder the sea dazzled Milt's eyes. A hubbub presently ahead—the girl's voice. She and Bud Husong were in the sunlight; the rest of the train still in the shadow of the headland. A minute later Milt's pony rounded the curve. A sparkling harbor; on its golden rim the little town.

Concepcion!

A red roof or two, blue-and-yellow stuccos as they neared, some tall greens behind, and, back of all, the toasted hills of Sonora. A little later the train crossed the plaza under the shiny black statue of a Spanish gentleman, and Milt found a chance to break away, entering the town alone. A sort of eternal golden morning lay upon the street as quietly as upon a field. He had never been in such a hush, and never been in quite such an indescribable tension for a spell not to break. Down the first street to the right he saw the sickle of shore, green-edged, with low lazy lines of surf. The sleepy tumbling of the cathedral bells didn't interfere with the silence.

Another street, another stretch of shore. He was like a man so hungry that he couldn't eat in orderly peace. He must submit to being disturbed if necessary without showing fight. In spite of the light, a bit strong for his eyes, he had never seen anything so vividly as now—the town of Concepcion as a whole and in detail; the high statue of the Spanish gentleman with his wet-iron look; uneven printing on the tinted stucco walls—*sastreria, sabateria, lavadero;* soft-voiced Mexicans who passed, the face of a Chinese; the sparkling arcs of shore down each street.

A Mexican soldier with an ancient rifle stopped him in front of a blocky bullet-scarred building with loopholes, making it plain that he must cross the street to pass. From the opposite side he looked through the main entrance of the barracks into the stone-paved patio beyond; and presently followed a side street to the shore at the end of the plaza, where stood an old Spanish inn with an upper and lower veranda facing the sea. An oldish woman with a Scotch face stood in the doorway, and Milt suddenly knew that he had come here to lodge.

"Yes, there's another upper room overlooking the water," she said.

His baggage safely deposited, Milt moved out on the upper veranda, and there he saw her profile—Miss Hempstead taking in the sea from her side of the rail.

"Did you come here too?" she asked, turning.

He listened to her quick steps in the next room. He heard her voice, and the Scotch woman's. The girl wanted *ollas* of water. She was busy as a bride coming into her first flat. She wasn't like Fanny or Carlotta or Anne Bogue or any of the rest. No wonder they were fresh at dinnertime and for a while afterward; they didn't come to life until late afternoon. This girl had been in the saddle

(Continued on Page 132)

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5, 1926

Pure and Applied

THE Science sisters, Pure and Applied, are a strange pair. Applied is the starry-eyed goddess, the wonder worker, who gets on the first page of newspapers and captivates the imagination of men. She speaks the language of the people, gives them what they want, and every year perfects new gifts to make life easier or longer or more amusing. Her wares are merchantable. They can be used in the home, in the office and in industry. They can be exploited, capitalized, quoted on the stock exchange and made to pay dividends.

As a publicity hound, Applied Science leads the pack. She is her own press agent and the sun never sets on the free advertising she gets. The other month she promised to make a synthetic beefsteak or a peach Melba out of a bucket of coal tar, and all the world thrilled with wonder. The other day she enabled a lady at the Savoy, in London, to pick up her room telephone and get her apartment in New York. More gasps of world-wide admiration ensued. Presently she will give us cold light, cheaper power, cures for two or three dread diseases and speaking motion pictures in color transmitted by radio. Her exploits are on every tongue and the wealth of the world is at her feet.

Pure Science is the wallflower, the ugly duckling, the elder sister who lives secluded and remote, unknown and unpraised. She does not advertise her astounding feats, and could not if she would, for the only language she knows is a jumble of Latin, Greek, calculus and mathematical formulas. Only a few professors can understand what she is driving at. During the past thirty years Pure Science has had a more fruitful career than during any like period in the world's history, with the possible exception of the times in which the discoveries of Newton and Galileo were gaining currency. Within the span of this short era three or four of the laws which keep the universe on the track, so to speak, have been discredited. One or two have been shot full of holes and another has been brought under grave suspicion.

Professor Millikan, of Pasadena, the Nobel prize winner, who uses those miniature solar systems called atoms for laboratory playthings, recently listed no fewer than twenty-one vital discoveries which must be added to the score made by Pure Science during the past generation. These new conceptions are so revolutionary that they have bereft the scientists of their old universe, as familiar and almost as simple as an eight-day clock, and have put in its place a new and strange mechanism in which mass and energy are interchangeable and everything is topsy-turvy or inside out. Pure Science, it seems, has smuggled the universe off into the laboratories and taken it apart to see what makes it tick, and now refuses to put it together again in the same old way. All the mischief is cloaked in the mystery of technicality; and even when the culprit says frankly that the Equations of Maxwell are no better than they should be and that the Second Law of Thermodynamics is a joke, who knows what she is talking about?

After a time, however, Applied Science will have digested Pure's new ideas and discoveries, and presently she will have perfected some undreamed-of machine or process which will do some supposedly impossible thing; or she will make the world gasp by performing some startling and invaluable feat in chemistry or physics or biology. Applied, as usual, will get all the cash and the credit, the honor and glory, and Pure will go on starving in seclusion and obscurity. Applied is forever stealing Pure's ideas and breathing the breath of life into them. Pure discovers a new element and gets three lines of agate on an inside page. Applied, after much experimenting, learns that the stuff will make steel harder or tougher or less susceptible to rust. Immediately there are millions in it and it becomes a nine days' wonder. Pure identifies the substance the lack of which prevents diabetics from assimilating sugar. Applied manufactures the chemical on a commercial scale, and every diabetic is a customer.

No wonder that Applied is as rich as she is popular and that Pure goes on starving in her garret. What is worse, the great mass of bright young scientists are going where the money is; and Applied can outbid Pure for their services ten to one. Pure's Old Guard consists largely of college professors. The Old Guard is loyal, but during the past decade the undergraduate body in our colleges has doubled, and men who used to do a little teaching and much research are now condemned to the treadmill of the classroom. For years the situation has been going from bad to worse. The advancement of learning in America will inevitably mark time or proceed along a narrow front unless something is done to finance Pure Science.

Such are the conditions which caused Secretary Hoover, Secretary Mellon, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, Mr. Elihu Root, Mr. John W. Davis, Mr. Owen D. Young and a dozen other men of world-wide reputation to get together and form the National Research Endowment. They are engaged in raising a fund of twenty million dollars or more with which to assist American universities in carrying on research in pure science. This movement has the heartiest support of big business and the indorsement of college presidents and men of learning everywhere. Little business and individuals of wealth ought to swing into line and get behind this endeavor with cash and work and influence. Its importance cannot be overestimated; and its results, though they cannot be definitely forecast, will inevitably justify the expenditure a hundred times over. If we are to build for the future we must give Applied Science new and firm foundations for her superstructures. Acceptance of this principle is proof of the giver's vision.

Long before the Christian Era, statecraft had completed its extensive repertory of blunders. There is little reason to suppose that in the future statesmen will do much more for the race than they have in the past. It is to the scientists that we must look for our food, our transportation, communication, betterment of living conditions and gradual social evolution. What could be a better investment than to give them what they require for the fulfillment of such stupendous responsibilities?

Another Government in Business

THE world crop of sugar has been on the increase, due to maintained expansion of sugar-cane acreage and progressive recovery of sugar-beet acreage in Europe. The price has declined in consequence, and sugar has been one of the cheapest of foods. At the low price the American consumption has been very heavy. The low price has been the cause of grave concern in Cuba; also to American capitalists who have made heavy investments there. It has, indeed, been tacitly admitted that the tariff duty on sugar imported from Cuba has been and is being paid by the Cuban producer rather than by the American consumer.

Efforts to restrict the crop and thus elevate the price have recently culminated in a positive policy on the part of the Cuban cabinet. It has been officially announced that the cabinet approves of a plan to reduce by ten per cent the crop of the next two years. How this is to be accomplished and the curtailment distributed among the various producing units is vaguely sketched, but not explained, in proposed enactments.

Legislation has been proposed establishing a National Board of Sugar Defense, at once a fact-finding and policy-devising organization. It is proposed to levy a tax on sugar produced in excess of the predetermined outturn; to impose fines for anticipating or prolonging the set term for cutting cane and for exceeding the assigned quota of sugar; also, to make it a criminal offense to issue a private forecast or estimate of the crop.

It is not at all clear how this is supposed to apply to growers, crushers and exporters respectively. It is not outside the bounds of possibilities for a discussion to arise as to the proportions of reduction to be assigned to the Cuban-owned and American-owned units respectively.

In any event, we observe another government engaged in an attempt to limit production and elevate price. Perhaps the commercial situation of the sugar estates is so extreme as to make the government helpless in the face of political agitation. At this distance one must not prejudge. We are, however, concerned that the proposed action shall be accurately named and clearly understood. What will be the result—higher prices for American consumers? If so, will this lead to lowered consumption in the United States and to further stimulation of sugar production in other parts of the world?

War-Lost Export Trade

THE recent shifts in export trade have attracted attention both to the balance of trade and to the particular commodities concerned. One of these, phosphate rock, deserves mention as an illustration of a large export trade that has been placed in jeopardy and, indeed, possibly ruined by new post-war competition.

Before the war the United States was the largest single source of phosphate for international trade. The war brought about the development and expansion of deposits in Northern Africa and in the South Sea Islands. The deposits in Northern Africa are in Morocco, Algeria and Tunis, and seem, indeed, to stretch across the continent. Some of these deposits are easily worked and yield high-grade phosphate rock. Before the war the world outturn of phosphate rock was some seven million tons; it now considerably surpasses that figure. Prices have fallen as result of heavy production, and this drop has been aided by free availability of ocean tonnage. As result, our export of phosphate rock is declining and may possibly become extinguished so far as European trade is concerned. The lowest ocean-freight rate on phosphate rock from our southeastern states is to the United Kingdom. But our export to that country last year declined to scarcely over a fourth of the prewar volume, the imports from Northern Africa increasing correspondingly. Our phosphates are being supplanted in Europe by phosphates from cheaper deposits.

Regarding the deposits in Northern Africa as domestic, Europe endeavors to become self-sufficient in phosphate. Europe has always been self-sufficient in potash; in fact, a heavy net exporter. With the general development throughout Europe of fixation of atmospheric nitrogen into ammonia and nitric acid, aided by recovery of by-product ammonia in coke plants, Europe hopes to become independent of imports of Chile saltpeter. This is a reasonable expectation. When this works out—and it may require only a few years—the agriculture of Europe will be independent of foreign fertilizers at a time when the agricultures of other continents are dependent on her for potash, and on others for nitrate and phosphate. In this direction, at least, the war has yielded to Europe a net gain.

The Cabinet of Doctor Calcooly

THE RIME OF A MUSICAL STATESMAN

The Senator's Secret Malady

By Wallace Irwin

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SENATOR X was an irreconcilable
Man whose aversions were scarcely compilable.
Scorning both riches and vain party switches,
He ate and he slept in the pleasant Last Ditches,
Shouting defiance to any alliance,
Compromise, trade or soft-scented compliance.
Senator X, let me add with due speed,
Was neither Bill Borah, Hi Johnson, Jim Reed,
Nor even Pat Harrison. Nay, as a garrison,
Loaded with dynamite looms with its bare guns
O'er wee, prankish schoolboys with nothing but airguns,
So the senator lowered
As he towered:
Others cowered—
E'en the younger La Follette seemed quite overpowered.
Gosh, what a volume of sound he could muster
As, chained to his desk like a hero Dantesque,
He called the four winds to his big filibuster!

Senator X with one specter was haunted;
Some day, so he dreaded,
He might grow weak-headed
And vote for a bill the majority wanted.
But for several terms, both in triumph and stringency,
X had avoided this horrid contingency,
Steeling himself to the strength of his mission—
Always to be with the stern opposition.

Now, by natural law,
There is always a flaw
In the heel of Achilles—or maybe his jaw.
And Senator X had a weakness he hid,
And it secretly dogged him, whatever he did.
Not a pipe-smoker's heart nor a chambermaid's knee
Nor a prize-fighter's nose. Though such ailments be
Painful, severe,
Dearie, oh, dear!
Senator X's infirmity queer
Seemed unendurable,
Also incurable—
Senator X had a musical ear!

Do what he could to correct this obsession,
Any brass band in a torchlight procession
Set his pulse thumping,
Tuned to the pumping
Rummi-tum drum and the trombone's hump-humping.
When he harkened to Tannhauser's thunders barbarian,
He was inspired to orations Wagnerian.
A selection from Liszt
By divine Zimbalist
Stirred him to eloquence splendidly clarion,
D minor rhapsodies worked like a tonic,
When, shaking like rennet,
He stood in the Senate
And cadenced his speech to a motive symphonic.

So the nervous adventure I'm now to relate
Deals with the senator's psychical state.
For it's sinfully certain that music hath charms
To soothe savage bosoms—or call them to arms.

The Muse Calliope Blackjacks Him

NOW this happened one spring: to a flourishing town
Senator X in a train hurried down,
Prepared to appear, in apparel well pressed,
With a very white tie and a very white vest,
At a banquet so swell
That the leading hotel
Roasted fine squabs and prepared currant jell
With the definite purpose of doing their best;
For Senator X was the much-honored guest.

But scarce had he opened his bag in his room
When he found that the glorious speech he'd prepared
Had got itself lost. What a blow! What a gloom!
Scared, he stared, raged and reared:
For that roaring oration he'd written in lava,
Defying each nation from Iceland to Java
To cast their perfidious
Glances insidious
Over our land. The results would be hideous.
And here he was left like a fish on the beach,
Gasping and flopping without any speech!
He must make up a new one—'twas now nearing four—
Time flew—so he sought peace and quiet once more
In a writing room, down on the mezzanine floor.

Equipped with a pen and a bottle of ink,
He scratched his bald spot in an effort to think.
When pow! And bow-wow!
From the tea room below
Barbarous music was starting to flow,
Oddly affecting his knees and his thumbs;
Saxophones, telephones, megaphones, drums,

(Continued on Page 154)

Of the Best of His Speech There's No Record Extant, for It Seems That the Audience Caught the Infection

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beane

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Beane, Dear, What Have You Done With the Children?" "I Left Them Around the Corner Playing With the Airedale Twins" "They are a Bit Rough, But the Experience Will Do Our Kids Good"

The New Omar

A BOOK of Verses[1] underneath the Bough,[2]
A Jug of Wine,[3] a Loaf of Bread[4]—and Thou[5]
Beside[6] me singing[7] in the Wilderness[8]—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise[9] enow!

[1] Passed by the Clean Books League.
[2] Indorsed by United States Forest Service.
[3] Guaranteed nonintoxicating by the Anti-Saloon League.
[4] Passed by the Department of Justice.
[5] If you can furnish a letter from your pastor.
[6] Allowed by American Posture League.
[7] Voice passed by standards committee of Metropolitan Opera.
[8] Clean desert sand uncontaminated by the movies.
[9] Laws based on Ten Commandments and King James version.

—*Alexander Gardiner.*

Science for the Nursery

An Experiment for the Home

PERHAPS, sometimes when you were digging in the garden for worms to go fishing with, your little spade has cut a poor wormie right in two. And did you notice that both halves of the wormie went wriggling away? That is what a great surgeon noticed when he cut a Dasychone into three pieces. The hindermost section produced a head, the front part a digestive system, and the middle portion both a head and a tail. In the Hydra, Nais and Lumbriculus, after transverse section, each part may complete the whole animal.

Now try this experiment: Take a salamander and pull off one of his limbs any limb. After a time it will grow on again. Then pull one of the arms off a starfish, and you will discover that before long it will grow a new one. This regeneration, you know, is due to the existence of special formative layers or groups of cells.

Now, if you have the real scientific point of view, you will want to know if the same law holds for the higher vertebrates. Mamma will tell you that your little sister is a higher vertebrate, so you might try pulling her leg off. The true little scientist will not be discouraged by the difficulties interposed by his subject, but will pull just as hard as ever he can. Even if he does not reach a definite conclusion from his experiment, he will probably learn something of value from mamma. —*Morris Bishop.*

Highbrowsing

THE critical public will troop to a play
That's gay and a laughter provoker,
And then, as they leave, lackadaisically say,
"It's fair . . . pretty good . . . mediocre."
Although simple plays are the ones in demand,
The popular trend nowadays is
To frown on the plays that we can understand
And damn them with faintest of praises.
The critical public will go to a show
Symbolically muddled and crazy,
And greet it with many a hearty "bravo,"
Though badly befuddled and hazy.
Then into the lobby the critical band,
With secret misgivings, will flock out
And label the plays that they can't understand:
"A marvel . . . an epic . . . a knock-out!"

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

His Handicap

"I RAN onto a book t'other day on how to raise healthy children," said the proprietor of the crossroads store. "'Pears like, Gap, you ort to be able to write a book of that sort."

"I reckon likely I—p'tu!—could," replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, "if I had more children of my own to sorter study—I've only got fourteen, you know."

President of Bryn Vassley: "I Hope I'm Not Reactionary, But I Can't Help Sighing for the Days of the Old Daisy Chain!"

Patience of Job

BREAKFAST over, the day begins;
My wife gathers a tray of pins
And a wad of wool and a flock of spools
And a gleaming quiver of knitting tools
And a chocolate box and a crochet hook
And the germ of a sock and a fashion book.

I at my old typewriter sit;
Patiently my wife starts to knit.

"Now is the Time for All Good Men ——"
I rattle the keys for a warm-up, then
Tackle my work with a fire and zest
That lasts for an hour —when I have to rest.

I glance at my wife. She, placid, sits
And knits and knits and knits and knits.

Like a captive cat, I pace the floor,

(Continued on Page 151)

Such delicious soup! So easy to serve!

It's a wise housewife who follows this rule: "I want and I will always try to have the very best quality of food for my table. I will take advantage of every help to get it."

Do you realize that Campbell's great, spotless kitchens and Campbell's famous French chefs are at your service every day? Do you know how much they can help you to brighten your meals and make all the food taste better?

Serve Campbell's Tomato Soup today—for luncheon or dinner or the children's supper. See how everybody enjoys it and what a sparkle it gives to the whole meal.

Then just think how easy and convenient it is for you to provide the family regularly with such appetizing, wholesome, healthful soup!

Cream of Tomato Soup!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

High Horse and Low Bridge

By DICK WICK HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE G. PUTNAM

SHORTY MALONE is to blame for all this Giraft business and Extra Excitement on account of me getting to be a Wild African Animal Owner out here in the middle of the Arizona Desert, and me thinking for a while that I could be a Race Horse Jockey at my age, just because Earl Sande lived in Phœnix once.

Shorty says it wasn't his fault so much as it was the Street Car company's back in Bridgeport, Connecticut. How come it all started and happened was this way:

A Street Car run into an automobile one morning back in this place called Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Shorty was on the Street Car and in a Hurry, so he got out to walk, and going down the street he met an Old Friend who was with a Circus. If the Street Car hadn't of run into the Automobile, Shorty wouldn't ever have run into his friend and got talked into joining up with this Hagenpaws Wild Animal Show as Hostler for a Giraft and Nothing would ever have happened to me like it did.

On the Last Jump I Yelled: "Low Bridge!"

This shows how Little Things beyond our control etc often affect our Whole Lives without us knowing Anything about it, like you turn the Wrong Corner some day and meet somebody you don't like and he Takes a Shot at you and you slip on the sidewalk and break your leg trying to Turn Around Quick, or you forget something some morning and go home to get it and Find the Ice Man come early and eating Hot Cakes with Your Wife.

Shorty Malone joined up with this Hagenpaws Wild Animal Show, all on account of the Street Car wreck, and they started out across the country giving shows in the Small Towns and working west in Short Jumps, traveling in three Railroad Cars, one for the Animals and one for the Big Tent and equipment and the other one for a Cook and Bunk Car.

Business wasn't very good and they just about broke even and made enough to pay the Railroad and feed the Animals, including themselves, until they got out into western Kansas; and then Luck was against them, just one thing after another all that fall. The farmers was more Interested in Crops than they was in Wild Animals, and once they hit a Town the same day as a Cyclone. Business was Good for the Cyclone, but it didn't leave any Money in the Circus Tent and they had to soak some of their stuff to get moved to the next stop, which wasn't a very good town for a Wild Animal Show because about everything there was Wild all ready.

Arizona and New Mexico is mostly Big Jumps and not many people to Show to, but Shorty says there's one Good Thing about them—they'll Pay Money to see Anything, being hungry to look at something besides Landscapes, so they managed to rustle enough to get from Albuquerque to Holbrook and then to Flagstaff and Ashfork, by which time they was Broke good and proper and if the Train hadn't of run into a couple of steers nobody would have eat and all of them would have been classed as Wild Animals.

At Ashfork they didn't know Which Way to go, towns looking so far apart on the map as from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Chicago, and Shorty says if it hadn't of been for them all being afraid of the Indians, they would have turned the Wild Animals loose and started back for Bridgeport afoot; but some of them wanted to get to Los Angeles, where most of them had relatives or friends and they could get jobs in the Movies, making African Jungle pictures.

The Boss got out the maps and they all looked them over, trying to find some Town not too far away, where they could give a Show to help along the road and get a little closer to California, and one of the boys saw Salome on the map, away off in the middle of a Big Open Space towards California and looking about the size of Phœnix, according to the Fly Speck on the map.

They argued it all over, whether to go to Salome or Phœnix next, but Phœnix was off to one side on a Branch Line Railroad and nobody had ever heard much about Phœnix, except as being a good farming town where sick folks went to get Fresh Air and Milk and Eggs; but all of them had heard about Salome, Where She Danced, and they figured it must be a Good Show Town on account of having a Trained Frog there, and if Salome could dance there they could Show there, and it was So Far Away from everywhere else that the Folks would be Glad to get a chance to See Anything, so they finally decided on going to Salome next, as being the Best Bet in sight. They had to soak their watches and sell a Trained Pony to the Indians to get enough money to pay the Railroad to hook the cars onto a Train going towards Salome, which was better than dying of Hunger in Ashfork.

They traveled all Afternoon and most of the Night and saw lots of Scenery that was enough sight Wilder than anything they had in the Show, and Shorty says the country looked like Folks would have a Hard Time trying to Act Neighborly, as a Woman could send to the Wish Book Store in Chicago and get a Flat Iron by Parcels Post C. O. D. quicker than she could Borrow one from the Nearest Neighbor. When it got too Dark to see anything any more, which there wasn't anything to see anyway, they crawled into their bunks and went to sleep and along towards morning some of them woke up and turned over and went to sleep again, when the train shoved them off on a sidetrack and went on again, which they figured must be Salome, where they was going to give the Big Show that afternoon and night.

The cook got up a little before Daylight, as usual, and pretty soon he come back all excited and woke the Boss up and Shorty says the rest of them all got up and about the time they was getting into their Clothes the Boss come back and he was All Excited too, and good reason why, as they found out when they got outside. The Train had set them out during the Night on a Sidetrack in the middle of about a Million Acres of Desert, where there was Nothing Else you could see but Greasewood for miles and miles, except a Water Tank and a little store or two and about half a dozen houses scattered around in the brush and a little building up at the end of the Sidetrack that looked like a Depot maybe.

Shorty says they all stood around looking at each other and Wondering What to do and Where was they and finally someone suggested that they walk down the track to the Station and find out and maybe be able to send a Telegram for the Next Train to come and get them. Just as they got down to the Depot, the Sun come out from behind a Mountain about a hundred miles away and brightened everything up and Scared away a Jack Rabbit that had been setting in the Waiting Room door and What do you think they saw on the end of the Depot?

A Big White sign which says in Letters about a Foot High: SALOME, ARIZONA—Where She Danced.

"If this is Salome, it's Our Finish," the Boss says, setting down on one of the Rails and wiping his Face.

Shorty says they was all so Astonished when they see the Sign that they couldn't think of anything to say for a while, all of them having figured on Salome being a Big Town and them making enough to get to California, and here they was hung up in a place so little that the Depot hid the whole Town if you wasn't careful where you stood when you looked.

"There ain't so many Folks in this burg as we are carrying with the Show," the Lion Tamer said, "and I'll bet Our Animals could eat 'em all in one good meal and then go to bed Hungry."

I had Woke Up by this time and as soon as I saw the Crowd over at the Depot and the Cars on the Sidetrack, I come over to see What was happening and when I come up to them, one of them says to me, "That must have been a Big Fly, Mister."

"What Fly are you talking about?" I asks him.

"The One that Played a Joke on us and Put this Town on the Map," he grins, and That is How Come I got Acquainted with Shorty Malone and the rest of the bunch with Hagenpaws Wild Animal Show.

We told each other Who we was and they asked a lot of questions about Salome etc and told me what a Fix they was in, so we talked things over and decided the best thing to do was for them to Give a Show and take up a Collection and get all the money they could and then they could sell one of their Ponies or a Monkey or something to get enough more to take them to Los Angeles, because I saw it was up to me to help them out or have to adopt a Circus and feed it the rest of my life.

While we was talking, one of Scar-Face Scrogg's steers come up to the Water Tank for a drink and I told them to kill it and get something to eat and feed the rest to the Animals and I would try and rustle up some business for them that day, down at Buzzard's Roost and Gold Gulch and Pinto Creek, while they was getting their Tent set up and ready to Show.

(Continued on Page 169

THE NEW HUPMOBILE EIGHT ROADSTER

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In Detail A sporting two-seater, with the popular rumble for another couple, of course. Five disc wheels and bumpers, front and rear, standard equipment. Two-tone finish—Killarney gray-green upper body, with the lighter Dundee shade below and on the disc wheels; pistache green striping on body and wheels. Unpleated upholstery in soft gray Spanish leather, hand-crushed pebble grain. Full back support, and complete comfort, in the rumble seat. Rumble cushions quickly detachable. Luggage space also reached through large side door with lock. Detachable California khaki top, with boot, natural wood bows and nickel-plated supports. Headlamps and cowl-lamps, windshield supports, radiator and cap, bumpers, and rear-deck bars are bright nickel. Oil filter and gasoline filter are standard.

Prices—Sedan, five-passenger, $2345. Sedan, Berline, $2445. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $2345. Roadster, with rumble seat, $2045. Touring, five-passenger, $1945 Touring, seven-passenger, $2045. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PATHFINDERS

By BOYDEN SPARKES

DECORATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE little black satchel that rested on the knees of the solitary passenger in the taxicab moving slowly in the heavy traffic of the principal business street of a Middle Western city was a sort of magician's hat for its owner. From it he extracted a fat living—an apartment in Park Avenue, a summer camp in the Adirondacks, tuition at fashionable schools for his children, an automobile with a chauffeur, membership in four or five good clubs, including a reasonably exclusive Long Island country club, purple and fine linen for himself and furs and silks enough to keep his wife almost contented.

The little black satchel was stuffed with diamonds. The man who owned it was one of New York's most successful fancy-cut-stone merchants. Call him Frederick Underwood. In packets of soft white tissue, folded in the manner of a drug-store headache powder, his diamond wares were assorted in gray wallets of oiled silk. He knew each stone as a shepherd knows the identity of each creature in his flock. There was one larger than an almond, suitable ornament for a queen or a pork packer's bride. There was one square-cut stone, a piece of white fire worth more in any place where flawless jewels are appreciated than the entire stocks on the shelves of the haberdashers, the milliners, the trunk stores, that were unreeled before the traveling merchant's eyes as his taxi moved by fits and starts toward his hotel. There were hundreds of lesser diamonds in his little black satchel. They were more than precious stones to him. They were his entire existence, the welfare of his family, the integrity of his business and they were insured against loss for only $300,000, whereas their value as catalogued in the books of his establishment a thousand miles away in New York was about $400,000. Mr. Underwood was gambling with himself, taking an unworthy chance in which the odds were slightly in his favor. But this was the first of about eight trips that he expected to make during the year and on his other trips he expected to carry less than the amount for which he was insured, so that he tried to tell himself the smaller insurance policy was sound economy.

The Loot in the Little Black Bag

THE street lights blinked into wakefulness when he was still half a mile from his hotel. He wondered if he would have time for a comfortable dinner before shifting his little black satchel of diamonds into his specially made trunk and carrying it to the railroad station for his next overnight jump to St. Louis. That recalled to his mind his engagements with the wholesale jewelers and one or two of the large retailers of that city. He hoped the announcement cards mailed by his secretary had reached all his customers in time to get him prompt appointments. He was hoping to sell $150,000 worth of the stones in his black satchel before he returned to New York. With such a start he might exceed his last year's sales of $600,000.

The shrill of the traffic policeman's whistle filled his ears. It made him shiver with apprehension. In spite of the throngs on the sidewalk, he did not feel safe. He knew he would not breathe easily until he had disposed of enough of his wares to bring himself inside the margin of safety drawn by his insurance policy. Every delay in his progress increased his nervous tension. He became aware of his pulse with a feeling of impending suffocation, as does one whose arm is gripped by the inflated rubber tubing of a haemomanometer when a physician takes the reading of a blood pressure.

The taxicab was of an unusual kind, having only one door, set at a slight angle in the front, in the space where on most vehicles of this character the meter is placed. The interior of the cab was lined with imitation leather as black as Mr. Underwood's satchel. He was riding in darkness except for such flashes of light as bathed him when they passed each street lamp or brightly illumined store sign. Then again they halted at the command of a crossing policeman's whistle. Where Mr. Underwood's cab stopped was more than 200 feet from the corner and near the curbing. Then a man stepped on the running board of the cab, grabbed the handle of the door and swung it open, so that the chauffeur was as neatly imprisoned as a victim of the Inquisition when placed in a sweat cabinet. Another stranger was directly behind the first and treading on his legs.

Mr. Underwood had rehearsed this thing mentally too many times during his career as a diamond merchant, as a traveling peddler of precious stones, to fail to realize in the space of a split second that these were robbers who planned to hold him up. The first thing he did was to slip the satchel down between his knees, with the hope that its blackness would make it indistinguishable against the black of the cab upholstery. Then he began to yell and kick. Under the circumstances it was as good a defense as he could have made, since he was unarmed. If you asked him today what words his yells formed he could not tell you, but he remembers distinctly what the smaller of the robbers said to him.

"Where's your satchel?" demanded this bold thief. Mr. Underwood continued to yell and kick. The chauffeur had turned to see the disturbance housed in his cab and, being unaware of the precious freight he carried, did not at first suspect he was witnessing a holdup.

"Where's your satchel?" repeated the small robber in a vicious tone.

Mr. Underwood's reply was a kick upward, for he was on the small of his back fighting in the manner of a raccoon brought to earth by dogs. Neither of the invaders said anything more, but both were groping and feeling. Why they did not shoot him is a puzzle to the diamond merchant. The robbers likely enough would characterize their failure to kill him as faulty technic.

Their victim never ceased to resist, but at the end of a span of time about the equivalent of one round of a prize fight the small robber began to untangle himself and wriggle through the narrow door. As he leaped to the street, Underwood saw that he had in his hands the little black satchel which was for him as vital as an Indian's sacred bundle that is stuffed with potent charms and talismans to guard against dangers and discomforts.

Lost and Found

THE bigger robber struggled for another moment to keep Underwood in the cab and then he, too, jumped to the street, where he tried a trick that was probably the invention of the meadow lark. The hen of that species, when her nest in the grass is threatened by the near approach of man or other animals, strives to divert attention from her brood by fluttering conspicuously and slowly enough to tempt capture. When she has lured her enemy a safe distance from the nest, strength seems to come miraculously back to her wings and away she flies, with too much relief in her mother heart to sing of her guileful victory.

Adjusting his clothing, and moving with a limp, which, due to the kicks of Mr. Underwood, was perhaps the most honest thing about him, he pressed slowly through the crowd that had collected without comprehension of this violent scene. He seemed to invite capture, but Mr. Underwood ignored him. Instead he sprang from the cab and darted with a speed born of his desperation after the thief who carried the little black satchel. It was just a fortunate chance that the chauffeur of that taxicab was a trifle slow of wit. His interpretation of what had occurred was that two friends of his passenger, spying him from the sidewalk, had taken advantage of the lull in traffic movement to urge him to join them in some revel. He thought that Mr. Underwood was running for no worthier purpose than to escape payment of his fare, and so began a chase that had some kinship with those pursuits that figure in the custard-pie school of moving-picture comedies. The small robber ran to the corner with the little black satchel and then slowed to a fast walk. Mr. Underwood ran after him, and the taxi chauffeur ran after Mr. Underwood. Later he explained that if he had known it was a holdup he would have remained on his seat and attended to his own business. As it was, neither he nor Underwood lost sight of the small robber with the bag of diamonds for so much as a second. They saw every move he made, and when the robber, stealing a quick look backward, caromed into a man approaching from the opposite direction, that man, hearing Underwood's yells that by now had taken the form of "Stop thief!" seized the criminal by his necktie. It was then that the little black satchel ceased to be precious in the eyes of the robber.

He dropped it to the sidewalk and Mr. Underwood, breathless, fell upon it as an alert football player casts himself upon a fumble. Then the police came, snatched a revolver from the thief's coat pocket and wrestled him into submission.

The consequence of the chauffeur's mistake was that he was quite as important a witness as Mr. Underwood at the trial at which this thief was convicted and given a sentence of from ten years to life, which he is now serving with a smug good behavior aimed at the sympathies of the parole board. If Mr. Underwood had been the only witness, so tender-hearted and so skeptical are jurymen, there is plenty of ground for belief that a conviction would not have been voted.

(Continued on Page 48)

The familiar phrase *"as good as Buick"* suggests that you see and drive the car that others use as the Standard of Comparison before you spend your money

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

(Continued from Page 44)

But an important bit of mute evidence was brought out in that case, something that casts a light on the working of the organized thieves who specialize in the stealing of jewels from the channels of trade. It was found when the freshly caught jewel thief was being searched at the detective bureau. There he was well but not favorably known as a gangster, gunman, ballot-box repeater, highwayman, bootlegger and hijacker. Swart of complexion, the robber was well-barbered and better-tailored by far than the chief of detectives who was supervising this station-house ceremony.

Near by, in a chair, reclined Mr. Underwood with disordered clothing and a blood-stained face. An ambulance surgeon was wrapping a bandage on a deep cut on the side of his chin.

"Frisk 'im good," counseled the chief, and reached for a white card that one of his men had fished from the prisoner's waistcoat pocket. It was a card such as florists' shops have for the use of customers who lack personal cards bearing their names. On this card a name was written in ink. The chief read it.

"Isn't this your name?" The police official held the card in front of the nerve-taut salesman.

"Certainly it's my name," snapped Underwood with the impatience of one who feels that his sufferings, his bravery and his fortitude are not being fully appreciated.

"Well, then, Mr. Underwood," said the chief, "somewhere among your acquaintances, perhaps among those you regard as friends, is a traitor, a thieves' spy, a man who betrayed you to this gunman and his partners for a share of the stuff in that satchel of yours. We call such people 'pathfinders.' They are the ones who tell such snakes as this where to strike."

Pathfinders, who betray the diamond merchant and the jewelry salesman, are essential figures in such crimes, and the thefts caused by them are estimated, on the basis of indemnities paid by insurance companies, for losses in the channels of trade, to total about $4,000,000 a year during the past few years.

Not long ago in the greatest diamond market in the world, New York, a man who had been trailed for days by detectives was arrested, and they asserted he was a pathfinder, a thieves' spy, although he was himself listed in the industry as a diamond merchant. But the detectives, however sure they were in their own minds, and however positive was the belief in his guilt of other diamond merchants, could not even bring about his indictment. The district attorney, who knew his business well, said it would be a waste of time.

Salesmen Who Carry Fortunes

LAST year, according to records kept by a private detective organization which is in the employ of several protective and crime-fighting organizations of jewelers, there were in the larger towns and cities of the country more than 1200 robberies of jewelry stores and of traveling salesmen in the trade. Again and again investigation of these has revealed unmistakable evidence of the possession by the robbers of well-informed counsel which guided their decision as to when and where to make their attack.

The traveling representative of a diamond house is obliged to carry, not samples, but the actual wares which are to be sold. The reason for this is that diamonds—all precious stones, in fact—are so individual that no jeweler would think of buying one until he had seen it, handled it lovingly, gazed into its heart through the magnifying glass, which is but the extension of his eye.

Ten experts handling the same stones in succession might grade them as to price in accord with one another, but this would be merely appraisal and not purchase. Diamonds, they say, are as distinctive as finger prints. Therefore the diamond-house salesman starting out on one of his seasonal trips has more to worry him than the salesman who travels for a wholesale grocer or a dress-goods concern. The seller of precious stones, when he goes on the road, has with him a cargo that awakens a lust among the crooks of the land like that which long turned sailormen into pirates when they heard of the gold that rode in the holds of Spanish galleons returning from Peru.

Moreover, the biggest sales are made by those diamond salesmen who carry with them the largest stocks. A man who before he returns to his home sells a third of the diamonds he carried on his journey regards himself as meriting applause; he is satisfied if he sells a fourth of his wares. It is useless for police chiefs to urge them to try to sell by sample. The diamond dealers know this cannot be done; nor can it be done with pearls.

This, then, is the trade that offers such rich opportunities to the traitors called pathfinders. What they do is to supply the ordinary gunman, who has none of the true appreciation of the cold fires that burn in diamonds and emeralds and rubies but only a yearning for money, with information as to the routes to be traveled with these rich stocks, the manner in which they are carried by the individual salesmen, the names and addresses of their customers and any other details that might prove helpful to a cutthroat. When that smaller of the two criminals who held up the diamond man we have called Frederick Underwood demanded to know where his satchel was, he had formed his question on information gained from a spy, and it is quite likely that the spy had studied the habits of Underwood for months before he conspired with the bolder robbers who became his partners. It is only through such surveillance that the thieves of one large city can hold up and rob a stranger from the most thickly populated region on the earth's surface, and nail him again and again just at the moment when he is the custodian of record-breaking amounts of concentrated wealth. As a rule, there are only a few hours out of the twenty-four when these salesmen actually have the stones on their person, but the visitation of thieves always is timed to coincide with such possession.

It is a charge frequently made in the trade that jewelers are careless in their methods of handling such compact wealth. There is at least one importer in New York who must agree heartily with an editorial in a trade publication which, after asking the question, "Does insurance make us careless?" contended that "The dealer, the manufacturer or the salesman who takes an unnecessary risk simply because he feels the insurance companies will hold the bag if he loses is not only a fool but a menace to the industry at large. It is up to the jewelry trade to make him see his actions in the proper light."

Pathfinder-Traitors Within the Ranks

THIS importer was certainly the reverse of careless. Early this year his foreign representative, his buyer, returned from Europe with an assortment of uncut stones worth about $125,000. After the buyer's ship docked in New York and the stones had been appraised by customs men, they were carried directly to a safe-deposit vault in Fifth Avenue, one of several that are within a few blocks of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, which is regarded by natives as the center of the universe.

A few days later the senior partner in this business, one of two brothers, having made several appointments with prospective customers in the trade, jewelers who have broken with tradition and left the Maiden Lane region, where for so many years the jewelry business of New York was clustered, went with the buyer about the middle of the morning to the vaults, got the stones and started out.

They walked north on the Avenue, after crossing to the west side of the street, until they came to Forty-eighth Street. Just around the corner there is a building which houses a number of jewelers and dealers in precious stones. As they turned the corner the two men noticed an automobile facing them and parked at the curbing. In it were four men, and as they came abreast of the car three of the men jumped out and began to threaten the merchant and his buyer with pistols. One robber seized the buyer and, jabbing his pistol into this man's stomach, backed him into a doorway, where he held him while the other two began to beat down the elderly merchant by striking him on the head with their pistols as impersonally as a couple of trappers killing a trapped animal for its peltry. So savage were their blows that the merchant cried out but once before he fell to the sidewalk powerless to resist. In a flash of time one of the robbers bent over him, reached inside his coat and snatched out the leather wallet which was carried there on a strap.

Before any spectator—and there were a score—could raise a cry against them the highwaymen were back in their automobile and moving swiftly toward the corner and then down Fifth Avenue in a slow traffic stream heavy with the limousines of fashionable shoppers and men rich enough to afford the luxury of reaching their offices barely in time for luncheon. A retired police captain, patching his pension by serving as a watchman for the jewelers in that building in front of which the robbery occurred, popped into view just as the car was turning the corner. The prostrate form on the sidewalk and the other man trying dizzily to rise from his knees in the doorway told him all he needed to know before shooting. Out came his revolver and he began to shoot, but his two shots did little more than attract attention.

A tailor with a shop near by saw all this and began to trot along the sidewalk almost abreast of the robbers in the automobile. He was the only person, before he had gone half a block, who knew they were robbers. For all the others in that crowded thoroughfare they were just a unit of traffic.

As the car reached Forty-seventh Street, where there is a traffic policeman, the tailor called out, "Stop that car; they're holdup men." It was then that the robbers began to shoot and their driver swung his car into the opposing stream of traffic in Forty-seventh Street, a one-way street in which they were now going the wrong way. Absolutely heedless of the safety of men and women who were unaware of the desperation of its occupants, the automobile was driven onto the sidewalk in order to get it past several large trucks backed to the curbing. The traffic policeman dared not risk a shot, and they strove to make him cautious by firing their guns. They were considerate enough to fire upward. For a long block they wove a perilous thread through the opposing traffic, then corrected that error by swinging into Madison, and over Forty-sixth Street to Park Avenue, and merged with a procession of automobiles that is believed to represent a higher level of wealth and fashion than that which rides in Fifth Avenue.

The wounds of the elderly jewel importer and his foreign buyer, and the shock they suffered from the blows they had taken from heavy pistol butts, made it impossible for them to give the police any information until after they had been treated at a hospital. Then all they could say was that only well-informed robbers could have known they had those stones with them, which one of them carried them, and where. In short, they must have been advised by a pathfinder.

This sort of occurrence, repeated again and again in the jewelry trade, is reflected by the insurance companies with rates that have increased nearly sevenfold since the close of the war, so that Mr. Underwood, who a few years ago was paying $350 for a year's protection on $250,000 worth of stones, now pays $2700 for a policy on $300,000. Moreover, he is expecting to be asked a higher rate for next year because the criminals who in 1924 attacked fifteen out of every 100 jewelers, were, seemingly, more active last year. Since the rate of insurance on a traveling risk is figured on the basis of a solid year of risk, though the average salesman is on the road not more than six months, the actual rate is approximately 2 per cent.

This steadily mounting cost is but one of the things that have driven the leading jewelers into conference after conference during recent months, with the result that a number of them have pledged large sums to a new crime-fighting organization, which it is hoped will embrace in an alliance all the existing societies. The newly formed organization invited an assistant district attorney of New York County to become its executive officer, and the plan is to wage war on all crooks that threaten the jewelry trade, whether they be holdup men, pathfinders, credit swindlers, baggage tricksters or—and most important—receivers of stolen property.

The receiver—he who in other days was called a fence—is the foundation of all criminal activities in this business, just as he is in fur and silk and bond stealing. When marketed by an expert such property brings nearly its true value, but it is difficult to convict men on the charge of receiving stolen property, especially since the law, as in New York, holds that the possession of such articles is not compromising to the degree of being a felony unless the receiver has guilty knowledge that the property was stolen.

In Chicago there is a building which respectable and cautious diamond merchants avoid because of its reputation in the trade of housing, almost to the exclusion of others, dealers who prefer to buy stolen and smuggled ornaments. There is such a building in New York, and private detectives who work there for the protection of the honest jewelers say they know of at least fourteen outwardly respectable and admittedly prosperous jewelry concerns which they have excellent reasons to believe make many of their purchases from thieves and smugglers.

A Big Haul in a Pillow Slip

IT WAS good old-fashioned detective work that led to the arrest and conviction of one of these unscrupulous dealers not long ago, and although he was not one of the most important, the honest men in the trade rejoiced the day they learned he had been assigned in Sing Sing to the nearest thing to the diamond trade that the prison knows. There from morning until night he shovels coal—black diamonds—into one of the furnaces.

The robbery which led to his downfall occurred in a hotel in one of the largest Southern cities. The vice president and traveling representative of a New York jewelry manufacturing concern arrived there in the early morning, after an overnight ride from Houston, Texas. In a specially built wardrobe trunk he had $80,000 worth of diamond-mounted jewelry. The trunk also contained his clothing. It is customary and wise for such salesmen to store their wares in the vaults provided by the hotels, but sometimes they find this is too much trouble; again, sometimes they are momentarily expecting the call of a customer and wish to have their goods conveniently at hand.

About half-past five in the afternoon this salesman locked the door of his room, after having locked his trunk, and went downstairs to dinner. He had determined, perhaps, to have a pompano, cooked in a fashion for which this city is celebrated. Anyway, it was eight o'clock when he returned to his room and found the door standing open and the halves of his trunk pried apart. The diamond-mounted jewelry was gone. The only other object missing was a pillow slip from the bed. It had made a convenient container for the thief to sling beneath his coat.

The salesman gave an alarm immediately. The hotel detective notified police headquarters, but the salesman, in obedience to instructions in one of his insurance policies, notified the local agency of a firm of private detectives. This organization placed a watch at every railroad station and elsewhere picked up threads of information that were

(Continued on Page 181)

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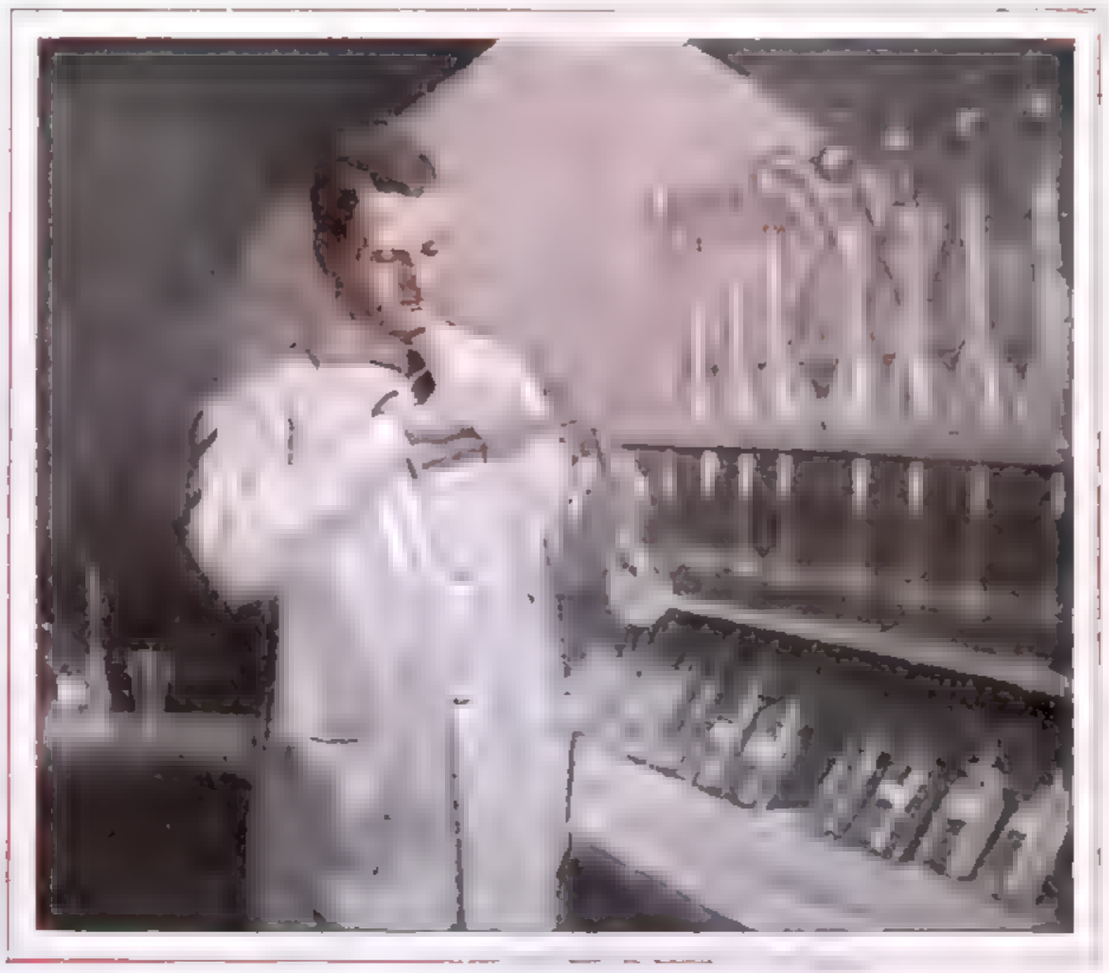
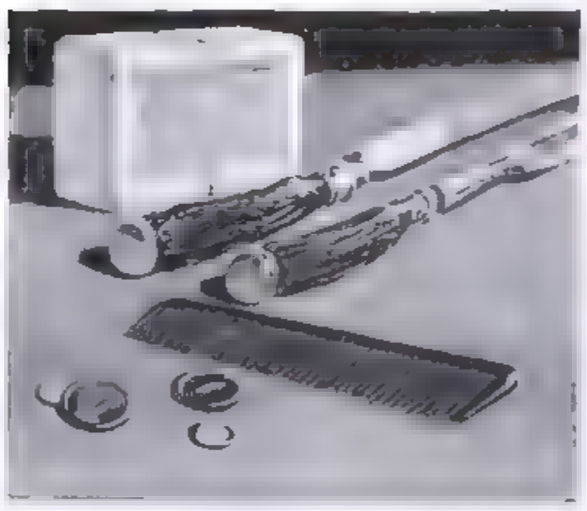
YOU buy fresh meat at the market for a much lower price today than would be possible were it not for the truly amazing utilization of by-products in the meat packing industry.

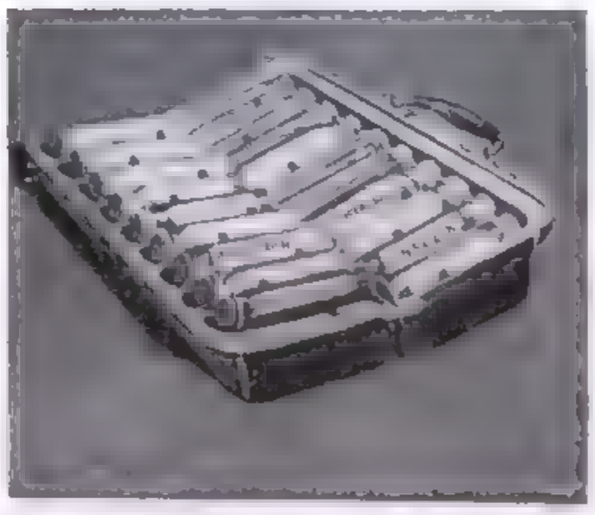
1 Wool, hides, and hair are sold to manufacturers who make them into many useful commodities.



2 Swift & Company makes soap from fats. Bones, horns, and hoofs are sold to others who utilize them in hundreds of ways.



3 Glands of meat animals are sold to pharmaceutical companies, which make them into medicinal and surgical preparations of great value, such as insulin, adrenalin, pituitrin, and thyroid extract.



4 Glue, fertilizer, and animal feed are a few of the many valuable agricultural and industrial materials derived from by-products.

NOT SO MANY years ago hides, tallow, and oils were almost the only by-products obtained from meat animals.

Then, as the industry grew, other possible uses for waste material were discovered.

Chemical experimentation helped. Before long a use was found for every part of the animal.

Chemical research continues today. Swift & Company is working constantly to discover more important uses for various materials which would otherwise be used for less useful purposes, and to improve the quality and value of those now manufactured.

The development of by-products has had a favorable effect on the price paid the producer for his live stock and on the price the consumer pays for meat. Another benefit has come through the manufacture of products that have added much to the comfort and well-being of humanity.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

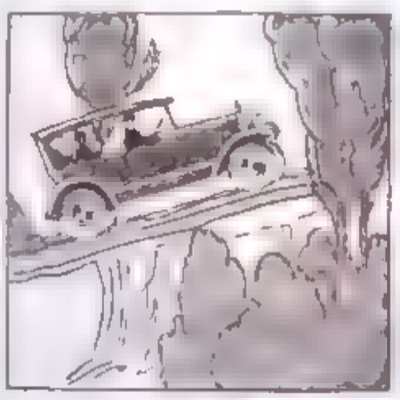
Multiplied Ford economies ›››through lessened carbon deposits

MOBILOIL "E" leaves surprisingly little carbon in a Ford engine. This has been proven by Ford owners in all parts of the country. And by scientific laboratory and road tests. The carbon of Mobiloil "E" is a mere dust—so fluffy and light that it is normally expelled through the exhaust.

But many motorists do not fully appreciate the multiplied economies of this characteristic of Mobiloil "E." They are:

Lower gasoline consumption: Carbon accumulation increases gasoline consumption in any car. Spark plugs may become fouled. Valves may get sticky. The engine requires more gasoline to make up for these power drags. Thus Mobiloil "E" often shows a distinct reduction in gasoline consumption.

Power on the hills: A common subtractor of power on the hills is carbon. It alters normal compression conditions. The spark must be retarded further. And this is as true of a $5,000 car as it is of the modestly priced Ford. Through reducing carbon accumulation, Mobiloil "E" gives fuller power on the hills.

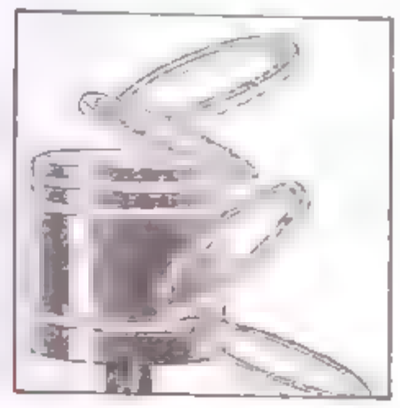


POWER ON THE HILLS

Lower oil consumption: Many oils offered for Fords are too rapidly consumed. They reach the combustion chambers in undue quantities. The extra oil consumption thus makes them more expensive than Mobiloil "E" at 30¢ a quart.

Mobiloil "E" is the Vacuum Oil Company's special oil for Ford cars. It meets every lubricating requirement of the Ford engine with scientific exactness. The next time you drain your Ford crankcase, why not refill with four quarts of Mobiloil "E"? Mobiloil "E" will cost you far less by the year.

LOWER GASOLINE CONSUMPTION



LOWER OIL CONSUMPTION

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chevrolet	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Coach-built	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge 4	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Dodge	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A		A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan	A	Arc	A		A	Arc	A	Arc
Kissel			A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Lafayette	A	Arc	A		A		A	Arc
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	
Nash	A	Arc	A	A	A		A	A
Oakland 4 & 6	A	Arc	A	A	A		A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland 4	A	A	A	Arc	A		A	Arc
Overland 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

Mr. I-Didn't-Know-it-Would-Burn

By CLEM YORE

IT ISN'T the bear and the coyote, and it isn't the hydrophobia skunk or the diamond-back rattler or water moccasin or the cougar cat or wolf that carries the fear of the Lord into the things of the wild. It is that upright, two-legged animal, that hairless beast, who is classified under the name of Mr. I-Didn't-Know-it-Would-Burn.

Because of his roaming up and down our land, we lose $500,000,000 worth of timber every twelve months. And this means that his predatory rambles cause 50,000 fires in 365 days; 137 fires every twenty-four hours, which cause 10,000,000 acres to change from living plants—trees—to hurt or dead poles and blackened earth. And that means an average of 200 acres to each fire; and there's a fire every ten minutes—a new fire!

At present ratios, one being out of ten, whether in New York or Chugwater, depends upon wood for a livelihood. And that means of subsistence is being destroyed faster than we can replace it.

Twenty per cent of our forest fires are occasioned from camp fires spreading to dry, powder-dry, regions and catching undergrowth. In other words, out of a total of 50,000 fires, 10,000 are started by campers. In as much as about 6,000,000 of our people get into the open each year in some manner of camp guise, we find that one out of every 600 of these starts a forest conflagration which burns over an average of 200 acres and causes a damage, in money, amounting to $1000.

Two-fifths of our losses are caused by industrial carelessness in some form or another—that is employes of industrial plants, railroads, water companies, electric-light and telephone and telegraph corporations pursuing the matter of their work, start fires, which cause twice as much damage as that done by campers. In other words, these very sources of fire are causing damage which, if the rate is maintained, will probably be the means of shutting off their ability to do business.

Burning brush, trash, sawdust, slabs, ties, grass and weeds along roadbeds, and the like, occasions the majority of such fires, though last year there were fifteen fires started from blowtorches used for soldering purposes by workmen in forests.

Trees That Asphyxiate Bugs

WE DERIVE considerable revenue from the impost and tax on tobacco. But do you know that careless smokers cause $100,000,000 in forest damage every time a year turns over? Yet that fact is vouched for.

Lightning takes a heavy toll in the number of fires classified by the Forest Service. The total, according to the Fire Manual, I believe, is right around 30 per cent. And strange as it may seem, such fires, although they generally originate in dense, unbroken country, amid surrounding down timber and hard going, are confined to single trees; and if there is no wind at the time they are discovered they are handled comparatively easily. I mean by this that they are removed by tree felling and covering with dirt. Sometimes—quite often in fact—a ranger or old-timer cuts down the burning tree—usually a devitalized pine—digs a trench, after cleaning away brush and trash that is considered inflammable, and in the trough rolls the tree. This is hidden with soil from which all needles, leaves or wood have been removed and the fire is done, the menace destroyed.

PHOTO BY JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

A Timber-Line Tree in Glacier National Park, Montana

Lightning plays no favorites. It picks on spruce, pine, fir, cottonwood, hemlock—anything. It plays more often over some parts of the hills than others; it will hit the same tree several times. On the hill where I live there isn't a tree of an age of 200 years that does not show lightning scars, and the almost human manner in which such trees heal their wounds is a marvelous revelation.

Lightning, when it strikes a vital, maturing tree, leaves no burning path; but when a dead snag or a devitalized tree is struck there is imminent danger that in the groove left by the stroke a bit of pitch or tinder will ignite and cause the tree to smolder and throw off a large quantity of smoke. This generally rises in spirals straight up from the forest and expert observers become so clever that they easily tell that kind of fire and so notify the ranger of what he may expect before he sets out.

But lightning is a two-part evil in a forest. Aside from being a grave fire menace, it is the largest aid the black beetle and other borers have. It kills trees or weakens them so that the borers flock to the dying tree, gain an entrance easily and set about their work of destruction. As the tree finally expires, these borers flock to other trees in the vicinity, and if for any cause such trees are in under-par condition, they are lost. Here a well-intentioned fire might do a lot of good.

Two factors serve best to prevent beetle inroads after the borer has gained entrance to a tree region. First, the woodpecker does a most valiant and ceaseless service. Second, lots of rainfall, plenty of sunlight and heavy brush beneath the trees, which holds soil moisture, maintain a full and free sap circulation, which the beetle hates. A perfect tree will smother a beetle very soon and cause it to back out of its hole or be asphyxiated.

Most of the tumorous growth on large trees comes after lightning. The tree which withstands both the shock of the lightning and the inroads of vegetable tumors may be classed as an exceedingly fine specimen of hardy growth, and such a tree will live a very long time.

As I write, the air of our mountains is hazy gray with the smoke of a forest fire, and this fire is 680 miles away as smoke travels—in Montana. I live in Colorado.

Blanketing Scenery

YESTERDAY I talked with a lady and her daughter who were visiting our region. She came from Oregon and she admired our Colorado hills immensely. In the course of conversation she told me that, though she lived within plain view of the gorgeous Cascades, her vision of the hills was spoiled for days at a time by a dull, hateful, sodden blanket of smoke which rolled and hung over the mountains. Think how right she is. The state of Washington alone had 1009 recorded and controlled fires last year. This meant more than three fires a day in some part of that state. Won't that throw a screen over scenery? Won't it pollute the air of thousands of square miles?

The remaining one-fifth of our wild fires are traceable to some oversight or carelessness. Someone has erred grievously. Spontaneous combustion exacts a severe toll, and this comes from many causes. An old rag filled with oil, especially linseed oil, which a man might use in a summer cottage for oiling floors, when rolled in a ball and thrown into a corner, or under the porch with the brushes and paint cans, will heat and flame quickly. Sawdust dumps around abandoned mills will generate wood alcohol, and this will flare and flame when Nature's combustion in the ground wood, a stroke of lightning, a spark carried along the wind from a passing locomotive, and so on, set the alcohol dust afire. Such a fire burned 2000 acres near my home in 1915 and kept nearly 100 men on the firing line for two days.

Poor electric connections, highway brush burning, sparks from automobiles—when you travel at night just note cars ahead of you and you'll learn why service-station companies insist that you stop your engine when filling your tank—all these sources cause forest fires.

I don't know why it is, but the most careful men at home are often the most careless in camp or at play in the trees. Some years ago I was fishing on the North Fork of the Platte and made camp near a grove, where I saw a smoldering fire. Around nine o'clock at night the man who had built that fire came into camp—his tent was near mine—and began to tell me of his wonderful catch for the day. I said nothing about his abandoned fire, but as we sat and smoked and fried fish I stared at him in open-mouthed wonder. He was one of the largest writers of fire insurance in the West! You see, he didn't think.

When we set out the next morning, and we started early, for he was anxious to show me holes with he-demon trout in them, I purposely delayed the party and made every man carry a tin can full of water to throw on the fire. He saw the point, not then, perhaps, but when we caught our first rainbow and he cut his open to see what they were feeding on that day.

(Continued on Page 88)

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Starting Careers on the Campus

EVERY year numbers of big companies send representatives to colleges to interview seniors. When promising young men are found they are invited to sign up for jobs, reporting for duty shortly after graduation. One of these scouts for new business talent has just returned from a trip that took him to numbers of leading colleges. I asked him if he found any difficulty in deciding which of the men he wanted

"Not a bit!" he assured me. "The boys we want stand out from the rest like new roadsters in a fleet of motortrucks. I can usually spot them before I talk with them. You see, we are looking for men to join our sales staff. Our products are scientific and technical, and we want to get men who have majored in engineering and science. But we must have men with a commercial point of view—men to whom selling appeals instinctively. Men of that type enjoy meeting people. They sell themselves to us without being egotistical. They have reasons why they want to come into our business."

"Do you mean," I asked him, "that the men you want were born with the sales instinct, and that the commercial urge has governed the activities of those boys right up to the time you meet them?"

"In some cases, yes. For example, I often find that the men I have selected had newspaper or magazine routes when they were in school. During summer vacations they may have sold subscriptions or aluminum ware or lighting units. But I like to believe that any boy who wants to get into business can start the minute he makes up his mind to develop himself for the job. Good commercial sense is really good common sense, specifically applied. Some of our division managers of 1936 are training right now on the campuses of a dozen different colleges."

"In classrooms, or out?"

"Now there's an interesting point! Classroom work is basic and important. Don't make any mistake about that. So is the ability to fit into the routine of a business organization. But the things that get one man promoted faster than the average are the things he does outside of routine, without neglecting his basics. I think the same principle holds true on the campus.

"You know when we visit a college to interview seniors, the faculty representative in charge of employment relations gives us a list of the seniors, with their ages, grades and a brief rating of their personalities and capabilities. Unfortunately, these faculty opinions seem to be based on how the student looks from the platform end of the classroom. Here! I have one of the sheets in my pocket. Let me read you some typical faculty opinions:

"'Low grades; not desirable.'
'Just passes; not recommended.'
'Honor man; excellent material.'
'Fine ability; highest marks in E.E.'
'Cannot recommend; conditioned math in freshman year.'

"Let me tell you about Mr. Just Passes. We found out that he is working in a bookstore afternoons and evenings, writing the advertising for two local stores, paying his own board and room and sending money to his kid brother in prep school. This boy's father died the year he was to enter college, but that didn't even slow him up. Why, this lad is a business man already. Responsibility? He has majored in it for three and a half years!"

"That's an unusual case," I suggested. "What are some of the outside-of-routine things that the average man can do in college to make him better commercial material when he gets out?"

"Well, class and student-government work always helps. A boy who runs for the job of class president and gets it learns a lot about selling himself to other people. If he holds the job down with any degree of credit, it is because he finds out how to get other people to work with him and for him, how to mediate wide differences of opinion and how to lay a straight course toward a definite objective.

"Then there are the management jobs in athletics. Did you ever think of the problems a football manager has to solve in running the business side of that sport for one term? First, last and always, he has to have money. He has to get it, account for it and spend it right. He has to see that the team has properties, correct in quantity, quality and price. He has to be a traffic expert to get his team to the right place at the right time. If he starts too soon the faculty demands to know why the team should miss all those lectures. If he starts too late the team has to go into a game without sufficient time to rest after the trip. He has to plan for schedules, issuing of tickets, alumni reservations and parking privileges. I want to tell you that a student who manages a college team for a season and does a good job is several kinds of business man when he gets through.

"Another activity that does its full share of business initiation is the college publication. A student enters the competition for the business staff of a college paper in his freshman or sophomore year. He does clerical work in the office, typing letters to prospective advertisers, following up cuts and copy for advertisements already contracted for, and other routine jobs. If he is not eliminated for incapacity he gets a chance to go out after advertising. In order to score at this job he has to persuade business men to part with money, and when he finally succeeds in getting some advertising contracted for he usually has to write the copy himself. Suppose he wins his competition and lands the job of assistant business manager of his paper in his junior year. As a senior he becomes business manager. In that job he is responsible for the sale of advertising space, for the credit of the advertisers, for the collection of bills, for the purchase of paper and engravings, for execution of the contract with the printer. He has to check the work of the circulation manager, making sure that circulation is not falling off, that expiring subscriptions are promptly renewed, that copies come out on time and get to the news stands when they should. He has to meet the office rent, replace worn-out equipment, check the light bill and see that the temperamental art staff doesn't pay a dollar a sheet for cold-pressed drawing paper which ought to be available at thirty-four cents.

"Now, when a man who has been through a few years of that sort of experience and kept his marks up above passing comes into the employment secretary's office for a chat with me, he isn't worried or nervous or self-conscious. He is used to dealing with business men. I'm just another one. He'll be sizing me up as rapidly as I am forming an opinion of him. He wants to know how our business is run. About how much should a good man be able to earn in five or six years? What happens to our branch managers when they are ready to go higher up? How many of our directors are college men? What will be the market for our products twenty years from now? How fast are we approaching saturation?

"That's the type of boy we like to talk with. That's the type of boy that stays with us and develops faster than the average. Give us the chaps who do the routine things well, and the extra things exceedingly well. We need a lot more than we can get!" —CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.

The Ford-Made Man

MY FRIEND went on: "Of course you are right. There is nothing so bad as a one-man business. If that man becomes rutted, obstinate or backward, the business goes into decay. If he is lost, everything is chaos, and it is years before a personnel can be developed which is able to run things. The only safe way is a good organization giving real responsibility to departmental heads and the courage to keep bringing in bright young men with new ideas. All businesses must have new blood from time to time or they'll go back."

I try to be a good listener at all times, but really now it was no effort, since my own ideas on this subject coincided so closely with those of the speaker. We all like to hear from the mouth of another person what we ourselves believe to be true; it is a subtle flattery.

"Take Henry Ford, for instance. A great part of his stupendous success is due to his inherent or, perhaps, trained ability to pick men. No one man could possibly—physically or mentally—run that gigantic plant of his himself. He had the brains right from the beginning to realize it and went out to get the men to do it. After all, men make money still, despite the fact that we are in the age of machinery, and Ford can weigh and choose men; witness the marvelous organization of brilliant heads he has gathered around him today. Once picked, he develops them by besetting them with real responsibility, even at considerable cost sometimes, and by giving them free hand to put into operation their own ideas and exercise their own judgment without interference or meddling. A man has a chance to make or break himself. That's Ford. I saw him install an accounting wrinkle at a cost of some $200,000, only to throw it out on the scrap heap several months later. If it had been successful it would have made him many times that amount. Ford's idea about men seems to be, 'If you don't trust a man, don't hire him; but if you hire him, trust him.' And he does trust his men 100 per cent. That's why he can take ex-convicts, as he does, right from their prison terms and make men out of them. Trust begets trust; distrust, distrust. It seems to be a rule of human nature.

(Continued on Page 64)

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER

RECENT developments in the body-building industry have only emphasized and reinforced the leadership of Fisher. The superiorities in design, durability and appointment which are attested by the emblem—Body by Fisher—are finding in 1926 a buyer-acceptance and preference far beyond any heretofore registered in Fisher history.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Effectively Transplanted New Englander

A MODERATELY exhaustive investigation into human activities along the Pacific Coast, particularly in the vicinity of Los Angeles, the young and noisy giant of the West, leads one to believe that the early New Englander who stayed at home instead of migrating to California for health, wealth or good luck was too stupid to deserve many good things in this life.

The experienced traveler, for example, soon learns that when he meets any prominent Californian—Mr. Zunk, say—he can most easily establish chatty relations by inquiring whether Mr. Zunk is related to the Zunk family of Vermont. Mr. Zunk usually brightens perceptibly at this question and replies with many conversational trimmings that his branch of the Zunks came from up around Bangor, Maine—or Springfield, Massachusetts, or Colebrook, New Hampshire, or some other New England locality.

Almost any bank president, real-estate magnate or leading citizen of Los Angeles will reply yes and issue an invitation to luncheon when asked whether he was born in New England. One trips over a financially prosperous Iowan or Nebraskan or Indianan some twenty times or more to each Los Angeles block; but the Angelenos—as the residents of Los Angeles playfully refer to themselves—who have segregated the largest and most plethoric bank rolls, and have delivered the most violently propulsive kicks to California in order to force her onward and upward to her proper place in the sun, appear to have originated among the stern and hard-boiled rocks with which the Pilgrim Fathers began to wrestle away back in 1620.

Any mention of such matters automatically brings up the name of Harry Chandler, formerly of Landaff and Lisbon, New Hampshire, but now of Hollywood, Los Angeles, Mexico, the San Fernando Valley and various other points in, east of, north of, south of and west of the state of California.

Next to New England ancestors and the climate of California, the activities and opinions of Harry Chandler appear to form the chief topic of conversation of a large portion of the population west of the Rocky Mountains. Nearly every leading citizen of the Pacific Coast, when interviewed on any subject, sooner or later drops a remark to the effect that he was talking to Harry Chandler recently and that Harry Chandler said so-and-so.

If one can believe the leading citizens of the Pacific Coast, the number of people to whom Harry Chandler says so-and-so in the course of a year would, if placed end to end, make two complete loops around the star Betelgeuse, which is a fine large star and takes a great deal of looping.

Harry Chandler at the present time is the owner and editor and general tutelary divinity of the Los Angeles Times, which is one of the few California newspapers that print all the news about California—even down to the news that makes the real-estate men and the department-store owners shudder and squeak for fear that it may have the horrible and almost unbearable effect of keeping a few tourists out of the state. He is also mixed up in so many other ventures that nobody, with the possible exception of himself, has ever been able to count them.

The Man Who Put the Salt in the Ocean

ONE rides along the California countryside, for example, and enters a neat and flourishing town. "Fine town," remarks the traveler to his traveling companion, if any.

"Yes," says the traveling companion, "it's a fine town. Harry Chandler and some of his associates built it a few years ago."

One moves along and finds a mountain being radically altered, and perchance moved. "Quite an undertaking," remarks the traveler admiringly.

"Oh, yes," replies his guide. "Harry Chandler wanted to move it a little farther to the north to improve the view."

One sees a fine steamship surging into the harbor of Los Angeles and comments feelingly on the remarkable features of this phenomenon—a phenomenon because the harbor is some twenty miles from the center of the city, and because expert engineers were declaring, some thirty-odd years ago, that a deep-water harbor could never be built there.

"Yes," agrees one's companion, "Harry Chandler got that steamship line to come here."

Harry Chandler, of California and Elsewhere

When the large and passionate California moon rises majestically into the heavens and smiles a golden smile at the mocking birds and mountains and flower stands and semi-homesick Iowans that occupy such a prominent place in the California scenery, one wonders whether Harry Chandler owns 51 per cent of said moon.

Was it Harry Chandler, one speculates, who had it changed from a silvery moon to a golden moon, so that it would harmonize more effectively with the California sunlight and the California oranges? It cannot be, one meditates, that Harry Chandler doesn't own some of the moon. If he doesn't, it's the only thing, almost, that he didn't, as the saying goes, get in on.

Harry Chandler appears to be one of those peculiar persons, occasionally encountered in modern times, who can be deposited without garments, resources or acquaintances in the middle of any prominent desert, and within a comparatively short time acquire a large fortune and the enthusiastic support of nearly everyone that ever heard of him.

Chandler was engaged in developing his New England conscience at Dartmouth College, the alma mater of those two great statesmen, Daniel Webster and George H. Moses, when tuberculosis made it highly advisable for him to abandon New England's delightful but messy varieties of weather and migrate to California, where the inhabitants can get out-of-doors at any time without running the risk of developing either articular rheumatism or sunstroke.

Thus we find the youthful Chandler slumbering at the age of eighteen beneath the stars on a barren hill slope not far from Los Angeles, and gazing down each morning and each evening into the fertile, mountain-rimmed San Fernando Valley, in which was located the great 60,000-acre Van Nuys wheat ranch.

Chandler's doctor owned a small fruit ranch; and after young Chandler had brooded over the fifteen Van Nuys threshing machines and the advantages of the San Fernando Valley, he offered his services to the doctor as a colt breaker and fruit salesman. Having broken the colts, he used them to cart the fruit down to the threshing machines; but when he undertook to dispose of the fruit to the men, he was enthusiastically and profanely warned off the ranch by the choleric Van Nuys himself. Even at that early date, however, there appeared to be something disarming and appealing about young Chandler; for Van Nuys almost immediately regretted his harsh words and told him to sell all the fruit he wanted to.

This weakness ultimately proved excessively costly to old man Van Nuys, for he continued to take an interest in young Chandler through the succeeding years; and eventually the day arrived when Chandler, representing a number of capitalists, went to Van Nuys and offered him $2,500,000 for the Van Nuys ranch. At the same time another group of capitalists offered Van Nuys $3,000,000 for the same property. Since Van Nuys had developed a peculiar liking for and confidence in Chandler, Van Nuys sacrificed $500,000 and sold to Harry Chandler.

One of the most difficult things for a new country to learn, and one of the last things that a new country thinks of—as can be seen from the small number of American communities that have succeeded in learning it—is that beauty pays the best dividends in the world.

Harry Chandler was one of the first persons on the Pacific Coast, where beauty is more accurately appraised than in most other sections of the country, to wake up to the fact that beauty had a definite market value. After prices had been set on the subdivided Van Nuys property, Chandler decided that it ought to be beautified with a twenty-two-mile boulevard, 230 feet wide, planted heavily on both sides with roses, shrubbery and trees of various sorts. Cries of anguish rent the air because of the expense of this quixotic and foolhardy undertaking, but Chandler went on with his boulevard unperturbed.

The cost of the boulevard, back in 1910, was in the vicinity of $508,000; and the resulting demand for land along the boulevard was so great that the price of the property that abutted on it was raised $5,500,000. It sold immediately, leaving Chandler and his associates with a profit of $5,000,000 on the boulevard alone.

In place of the wheat fields that Chandler viewed as a boy from his hillside sleeping place, there are now great stretches of walnut, lemon, orange and grapefruit groves, grouped around the flourishing towns of Van Nuys, Owensmouth and Marion—a pleasing spectacle to the builder of the towns if he was once violently ejected from the same section for attempting to sell fruit in it.

Chandler's earliest business venture in fruit peddling was followed by a neat flyer in newspaper routes in the city of Los Angeles; and the venture resulted in Harry Chandler owning all the newspaper routes in sight, as might have been expected. Around this time he was handed a job in the circulation department of the Los Angeles Times—possibly because General Otis, the owner of the Times, being a wise and farseeing man, had some sort of vague idea that if he didn't take Chandler into the business, Chandler might play with his newspaper routes so effectively as to be able to push him out of business or something of the sort. Whether or not this was the reason, Chandler joined the Los Angeles Times; and a few years later he married General Otis' daughter, which was a source of gratification to everyone.

One of the Landed Gentry

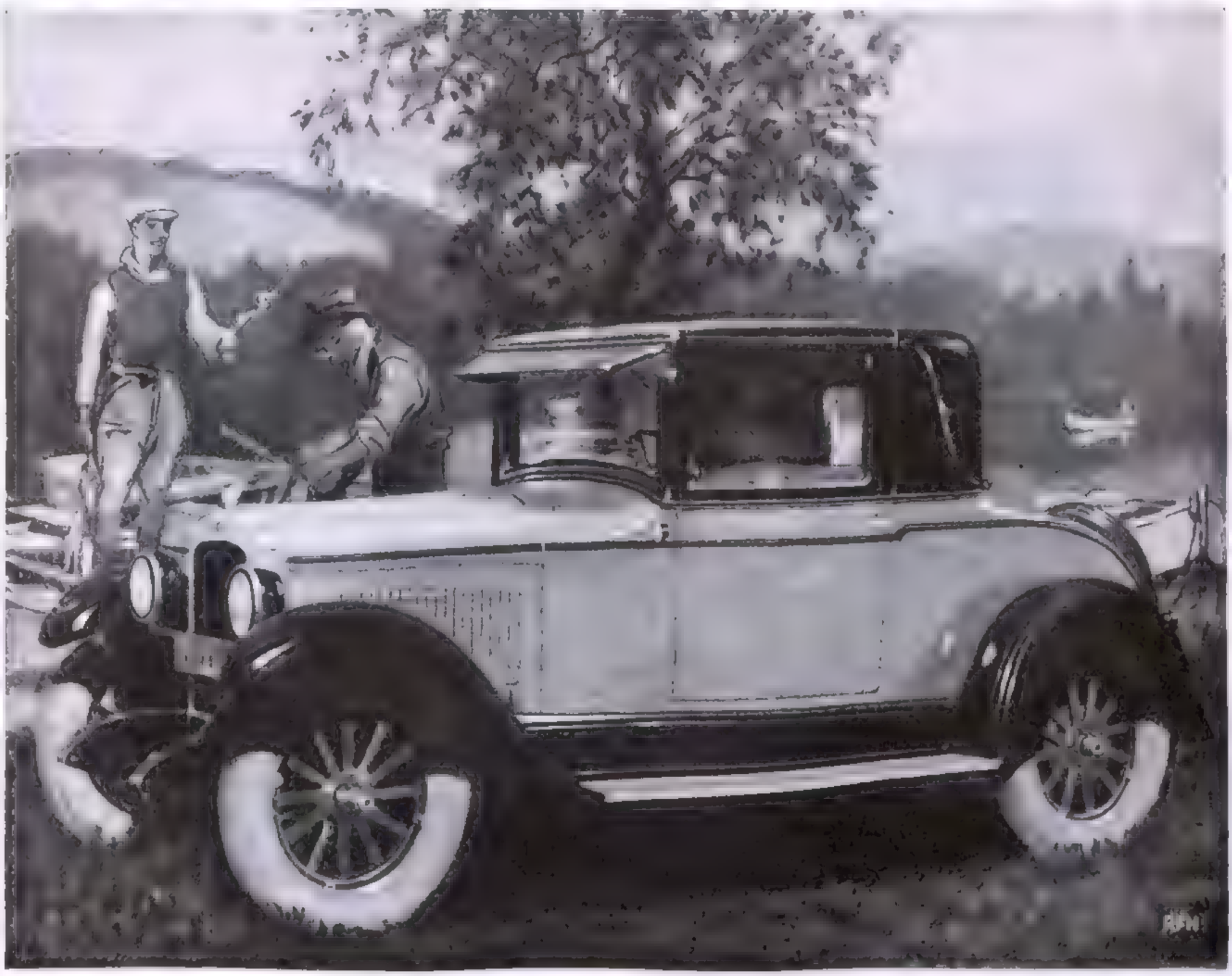
CHANDLER'S land operations are of a sort to leave the ordinary real-estate investor calling weakly for the smelling salts. When Chandler's friend General Sherman built a street railway out into the wilds of Los Angeles and was then unable to dig up any passengers for it, Chandler joined with him and some others to create from an extra-large watermelon patch, the bustling town of Hollywood. This little subdivision has swelled violently and done unusually well for itself in the past few years. It has become, among other things, the most prominent bungalow center in the world, to say nothing of providing plenty of patronage for the street-car line.

Then, after toying advantageously with large slices of land in the Imperial Valley, Chandler and his friends acquired 862,000 acres of sand and scenery just south of the Mexican border and started to turn it into something besides a source of thirst and sand storms. He and his associates have built the town of Calexico, which is divided by an imaginary line and an immigration station from the Mexican town of Mexicali. More than 3000 miles of irrigation ditches have been dug on these 862,000 acres, and some 200,000 of the acres are under cultivation and producing millions of dollars' worth of cotton each year. In addition to this little slice of Mexican real estate, Chandler organized a syndicate that purchased a mere 281,000 acres in Los Angeles and Kern Counties; and on this modest little holding he maintains some 25,000 head of livestock.

Chandler is notorious for the careless way in which he drops money into things that are supposed to be for the general good of California, even though they haven't a chance in the world of returning a penny on the investment. As a result of this policy he frequently wakes up in the morning to find that one of his charitable donations has panned out in a sweet and whole-hearted manner and added embarrassingly to his bank roll.

It was Chandler who developed a violent all-pervading pain at the manner in which Los Angeles newspapers

(Continued on Page 234)



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TALES OF THE TURF

By L. B. YATES

The James River at Newport News, Virginia

THE nomenclature of race horses always appears to be a peculiar thing to outsiders. When Zev first came out and started manufacturing racing history, few people knew exactly what his name stood for, and most of them figured out that it was just a stable pet name. Then when Zev climbed farther up the ladder of fame and grew to the importance of having his name inscribed among the great ones of the American turf, investigation revealed that the mighty racer stands as an affectionate remembrance of Mr. Zeverly, a long-time friend of his owner, Mr. Sinclair.

Take the name Now-or-Never. How did he come by that name? Who gave it to him and why? It was, to say the least, out of the ordinary. But Now-or-Never came by his name honestly.

You see his grandmother's name—she was bred down in Tennessee—was Bye-and-Bye, and in the course of events a filly foal came into the family. The veteran owner looked her over, but did not think she had very promising speed lines.

"Well," he remarked to a friend, "she might race some day; just wait a while." His friend, being apt at nomenclature, jumped at the idea.

"Wait a while," he exclaimed. "A daughter of Bye-and-Bye! Call her Wait-a-While."

So this filly was brought up from Tennessee to the yearling sales and was purchased by the late A. J. Cassatt. She was not raced, but sent over to the breeding farm and in turn gave birth to a colt.

"Ah," said Mr. Cassatt. "Now we will have a real race horse and I've got a real name for him all ready. He is named Now-or-Never."

The Colonel's Two Spendthrifts

AND then there was the colt which the late Senator Hearst bought at auction for $39,000. She was bred down in Kentucky by Major Barak G. Thomas, and the senator named him in honor of his breeder, King Thomas. Strange as it may seem, the King never won a race.

Major Thomas' racing colors were, perhaps, the most peculiar ever paraded on the American turf. The cap, instead of being fashioned of silk or satin was made of aluminum; gold peak, and crown of silver-plated aluminum. When I visited his place, the good old major explained to me the reason for his racing colors.

"My sight is failing me," said the veteran, "but I can always see my horse when his cap glistens in the sunlight." I believe he is the only one who affected that style of racing livery.

Sarcasm sometimes plays a part in equine nomenclature. Some years ago in Kentucky there was the famous Elmendorf Thoroughbred farm owned by the late Daniel Sweigert. Colonel Sweigert was thrifty—not to say careful. He had the reputation of never planting a dollar where he thought two were not going to grow.

One day Mrs. Sweigert started out to Lexington on a shopping expedition. On her return that evening the old stud groom, while unloading her parcels, informed her that two of the brood mares had given birth to colt foals. The old colonel was standing by watching the unloading.

"Well, Mrs. Sweigert," he remarked—they always spoke to each other as Mrs. Sweigert and Mr. Sweigert—"well, Mrs. Sweigert, I think we should name one of the colts for you. We will call him Spendthrift."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Sweigert calmly, "and will you permit me to name the other one?"

"Why—ah—certainly, Mrs. Sweigert," stuttered the colonel, leaning both hands on his cane.

"Then I shall name him after you, Mr. Sweigert. We will call him Miser."

Spendthrift was a good race horse and has been one of the best sires the American turf ever knew. Miser was retired to the stud after his racing career was finished, but was nothing like so successful as Spendthrift.

Then there was a steeplechaser, Repeater, too, who seemed to be aptly named, because in addition to being the best timber topper of his year he was a son of Revolver, out of Regards—a little mouse-colored horse not any bigger than a minute, but a mighty performer between the flags. He won more money than any other horse of his time.

Repeater had a history. His first owner, after giving him a trial, did not seem to think much of him, because he came down and told the boys that he had just put a man in the race-horse business. When asked for details as to price and new owner, he volunteered this information.

"Just got thirty-five dollars for the little rascal," he chuckled. "Told the grocer Shields he would make a grand steeplechaser. Ha-ha! Guess he believed me, because he bought him."

Well, in the very next season, ridden by the good colored rider, Ben Pope, Repeater placed over $10,000 to his owner's credit, and would have commanded a good round figure at a time when race horses were not bringing very much. Yes, indeed, the grocer on the corner got put into the race-horse business all right, because you know he went ahead, onward and upward and wound up by owning such cracks as Logan, Advance Guard, Go-Between, the mighty Hermis and others.

Logan was purchased by Shields for something like $1200. It may have been less. He won nearly a hundred races in his career, most of the winning races being ridden by his owner's son, Willie Shields, numbering, I think, sixty or seventy. Logan was called "the Iron Horse," from his ability to run all distances and under all conditions. It is told how they shipped him once from St. Louis to San Francisco and raced and won a handicap two days after his arrival on the Coast.

Cyclone!

THOSE of us who were racing around St. Louis in 1906, the year of the terrible cyclone, witnessed a good many peculiar happenings. It was a great tragedy, of course—no one can minimize that; but the ridiculous side of it nevertheless crept into the picture.

A colored boy generally known as Henry had been attaching himself to various stables in whatever capacity he could make himself useful. We were over at the stables outside the race track when the big storm started coming up. Henry followed along talking to himself all the time. "Dar ain't no wind behind dat cloud," he ejaculated, as the big black clouds kept rolling toward us. "Dar ain't no wind behind dat cloud. I *tell* yo', boss, dar ain't no wind behind dat cloud!"

The advance guard of the storm came with an ominous rumbling and the lightning commenced to play in between the horses that were at the post in the chute for the three-quarter dash. Henry was evidently keeping his courage up by talking to himself. Then in the distance we could see buildings blown away, roofs being torn off, and the top of the grand stand just peeled away as if someone were rolling up a sheet of paper.

We sought the nearest shelter, which was back of the water jump, and lay there with several others who had preëmpted the same refuge. All at once a lull came in the storm and the wind momentarily died down. Henry lifted his head to view his surroundings and saw that he was lying close to no other than Frank James, who was one of the betting commissioners.

"Dat you, Mistah James?" shrilled Henry. "Is dat you?"

"That's me, Henry," replied Mr. James.

Henry groaned. "Dar's everything happening around here," he chattered, "an' you's been a mighty bad man in yo' day, Mistah James. I spects Ole Marster be 'bout lookin' fo' you now. Ise gwine!"

He rose and scuttled away from the vicinity of Mr. James like the scared rabbit that he was, having plenty of indications of speed.

Another colored brother performed a feat that would have put him on record as an athlete in any country in the world. The quarter stretch of the track was divided from the lawn by an iron fence about four and a half feet high. A couple of feet away was a privet hedge about the same height, and three feet wide. The colored citizen came racing along and seeing the barrier cleared it in one jump. I never saw such a jump before in my life.

Over at the electric-light track where they used to hold nightly meetings in which huge arc lights were strung all around the track so that horses and jockeys might be able to see their way, they had a lot of flimsy stables that were

(Continued on Page 58)

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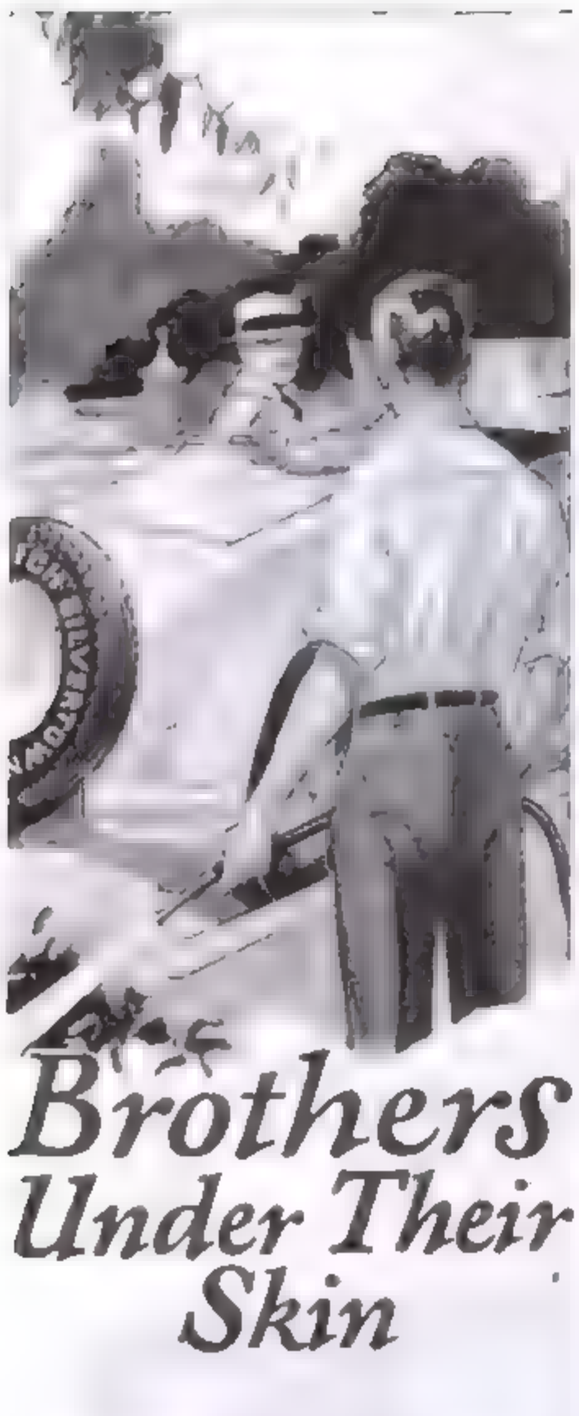

Brothers Under Their Skin

THERE is a spirit of comradeship among users of Goodrich products. The owner of Goodrich Silvertowns is delighted with their service, and likes to tell the other fellow—and he, in turn, has hauled out that Goodrich Garden Hose for so many seasons and found it still on the job, that he boasts a little too.

Get under the hide of a Silvertown or a length of Goodrich Hose and you will find that same pride of workmanship, that same super-excellence of materials.

Start right this year—see that your garden hose is Goodrich. Sturdy, easy to handle, proof against mauling and kinking, it is still live and water-tight long after other hose has been discarded.

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Get this valuable booklet on Lawns "How to Make and Care for a Lawn." Yours for the asking.

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Send me, no charge, your book on "How to Make and Care for a Lawn".

Name

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(Continued from Page 54)

just thrown together, and the big wind played havoc with them. The whole business was wrecked—horses and occupants of stables picked up bodily and carried away. One animal was landed in a haystack without a scratch, and the funny part of it was, this horse's name was Shooting Star.

All the regulars heard of this. It was a hunch to play Shooting Star, and they played him the next night until the books refused to take any more money. At that, they would not take so very much. The jock that rode Shooting Star could not be "seen" by anybody, although it was said he had been offered $200 to put on the brakes. Shooting Star won that race just galloping. The demonstration that followed might have led you to believe he had won the Suburban.

And talking about fast quarter horses, you never hear Harry Stover spoken of nowadays. He came from the old short-horse school, and owned the famous horse Kenilworth; also Edinburg and others that called for something in the old days. Stover made money, and in the final accounting passed over as the successful owner of the Petaluma track in California.

In the center field of this track was the old quarter-horse racing path. It is the last I have seen—possibly the last one in existence.

The greater part of Stover's money came after his acquisition of Kenilworth, and one time it was discovered that he didn't patronize any bank. He stored the money in empty tomato cans underneath the straw in Kenilworth's stall, but finally patronized a more regular institution.

He held regular race meetings at his home—all the regular officials and everybody. But no name was given for a secretary. Stover had been a poor owner himself and knew what their trials and tribulations were, and he also knew that any good horse starting on his track was liable to be claimed out of a selling race. He just wasn't going to stand for that. So whenever a man thought he saw a chance to make a dollar by annexing a horse out of a selling race, naturally he sought out Stover and wanted to register a claim.

"You'll have to see the secretary," Stover would reply briskly. "You'll have to see the secretary and make the claim regular."

"Where will I find him, Mr. Stover?"

"Oh," Stover would point out, "you'll find him, I guess, over at the clubhouse."

A Four-Legged Secretary

By and by the man who wanted to register the claim would come back and complain that there wasn't anybody at the clubhouse.

"Nobody at all?" Stover would say in surprise.

"Not a living thing—except a collie dog sitting on the steps."

"Oh, yes," Stover would agree. "Well, he's the secretary."

On his breeding farm, Stover had sixty or seventy brood mares. The records of most of them were jotted down on the covers of old ledgers. "They're all Thoroughbreds, anyway," he would say. His pedigrees, though, were eventually all straightened out to the satisfaction of everybody, including the Jockey Club.

Stover had a great many strong friends as well as some enemies. The hammer brigade always professed to think that he was endeavoring to steal something, but the only system Stover had was to get a horse ready, place him in company where he could win and, as he would say himself, "tell your rider to drive down there."

Talking about the petty larceny variety, he used to say, "Steal something, eh? There ain't no danger of those fellows stealing anything. If they fixed up a race over at one of the stables, every one of 'em would be trying to double-cross the other fellows before they got back to the grand stand."

I remember one time he had a little three-year-old in his stables which was still a maiden and a possible purchaser came along.

"Have you got any horses to sell, Mr. Stover?" he inquired.

"Sell anything I got," returned Stover—"anything I got. Just look 'em over and take your pick."

The stranger passed down the line and entered the stalls.

"How much for this one?"

"Oh," considered Stover, "that's a pretty good colt. Have to have a good price for that one. Ought to get $2000 for him."

The visitor shook his head.

"How much for this one?" entering another stall.

Driving Down There in Front

"Hum—I think pretty well of this bird. He showed me something that spells speed. Ought to market for about $2500. Nice colt. He's a nice colt—guess about the pick of the bunch."

The man backed out of the stall. "Well, then, how much for this filly?"

"She's a nice filly," admired Stover. "You can buy her for $150—and she's a nice filly, that's what I said."

"I guess she is," said the stranger, "but don't believe I want her." Then he walked away.

"Did you mean what you said about the chestnut filly when you priced her to that fellow?" breathlessly inquired a young enthusiast standing by.

"Sure," replied Stover.

"Well, I'd like to buy her."

Stover just put forth his hand, palm up and fingers curled.

"Give me some money," he drawled. "You've bought a race horse."

Two mornings afterward the new purchaser worked this filly through the stretch. She was fast enough to break a watch and he hastened to Stover.

"Why, Mr. Stover," he exclaimed, "I worked that filly a quarter this morning and she's got speed!"

"Well," Stover said in his characteristic manner, "that won't hurt her none, will it? But if I was you I'd keep a button on my upper lip. There's a race that'll about fit her next Saturday."

And on the next Saturday afternoon, starting against some of the speed marvels that they had up there, including Fairchance and Ontario Oregon, the little chestnut filly galloped home in front. The odds quoted in the books were twelve to one. Nobody thought she was much account, Stover having sold her so cheaply.

"You can always outgeneral those fellows," remarked Stover after the race. "You don't have to cheat. Just outgeneral 'em. Looks like I sold a cheap mare, eh? But when you come to consider it, I guess I got my price. Oh, yes, the Snake"—he always called himself jocularly the Snake—"the Snake got his! You can always win by driving down there in front."

Without a doubt he had a good bet down. Stover was a real rough diamond. Loyal to his friends and I don't think he cared enough about his enemies to consider them worth while.

There was another character of the old turf that I recall. His name was Larry Hart, a quaint old Irishman who used to race a big stable of horses, and quartered them back of the Brighton Beach race track. Well, Larry had grand names for all his horses anyway. Nothing less than a duke satisfied him. They all belonged to the royal family.

One time he had a horse called Duke of Leinster that he thought a good deal of. So much, indeed, that he entered him in a stake race against Tenny, who at that time was matched to run the big race against Salvator and was adding considerable history to the American turf. Then Larry started out to secure a jockey and finally succeeded in getting Marty Bergen, who was then one of the leading riders, to accept the mount.

There were only two starters in this race—Tenny and the Duke. Larry took Marty over under a tree in the paddock where the Duke was being saddled up.

"Now, Marty," he exhorted gravely, "you're going to ride the greatest horse you ever put a leg across in your life and I've got only one instruction to give you, Marty. Just lay with Tenny to the head of the stretch and then come on and win as far as you like."

Then the most astonishing thing happened. Marty Bergen laughed! Just threw back his head and laughed good and plenty. Old-timers say that is the only time this rider was ever known even to smile.

When I was a boy you could run into speed most any place. Over in Upper Canada, for instance, there was a roan pony called Rover Boy who had it to burn. He was not an aristocrat of the turf by any means, but he commanded an audience wherever they could run, and many is the time we boys around there knew that. As advertised, he did not have any pedigree, but like a great many other fast horses he surely did come from important beginnings, and Rover Boy was after all pretty well bred.

When we came to trace down his pedigree, we found out that he came of royal stock. He was by Trumpeter, a horse imported into Canada by an army officer who came over in the early days, and Trumpeter had been placed in the English Derby. Rover Boy's dam was by Don Juan, who won the first Queen's Plate ever run in Canada. It was called Her Majesty's Guineas then and was really only fifty pounds or $250. It has been increased materially since.

Don Juan, the first winner, was by Sir Taten Sykes, out of Yellow Rose—a grandly bred little horse. So you see this gray ghost Rover Boy had good blood in his veins and was licensed to run. As a boy I used to think he could run as fast as he wanted to, and at the small rings of the county fairs he could beat anybody that wore hair. He certainly trimmed all us boys and made us like it too. But we couldn't buy him. He was owned by an Indian girl—how she got him I don't know—but she stuck to her horse and as far as I know he never did change ownership.

Stripped for Action

I remember once I found myself in a rather tight place. I had made a match for a race and my horse bowed a tendon. The money was up and I knew my opponent would claim a forfeit, and as the match had been made without my horse having been named I hiked over to the Indian Reservation to see if I could borrow Rover Boy. He had been running out and his mane and tail were full of cockleburs, but I just had to have something, so I took him anyway. I promised the Indian girl a sealskin coat if he won his race.

Hold your horses, ladies! At that time in Canada, $150 would buy one, and real sealskin too.

When I got back home with Rover Boy and they saw the condition he was in they thought it was a grand joke, but they did, however, think better of the joke when Rover Boy won his race just running away. He could run easier and with less effort than any horse I ever saw.

I remember, too, a fast mare that was developed back of Hamilton, Canada, and her owners immediately made plans to match Rover Boy. They went out to Caledonia, which was near the reservation, and succeeded in making a match for $500 a side. In due course they arrived on the scene of action and when the time came to saddle up, their rider approached with a little postage stamp of a saddle over his arm. It didn't weigh over a pound and a half, fully rigged. Old Ike Davis, the Indian girl's father, looked at it and grunted. Then he retired to his own stable to lead Rover Boy out. When he reappeared, the pony was rigged in nothing but a surcingle—the two stirrups tied on. He was going to ride lighter than anybody.

(Continued on Page 58)

Just one bump in the road can spoil an entire trip, in damage to your car, or injury to yourself or your passengers ~~~ Gabriels ride you and your car *comfortably* over the bumps. They *pay* for themselves in a single tour. Ask for *improved* Gabriels with 4½ coils, *the only* Snubbers

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Gabriel Snubbers

4½ Coils—The only Snubbers in name and principle

(Continued from Page 56)

That Indian, Ike Davis, had the lightest rider I ever saw. I don't think the boy weighed over forty pounds. They said he was the girl's brother, but as she was fine-looking it did not seem possible. Anyway, he always rode Rover Boy when they ran him, and if anybody ever beat him I never knew it. He met all comers. It was said an Englishman imported a mare from the old country just especially to meet Rover Boy, and it was like a cart horse meeting Zev. Rover Boy just left the Englishman behind as if he were tied to a post.

And talking about the Queen's Plate, it had quite a history of its own. The horse Fred Henry ran for it many times, but never succeeded in winning. His owner kept him exclusively in the hope of winning this stake, but as far as history records it, he died a maiden. But he did come pretty close to it several times. He ran second three times in succession. On the first occasion that he acquired second honors he was beaten by a head in a desperate finish by Williams. Williams was owned by old John Halligan, who was kennel man for the Toronto Hunt, when Tim Blong, who used to ride the high jumpers, was huntsman. Tim made history with Roseberry and other famous horses. I guess he'd ride yet if they would let him.

But anyway, Williams won it and the aide-de-camp for the governor-general went on a still hunt for Halligan. I should tell you, perhaps, that the Marquess of Lorne and the Princess Louise were in Canada then, she being the wife of the governor.

"Holy murther!" ejaculated John. "Does the princess want to see me? Indade, I won't go a shtep."

"But you'll have to," commanded the aide-de-camp. "You must come! There's no getting out of it."

"Ah, that's terrible, that's terrible," grumbled John as he stumbled along, mopping his face with a big bandanna handkerchief. "What'll I say to the princess? What'll I say to her at all?"

He stumbled up the steps, following that august official, trying to collect his senses.

"I want to congratulate you on winning the Guineas," said the princess. "That's a fine horse you've got."

"Ah," groaned John, "it was a great struggle, Your Highness; it was a wonderful struggle—indade it was. And if I had two horses, Your Highness, do you know what I'd do?"

"Indeed I do not, Mr. Halligan," replied the princess kindly. "Now what would you do?"

"Well, Your Highness," continued John, "if I had two horses—but I haven't, Your Highness—but if I did have, I'd give the jockey that rode Williams one."

Having said his little say, John turned to go. But evidently he had forgotten something that was still on his mind and he turned quickly.

"Do you know where Williams got his name, Your Highness?"

"Why, no, I do not," replied the princess, smiling. "It's a good name, though, Mr. Halligan."

"Well, Your Highness, he got his name from Willie Williams, the sporting editor of the Toronto Globe. I named him that, Your Highness, and I couldn't name him for a better man or anybody that knows more about sport than he does!"

Old John was a booster to the last jump for his friends. There were plenty of characters on the turf in those days.

Now don't get the idea that you don't meet real horsemen over in Canada. Take Pete Gorman, for instance. He used to own Beachmore, Quito, and several other good ones. Well, he went over to the yearling sales a summer or two ago and bought an imported filly for a hundred dollars. Then Pete named her, with supreme optimism, Sure-to-Win. He hit the nail on the head, too, because the filly did gather in nearly $5000 for the little man from Ottawa, and I guess she is able to win yet.

Then there was Lelex, who ran second, I think, to Hindu in the Kentucky Derby and afterward bowed in both tendons. He had cost some good money as a yearling, but his earning capacity was regarded as over. Then War-Jig Jim Murphy gave him away. He went up to Canada and his legs were thoroughly frozen out in the snow there. In the following spring he came back to the races as good as new, and the late Dan Honig bought him out of a selling race for $2500. In the mud, Lelex was a darned hard horse to beat, and at the right weight and distance it is doubtful if there were many horses that could beat him.

There was also Master Charlie. He brought $1000 at the auction sale, and I believe Mr. Chin did not advise anybody to buy him. Still he won $95,925 in one season and I guess he is going yet.

Then there was Stimulus, who cost Marshall Field $4000; a good investment when you consider that he won $67,500 in one season.

Socrates was purchased for less than $2000 and won nearly $11,000 in his two-year-old form. Rockland Princess cost Mr. Lowenstein $500 and won $6,150. Maris Dattner cost Mr. McMillen $400 and won $5,640. Mary Dear, owned by Mrs. H. McQuade, cost $325 and won $4,790.

So goes the racing lottery. You might pay a fortune for a yearling and find out when put in training that he wasn't worth forty dollars, because no man is wise enough to know exactly what is concealed under the satiny coat of a Thoroughbred yearling race horse. They all look good in the ring. But the realization is sometimes different and that is where the real horseman plays a part. He, perhaps, cannot explain to you just why he thinks a colt is speedy from the lines he shows when he is led into the ring, but somehow or other he knows, or can make a pretty good guess. But often and often folks who visit the sales ring at Saratoga and purchase only on a guess are out of luck.

FROM THE DIARY OF A DRAMATIST

(Continued from Page 35)

neat accumulation of rags. His make-up was so perfect that it could not be detected even in the daylight. His attitude was so charming, so modest and so courageous that the police permitted him to use his broom in order to make a clean pathway across a generally muddy street. He never begged. He never by any chance whined. In fact, he never uttered a word except, perhaps, to say "Good morning," or "Good afternoon." He coughed a little now and then in a most realistic manner and seemed to be suffering from a steady attack of lumbago. Extremely anxious that the busy passers-by should be able to manipulate the crossing without getting their boots dirty, he was always intensely surprised and grateful for any small sum that might be forced upon him. He was so successful in conveying the impression that he was, at least, a retired colonel, or a man who once had possessed a beautiful country house, that he very soon surrounded himself with an atmosphere of romance. Old ladies, without a single lie from him, built him into a story more moving and pathetic than any appearing within covers in the local libraries. Business men who hurried from the stations in the morning and back to the stations at night were quite sure, by the time that he had become a familiar figure, that he was an ex-master of foxhounds or a Beau Brummell down on his luck.

No part that he ever played on the stage became him so well as the one that he played in life. It was, of course, a part which demanded a good physique. His was a drafty corner. Wet and fine, he held his place. His job was even more obviously paradoxical and pathetic when there was no mud to sweep away than when, on those rare occasions of decent weather, he made a path through the dust.

By these means he collected the quite unprincely salary of four or five shillings a day, and this enabled him at least to keep his end up, pay the rent of his very modest rooms and supply his family with mere necessities of life. When an engagement came along he disappeared from his post, of course, and was greatly missed. His return, after varying lengths of time, more and more shabby and feeble, but always with the same delightful smile, was a very welcome one. He pursued this scheme for several years, I believe; and when, at last, thankful for the opportunity of being in regular work, he accepted an appointment as local manager of a motion-picture theater outside Liverpool, he died. I mean he died so far as his crossing-sweeper part was concerned—remaining a mystery. It was lucky that he did not take with him into his more prosperous times a tendency to asthma or bronchitis, and it is to be hoped that his children grew up with his own inestimable faculty of snowing brown when they were unable to snow white.

The female members of the chorus in America, who have every right to call themselves actresses as well as to add the word "gymnast" to their qualifications, are frequently to be seen, when out of engagements, as ushers, as waitresses in restaurants and as manikins in the smart dressmakers' shops. It would be better for them, perhaps, if they stuck permanently to employment of that sort, with regular hours and regular wages, in which there is exercise enough. But the lure of the theater, once felt, is difficult to shake off, and whenever the opportunity offers back they go to the stage.

A Good Butler, On and Off

There are not many instances among well-known actors, as far as I know, of those who have set themselves to prosaic tasks during periods of unemployment. Art is a severe taskmistress and demands, or is given the reputation of demanding, the whole time and devotion of her votaries. There is, however, the case of one—for several years in great request—who played for me some years ago. A tall man with a large bland face and pompous features, an impressive manner and that strange cross between familiarity and respectfulness which is generally supposed to belong to butlers and valets—he had been cast for these particular parts in a series of comedies. In the eyes of both managers and agents he was the ideal type. Without the smallest trouble, therefore, he walked from theater to theater and from play to play as Judson or Simpson, Sunbury or Stagg. He was a well-educated man and his enunciation was perfect. His accent, too, was irreproachable, so that when it became part of his duty to drop an *h* the effect was staggering. He had a keen sense of fun, too, and could draw laughs from the most melancholy audiences by the mere raising of an eyebrow or the puffing out of his chest. He was sometimes called upon to make bricks without straw when the author had given him a rather skeleton part, and extremely good bricks he made. He was, in fact, a fine actor, and there is no doubt that he would have been a great success in larger and more important parts had he not started as a butler, been born to look like a butler and been doomed to remain a butler as long as he haunted the stage.

In my play he appeared in every act and with the surest touch achieved every one of his laughs. I had provided him with a longer part than usually fell to his lot and the critics gave him several lines of praise. I don't know whether these, or a growing sense of importance, brought on a swelled head, but I do remember that he disappeared for a time, having very unwisely refused any longer to play butlers because he considered that he was a good enough actor to be promoted from the pantry to the drawing-room. Every dog has his day, though, and even if he had been content to remain in servile rôles, the inexorable swing of the pendulum would have put him out of favor. It is the rule of the game.

A year or two later I wanted this man for another play. I applied to the various theatrical agencies in the usual way and was told that he was in work. It was, of course, easy enough to find another actor, and my disappointment faded out when he proved to be just the thing. One night, having passed through the convalescence that follows the illness of a first night, I went to dinner with a friend of mine who ran a particularly nice apartment a stone's throw from Hyde Park. He was a bachelor, a member of Parliament, a man who took himself very seriously, and was as clearly cut out for a cabinet post as the actor in question was to announce the fact that "Dinner is served, my Lord"; or that "Her Grace requests me to tell your Grace that her Grace is dressing for dinner." I could hardly believe my eyes when, in the perfect person who relieved me of my hat and coat, I immediately recognized the expert impersonator of stage butlers whom I had not been able to find.

He gave the whole apartment the same tone and *cachet* that he had given so often to so many society plays. With his inimitable art of deferential familiarity and slightly patronizing interest he caught my eye without a single tremor. He might have seen me before. He was, nevertheless, glad to see me because I was a friend of his master. He must have noticed my surprise at finding him in that place and position, but being an actor of long experience, he retained his kindly and canonical expression and turned to another guest. The thought immediately flicked through my mind as to which of the butlers' names he had selected from his collection of old programs. Was he Judson, Simpson, Sunbury or Stagg, to mention only a few? Or had he invented one that was more euphonious under which to masquerade in this part in actual life? My host quickly solved the point by addressing him as Jarvis. It appeared that he was doubling in his present play—playing the parts, that is to say, not only of butler but of footman and valet, and from time to time, probably, of messenger. He had never condescended to do so on the regular stage.

Engaged in Realistic Acting

I was immediately intrigued and full of admiration. With the help of a maid he conducted us through the dinner with the most impeccable rhythm and grace, moving from chair to chair and from course to course as silently as an Indian. He was generous with the wines, too, and placed a box of cigarettes upon the table at the exact psychological moment. I watched him out of the corner of my eye with an astonishment which grew from curiosity into respect, and the last of these sentiments was greatly cemented when presently I found an opportunity to speak to him alone.

In order to do this I invented a reason for using the telephone. This was in the hall. And it was while I was endeavoring to obtain a number which wasn't in the book that he came out of the sitting room and seemed to invite a friendly word by offering me a smile.

I accepted his invitation, held out my hand and said, "How are you, my dear fellow? They told me you were engaged." Whereupon he nodded, winked and showed a flash of teeth.

(Continued on Page 63)

Two Weeks Are Not Enough

Two brief weeks of vacation out of the fifty-two are hardly enough to keep the average man in the pink of health. Lack of exercise and lack of balance in his diet are apt to cause faulty elimination unless he take an "Ounce of Prevention" against it.

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We should like you to have copies of two Frigidaire books; recipes for delightful frozen desserts, and a book of prize-winning kitchens equipped with Frigidaire. Send to us, or ask for them at any Frigidaire display room.

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(Continued from Page 58)

"Yes," he said. "Very much engaged, and so far as I can see, this play is likely to continue, bar the inevitable accident of death, into a record-breaking run."

I said, "But, tell me, have you retired from the stage?"

"Oh, no," said he. "But, you see, the stage retired from me. I had to do something when I couldn't get work, and having done nothing but buttle during my theatrical career I conceived the idea of carrying my stage experience into private life. Of course my salary is greatly reduced, but I have a very comfortable room and a most distinguished address. In addition to which, my clothes are found, and I have a night off every week. I was on the verge of starvation when I answered your friend's advertisement for a butler and I have been very happy here. A better way of living, I think, than that of hanging about agents' offices and borrowing money from reluctant friends, undergoing the humiliations of being dunned by a landlady and tradesmen and all the rest of it." I agreed, and with a certain amount of wonder asked what references he gave.

He laughed at that and said, "The best. I had only to submit a list of the names of the titled people whom I had served in a list of plays. And a pretty long list it is. The rest was easy and I made it my business to play Jarvis even better than those parts in which I earned the flattering comments of every London critic. They will never have an opportunity of seeing me in this part. They are not by way of visiting this house. It's rather out of their beat." Seeing that I needed a match with which to light my cigarette, this wise, honest and practical man immediately reassumed his butlership in the most efficient way.

As I was leaving that night, he came out of his part again for a moment when he was handing me my hat. Under his breath he said to me, "I know that I can rely upon you to keep this dark, old man."

I nodded and said, "Of course."

A Player of Dual Rôles

A year or so later I saw him on the stage again in a play by a friend of mine. He was a butler once more and his name was Banbury. It suited him as well, I thought, as all the others had done. It seemed to me that he had put on flesh and had gained a double chin. I was very curious to know whether he had grown tired of his job in Mount Street and had been drawn back to the theater by its irresistible call. So at the end of the play I went behind the scenes and tapped on his dressing-room door. He was extremely glad to see me and immediately answered my unspoken question in the following words:

"Your friend, my master, has gone abroad for six months, and while I have all my evenings to myself I saw no reason why I shouldn't pick up a little velvet on the side, in a ducal house on the stage. If this play is still running when he comes back I must resign, of course. I carry on my duties in the daytime and I'm going to marry the cook."

Two years later I dined again in Mount Street. After dinner I worked it so that I should be alone with Jarvis for a moment. It was then that he handed me a snapshot of a fat little baby boy.

"Son and heir," said he, with a beaming smile. "And you can make a bet about one thing. He'll never go on the stage." This was the incident which, with several variations, gave me the idea for The New Poor. In that play, you may remember, I made three out-of-work actors impersonate a butler and two footmen in the house of a tired business man. More unbelievable things happen in life than ever come out of the imagination of the most fertile dramatist.

I knew of another actor who never by any chance indulged in the habit of resting. He was a man who had come to London after having played for several years on tour. He was a little fellow with a face like India rubber. It was as easy for him to play the parts of very old men as those of beardless boys. With equal ease and several sticks of grease paint he could be as convincing as a distinguished lawyer, doctor, squire or politician, as a querulous old gardener, a dried-up coachman or the sort of village shopkeeper who, when asked in the second year of the war why his son had not enlisted, replied, "Me and my good wife have decided to remain neutral."

It goes without saying that this man, so versatile and so enthusiastic, was in great request. For several years, in fact, he could not get an opportunity of resting, even if he were anxious to do so. Having seen the humiliations and privations which followed his brothers and sisters of the craft into unemployment he made up his mind to insure himself against similar horrors by building up a business on the side. He knew very well that in the natural order of things his luck would change, and he was determined never to go round with the hat or live on the charity of friends. As soon as he got into London, therefore, he started making a book, which, translated into less technical English than that of horse racing, meant that he accepted bets at whatever were the official odds and established himself as a turf commission agent—commonly known in England as a bookie. It was very amusing to see this little man in the rather flashy clothes in which he made up for the part that he played off the stage. His only room, in Shaftesbury Avenue, was what he called his office. Large and comfortable, with the bed hidden behind a screen on which were pasted the photographs of innumerable jockeys, and with colored prints of race horses all over his walls, he began his day's work early with the aid of the telephone. When commissions were slack he would go out and look for business. He would pop into the various actors' clubs and haunt the spots, from eleven o'clock until two, where resting actors forgathered.

Merry and bright, with a vast fund of stories, he was very greatly liked. In addition to which, he was honest and was never known to default. As his capital was a small one and his clients far from rich, it goes without saying that his bets were made in silver—though when an outsider romped in unexpectedly they were necessarily paid in gold. Once or twice, especially during those times when he was drawing no salary, he was faced with a stern financial crisis and was obliged to ask to be allowed to hold over his payments. It was after one of these bad spells that he enlarged his business and was to be seen dodging in and out of alleyways and public houses, taking the bets, in pennies and sixpences, of postmen, potmen, newspaper boys, bootblacks, bus drivers, taxi drivers, and even, it must be confessed, of policemen, who, though dressed in a little brief authority, are very human indeed. Up one day and down the next, this indefatigable little man, as good an actor off the stage as he was upon it, managed to keep his head above water and pay his way.

Precarious Vacations

In England it is the habit of the young members of the profession who have been in musical comedy to fill in their time during the summer at the various seaside resorts. They band together, call themselves The Scarlet Runners or some other amusing name, and work as Pierrots in tents and huts. With a comedy merchant as ripe as a Stilton cheese, a languishing leading juvenile who sings sentimental songs, a girl as much like Beatrice Lillie as any that can be found, and several others who are capable of giving imitations of well-known actors and actresses, they work very hard indeed, performing in the morning, the afternoon, and evening after dinner.

The more ambitious of these troupes give their variety entertainments in an inclosure which can be open to the sky or closed to it, according to the weather. In this there is a wooden shed with a workable stage and footlights, and the price of the seats runs anywhere from a shilling to half a crown. If the resort is popular and the entertainments are varied, sufficient money is taken to enable the troupe to live fairly respectably from June to the end of August, when the holiday season ends. Imitating the well-known methods of the Coöptimists, who have brought the Pierrot form of entertainment to a very high point indeed, they frequently give a charming and delightful show and become great favorites with not only the children and the flappers, but the grown-ups, by whom they are invariably addressed by their Christian names.

The more modest of these troupes, unable to afford to pay a rental for a permanent pitch, give their nightly performances in the open air on the beach and then hand round the hat. They rely upon the generosity of their audiences to reward their efforts to please. Entirely at the mercy of the weather, they are unable to form any sort of estimate as to their weekly earnings. I knew of one such troupe which averaged no more during the whole of a summer season than eight pounds a week, and this, divided among six people, meant the simple life for them all. The leading juvenile of these itinerants afterward had the good luck to be engaged to play at Daly's Theater and is now drawing a salary larger than that of the Lord Chief Justice himself. There was a young chorus girl in another who was seen by a London manager, and given a small part by him in one of his theaters in town. At the end of the year she was promoted to the leading part and eventually married a peer.

Hamlet of the North Countree

There is the case, too, of a young man, who, like one of Wells' heroes, began his career by selling collars and socks, ties and shirts in a haberdasher's shop. Not only was he a born actor, but he was possessed of a John Barrymore profile and extremely romantic hair. With these inestimable advantages, what more natural than that he should gravitate to the stage? An earnest and painstaking person, he studied elocution after business hours and, with the patience of an opera singer, memorized the whole of Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Twelfth Night, As You Like It and the rest. Earning less on the stage than he made by standing behind the counter, he very quickly became a great favorite in the Smalls of England in the Shaksperean touring company into which he had the good fortune to break on the strength of his handsome face. He had fire and enthusiasm, in addition to undoubted good looks, but, unfortunately, he was handicapped by an extremely broad north-country accent which, notwithstanding the most violent efforts to eradicate it, remained with him and became stronger in his moments of ecstasy.

This made it impossible for him ever to hope to become a London actor and so he was doomed to make the rounds, year by year, of the minor towns. He had a soul above buttons, however, and although he did no more than rake in a harvest of bar-ren regrets, he preferred to play Hamlet in one-eyed places than to walk on in London comedies carrying a silver tray.

In the summer, when his company had disbanded, he conceived the idea of keeping his head above water by giving Shaksperean readings in various provincial towns. With unbobbed hair and dressed in a Shaksperean costume, he would strut out of his public house in the evening and take up a stand beneath a lamp-post in the market place. The mere sight of him in such odd garments would immediately attract the curiosity of all the passers-by. To these he would then hand out a leaflet upon which it was stated that he was the actor upon whom had descended the mantle of Macready, and that as soon as a big enough crowd had collected he would raise his mellifluous voice, marred by a Newcastle burr, and proceed to deliver himself of the principal scenes from whichever of the

Watch This Column

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JEAN VALJEAN of "LES MISERABLES"

Everybody I have ever talked to loves the works of Victor Hugo. They are invariably intensely dramatic and full of absorbing interest. Universal's unprecedented success with *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"* is a noted example of the great writer's popularity.

And now comes that other Hugo classic, *"Les Miserables,"* laid in France at the time the nation was waking from its nightmare of horror. The picture, which was produced in France, I am pleased to entitle a Universal Film de France Triumph, because Universal will release it in this country and is now preparing it for an extraordinary showing.

I am pleased to tell you that this is regarded as the most stupendous production Europe has ever seen. It is cast almost entirely with French players of renown, headed by M. GABRIEL GABRIO who plays "Jean Valjean" and also the part of "M. Madeleine." The female lead is by MME. SANDRA MILOWANOFF who plays the dual rôle of Cosette and Fantine. The direction was by M. Louis Nalpas and the adaptation by Henri Fescourt.

I specially commend to your consideration HOUSE PETERS in *"Combat,"* a fighting story of the far North lumber camps, a heroic character which you will admire and love. I am also anxious that you should see REGINALD DENNY in *"What Happened to Jones," "Skinner's Dress Suit"* and *"Rolling Home."* Likewise HOOT GIBSON in *"Chip of the Flying U"*; and our other excellent productions *"His People," "The Cohens and Kellys," "The Still Alarm,"* and that great epic of the West, *"The Flaming Frontier."*

Please write me your opinion of any Universal you see. It will help me amazingly. If you want me to do so I will let you know what theatres in your territory show Universal pictures. Anyway, write.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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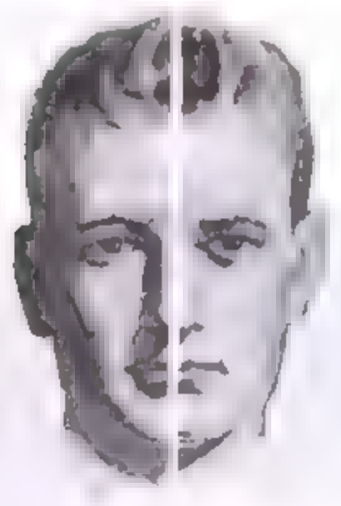

EAST WEST

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Let's get right down to brass tacks. I know Mennen Shaving Cream is the finest beard softener on the market. I've tried 'em all—had 'em analyzed—had 'em tested. But I want to convince *you*.

Here's the proposition. Tonight get a big tube of Mennen's at the drugstore—for half a dollar. (This, however, is not a condition of the traveling bag contest.)

Tomorrow morning, lather one side of your face with the cream, stick or soap you're using now. Rinse off the brush. Lather up on the other side with Mennen Shaving Cream. Then *shave*.

If you can't feel the difference instantly—if you don't find that on the Mennen side you've got the cleanest, quickest, most comfortable shave you've ever had in your life—why send back the used Mennen tube and I'll refund the money you paid, postage included.

Millions of men know that Mennen's takes the fight out of the wirest set of whiskers. The razor swishes through in record time. No pull or scrape. It's a quick, clean shave that *stays shaved* all day long. And I don't mean *maybe* . . . .

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By the way, Mennen Skin Balm is the finest after-shaving treat ever invented. You ought to give it a try. A little squeeze gives you a wonderful, tingly, cool freshness. Tones up skin—removes face shine. Astringent—reduces pores. Greaseless, absorbed in half a minute. Comes in big tubes. Nothing to break or spill. 50 cents.

And, of course, don't forget that we make Mennen Talcum for Men.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

Here is another chance to win a magnificent $50 traveling bag

Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below The most interesting answer wins the bag Contest closes July 17 I am the judge Watch for next contest in an early issue.

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What do you find the best after-shaving *preparation and* why?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, Jim Henry Contest, 341 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.

bard's immortal plays he felt in the spirit to choose.

I came across him one night in Dundee, standing in the fine old square in the midst of an open-mouthed group. A befeathered hat was placed within a few yards of his feet and into this his canny listeners pitched small coins as a reward for one of the most admirable interpretations of Hamlet that I had ever heard. At the end of his performance, interrupted frequently by the passing of carts and cars, he had collected the vast sum in pennies of something under three shillings. He told me so with a wry smile, and when I invited him to join me for supper he sketched with a certain ironic humor the story of his summer struggles.

It appeared that he walked from village to village and town to town, carrying his costume in a knapsack, which also contained a toothbrush, a cake of soap and a comb with which to arrange his long poetic locks. When times were very bad he passed the night under haystacks or made a warm place for himself in the corner of a shed. When things went better he occupied a bed in a village inn and bought tobacco with which to load a very friendly pipe. As he marched along the country roads he spouted Shakspere to the quite indifferent birds, evoking the loud guffaws of shepherds and farm hands and the girls who worked in cabbage patches, who considered that he was daft. It must, indeed, have been somewhat surprising for them to have heard "To be or not to be" on the other side of a hedge, or Hamlet's address to the players uttered in a loud and resonant voice in the middle of a sunny and prosaic morning.

When Clothes Made the Man

He told me that sometimes he was followed by a little gang of roughs and then was called upon to show that he was a hefty man, as well as a spouter of verse, by hitting out with his left. On the whole, however, he was treated rather well, especially in those places whose inhabitants had become familiar with his readings and looked forward to his yearly appearances with pleasure and delight. His face was not paled o'er with the sickly cast of thought because he caught the sun, and the splendid exercise acquired by walking long distances made him more like an athlete than an actor any day. When the war broke out he returned, I was told, to his native city and joined up immediately; and although he had, of course, to shed his valuable locks, he was in great request, after strenuous days of training, as Shakspere's interpreter. He would raise his voice on route marches and give forth the gorgeous lines of the bard, which he knew by heart and soul, and in this way afforded great delight both to officers and men. He made a splendid soldier, and, like George Osborne, at Waterloo, and so many others who took up arms and became crusaders in 1914, fell face downward with a bullet through his brain.

Of the remaining instances that come to my mind, one is of a certain young actor who, on the strength of his appearance, charming manners and infectious chuckle, was given a line or two to speak on the London stage some years before the war. He not only wore very excellent clothes but being tall and well set up he wore them excellently well. Having no other money than that acquired from his intermittent engagements, there came a time when he owed his tailor a rather lengthy bill. The patience of the London tailor is proverbially good, but when, one day, this ran out and he was threatened with a writ, he conceived the notion of hiring himself to the firm in question as a walking advertisement.

After some consideration and a short discussion of terms he became a male manikin, and went about London for several years, whether engaged or not, looking as though he had stepped out of a bandbox, faultlessly attired. It was his practice to haunt the bars of the fashionable hotels, show himself up and down Piccadilly at the right time of day, stand on the steps of the junior clubs, attend the cricket matches at Lord's and hang about railway stations at the hour when the suburban trains were leaving at night with their cargoes of business men. In all these places he showed himself off, the *dernier cri* among dandies. Whenever he caught the gaze of a man who appeared to be interested, he went forward with a pleasant smile and handed a card on which the name of his tailor was printed and the prices duly set forth. His manners were nice, his air was modest, and when the presentation of his pasteboard was received in a pleasant spirit, he then recited a pæan of praise of the workmanship of his employers and described exactly where their place of business was to be found.

He was perfectly frank to the people with whom he managed to converse and always told them who he was and why he was pursuing that method of adding to his precarious salary. Eventually, with constant practice, he brought this strange method of earning a living to so high a pitch of perfection that he was placed on a commission basis and did very well indeed. Every evening at six o'clock he made his way back to the point from which he started in the morning and shed himself of his exhibition garments and got back into his own. He wore every sort of garment necessary to a male wardrobe, with their appropriate hats, and became a well-known figure in the London streets. Not only did he acquire the reputation of being the best-dressed man in town but attained many a minor engagement from the fact that he dressed so well.

Most Methodical Madness

He was not a very good actor and had only gone on the stage because he had never been brought up to earn his living in one of the professions. Before the war he came to the conclusion that he was doomed to play small parts and joined the tailors whose suitings he had displayed so tactfully as a member of the firm. He is now a fat and substantial man with a wife and family, and is to be seen daily, with a tape measure hanging round his neck, waiting on customers in the shop from which he was long ago in the habit of getting his clothes on tick. If the stage has lost in him a very decorative figure, life has gained an honest and ingenious man, who invents from time to time those slight differences in male garments which cause so great a sensation in the mind of the well-dressed man.

The remaining case is one of which I was told the other day. It is of a young actor who disappeared from his Broadway haunts and was presently discovered by two brothers of the hare's foot in a lunatic asylum. Much shocked at this man's bad condition they called one afternoon to see him and found him very mad. When, however, the attendant was called away and they were left alone, the actor in question turned to his very good friends with a perfectly healthy smile.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I'm perfectly all right. Just filling in the summer, nothing worse."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 50)

"Not the least of his success, either, has been due to his broad democracy of spirit. He's at home with anyone and intensely human with all. He tells some very amusing stories on himself. One day he was driving through the countryside in a flivver. He has many large, powerful and fashionable cars, but he often toots off in his faithful lizzie like an old-time prince, incognito. On a deserted roadside he found a big handsome touring car stalled, well-dressed ladies in the plush back seat, and a gentleman swearing not too softly under the upraised hood. Mr. Ford summarily halted Iizzie, got out and politely asked if there was anything he could do to help. The man lifted his freshly begreased hands with an air of despair and pointed to the mute engine. Ford tinkered a minute—only a slight adjustment was needed—and the motor purred off like a newly awakened kitten. The man opened his wallet and handed a dollar bill toward Mr Ford, who waved it back

"'Go on, it's worth more than that to have that blamed thing fixed.'

"Mr. Ford refused again.

"'Why won't you take it?'

"'Got too much money now,' he said laconically as he got back into his namesake car.

"'What! Too much money and riding around in a flivver!'

"Mr. Ford smiled and drove on. The man never did learn who he was.

"He's doing that sort of thing right along. Another time he was out riding in lizzie again and stopped to pick up a bum who was walking along the roadside. They got talking, and Ford sized the man up as a thorough vagabond, yet with something of good behind it all.

"'Think I can get you a job when we get to Detroit.' So without telling who he was, Ford led the fellow into his personnel department and had him hired with explicit instructions that if Bill wanted to leave he personally must be told about it. Bill soon learned that his erstwhile friend of the road was none other than the big boss of one of the greatest factories of the world, for he saw Mr. Ford from time to time around the plant. About spring the soles of Bill's feet began to itch for the dusty highways. He came to his immediate boss and said he had to leave; he had a sister in Montana who was very sick and he must see that she was properly taken care of. The boss retailed this to Mr. Ford, who made answer:

"'Go back and tell Bill that we will wire to engage a trained nurse and the best doctors that can be got to take care of his sister'

"That held Bill for a week, when he returned and said it wouldn't do because his sister wanted to see him and he had to go.

"'Tell Bill,' Mr. Ford replied, 'that I will hire a special car with nurses and doctors to bring his sister here to Detroit so that he can be near her.' And he would do it too!

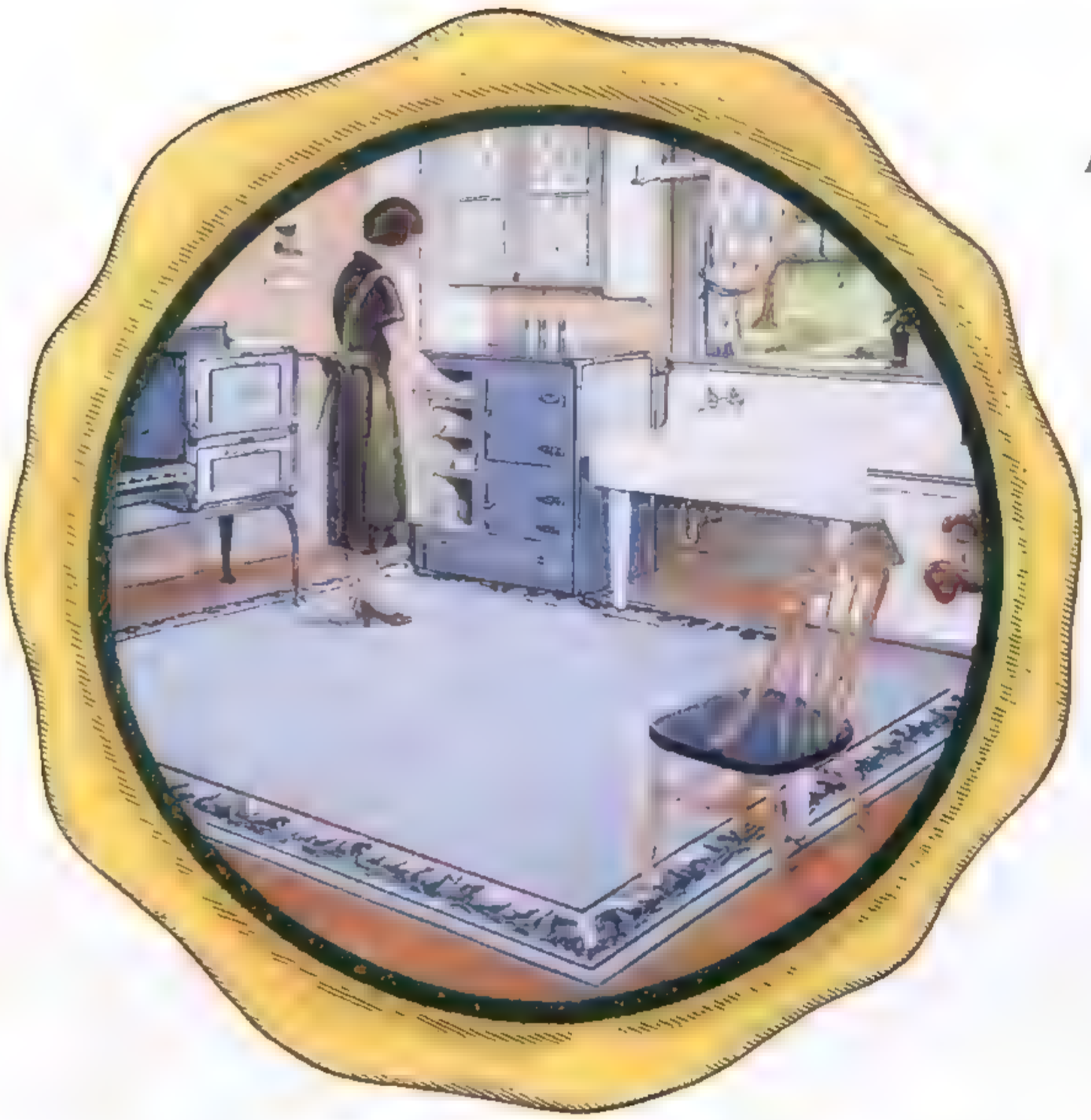
"Bill lasted another week; then he came back and said it was no use, his sister just wouldn't consent to it, he'd have to go to her. At this stage Mr. Ford went to see Bill himself.

"'Bill, if you leave, I'll spend all my money having you trailed and have you locked up for vagabondage in every town you hit. Now look me straight in the eye. You haven't got a sister, have you?'

"'No,' confessed Bill.

"'I thought maybe you hadn't, but if you had, I'd have done everything I said. It's nothing but the hobo in you coming back. Get busy and break up this wanderlust and make a man of yourself.'

"Today Bill is married, has two mighty fine children and a mighty good job. Small wonder there is loyalty, respect and industry in the Ford factory. No man can greatly succeed who does not like and understand men, whether these be his fellow men or his own workmen, for man is the motive power of all business. Without good men the finest equipment, machinery and unlimited capital cannot succeed. And these are not born, thank goodness! Stubborn stick, hard work and responsibility alone develop them. Ford has been truly wise in seeing the profound importance of maintaining good men around him and bringing them out." —Hiram Blauvelt.



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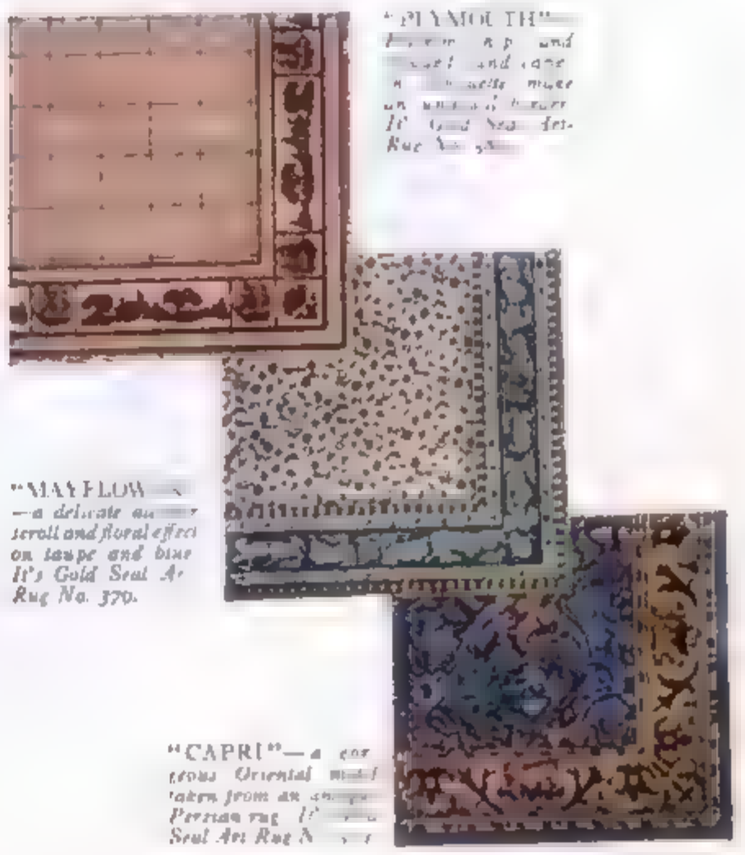

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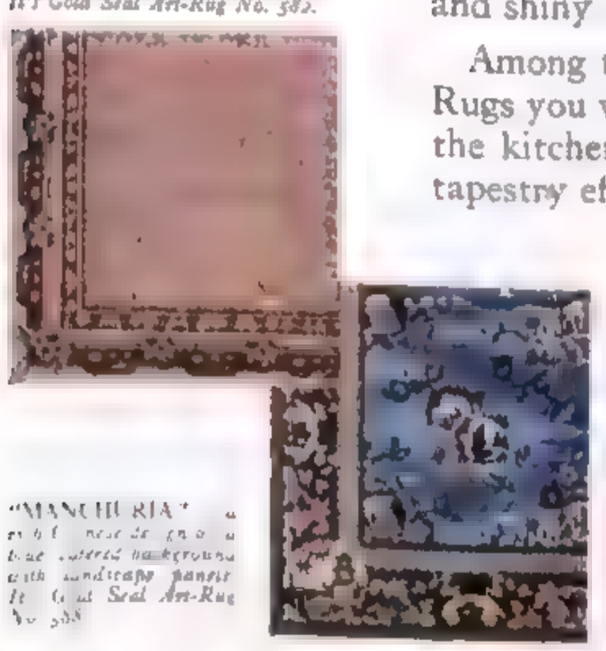

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THE DREADFUL NIGHT

(Continued from Page 33)

fire, pressing against the older woman. Outside, the wind was increasing in violence, lashing among the branches of the trees; they could hear the water rebound against the mole before the house, and the windows rattled in their casings. The house, so quiet within, was surrounded by vast tumult.

And after a moment Nell said nervously, "He couldn't get here, a night like this, unless he's got a mighty good boat."

"I'll tell you," Newbert suggested. "I'll take you two ashore, to some friend's house; and then I'll come back and keep an eye out for him here."

Molly shook her head. "We've only small boats and canoes," she explained. "The motorboat is out of water." She added, "Besides, I'm not going to run away. I'm not really afraid."

"I am," Nell asserted stoutly, "and I don't care who knows it."

Newbert said reassuringly, "There's no real chance of his turning up here. But if he does I'll undertake to handle him. You don't need to worry."

Nell looked at him. "Have you a pistol?" He shook his head, and she swung to Molly. "Get Paul's pistol for him, Molly."

Molly hesitated, and Newbert asked, "Where is it?"

"Upstairs," Molly explained, "in my room." She looked up toward the balcony that ran around the living room, and it seemed to her a shadow moved there, quick as light. The living room rose to the very roof and the shaded lamps on the table shed no light so high. The upper part of the great chimney was half invisible in the gloom there.

Molly stared with wide eyes, trying to see again that moving shadow among the shadows; and Nell asked, "What's the matter, Molly?"

They all looked up toward the balcony, watching and listening.

And they all heard, vaguely, indefinitely, a little whisper of sound; a squeak, remote, seeming to come perhaps from the corridor that ran toward the rear of the house on the second floor; and Nell ejaculated, "What was that?"

Molly shook her head. "I didn't hear anything."

"I heard a step," Nell insisted. She looked at Newbert. "Didn't you?"

"Oh, a house as big as this is full of little noises," he reminded her, and he rose abruptly. "I'll go get the pistol," he offered, "if you'll tell me where it is."

"I'll have to get it," Molly replied. She rose. "It's upstairs," she said hesitatingly. In her movement she dislodged the book on the arm of the seat and it fell to the floor with an impact disconcertingly loud. Newbert picked it up. Nell had been startled into a low cry, and Molly laughed and said in an amused tone, "Isn't it absurd the way things happen, when you're nervous anyway, to scare you?"

"I'll tell you," Newbert suggested. "Why don't you two go to bed—lock yourselves in your room? I'll stick around. I'm not planning to sleep much for a while anyway."

Molly said whimsically, "There isn't a room that we can lock up, really; and they all have big windows. I don't feel at all like going to bed."

"I couldn't sleep a minute," Nell agreed.

Newbert considered. "We can fasten the outside doors anyway," he suggested. "I'll just make the rounds and do that. Then we might all go upstairs somewhere. It's so darned public in this room, with the windows bare." He chuckled. "I feel like a bug under the microscope. We can leave the lights on down here, and then we'd see anyone that came in."

"There's a master switch in our bedroom," Molly told him. "I can light lights all over the house from there."

"Fine," he assented. "And then if the wind goes down, and you want to, we can take a boat and get out of here." He rose. "Mind if I look around?" he inquired.

Molly and Nell followed him. They faced the dark arch that led to the billiard room, and Molly told him what lay beyond.

"There are French doors on either side," she explained, "and an outside door to the left, in the closet beyond the dining room; and then on the right you go through the pantry into the kitchen."

"We'll go with him," Nell suggested quickly.

And Newbert said, "All right, let's stick together."

Molly fumbled for the button that illuminated the billiard room. "I'll turn on the lights," she offered.

But he said, "No, don't do that. If we're in the dark we can see out better. I thought I'd look around." He uttered a low exclamation, then laughed. "This closet door's open," he explained. "It swung a little and touched my hand—startled me."

The arch where they stood was in darkness, shadowed by the chimney which cut off the direct rays of the lamp. The two women stood in the archway while he went around the billiard table to the door on the north side. They could see, dimly, his attentive figure standing there; and after a moment they heard him turn the latch and try the door to make sure it was secure. Then he crossed to the south door; and it seemed to Molly she discovered a sudden rigidity in his posture as he approached it, a slowing of his gait, a stealth in his bearing. Abruptly he whispered something which they could not hear.

And then, with a movement swift and ferocious, he had flung wide this door and leaped through it and disappeared into the darkness outside. They heard him crash into the thicket there, and heard him cry out menacingly; and then there was a louder crash, and utter silence fell.

While they stood paralyzed a vagrant current of air caught the door through which he had gone and swung it shut with a resounding bang; and they clung, trembling, in the archway there.

VII

AT THE moment when Newbert thus wrenched open the south doors and plunged out into the thicket, the big house was for the most part dark; only the veranda light on the north side was still burning, and the lamp on the table before the hearth in the living room. But the thick chimney so completely shadowed the arch between living room and billiard room that Molly and Nell felt themselves somewhat sheltered and secure in this darkness. When Newbert opened the door they had instinctively moved forward a pace; when the door slammed shut so resoundingly they recoiled and remained rigid there, watching with staring eyes for his return.

But through the glass of this south door and through the windows on that side they could see nothing at all. On the north, the veranda light cast some radiance; the birch trees outside were ghostly white in its rays as they bowed and swayed in the wind. But on the south the undergrowth was more dense; the evergreens cast heavy shadows and it was impossible for the eye to pierce the gloom. So the two stayed where they were; and Nell clung to Molly with fingers which gripped painfully; and Molly, though she was trembling, tried to steady her thoughts and to decide what might be done.

She cast, once or twice, a look around them; had an instinctive desire to draw back into some stronghold. But there were on every side wide windows, unlocked doors; the whole house was singularly vulnerable. She remembered how this door through which Newbert had gone had slammed upon his heels; and she thought this must mean that there was, somewhere, an open door or window through which had come a pressure of air. She tried to remember what windows she and Dill had left open that afternoon, and she regained some measure of composure in this exercise, fruitless though it proved to be. There were open windows in her bedroom, but that door was closed. Elsewhere, she convinced herself at last, everything was secure.

Nell was babbling at her side; and Molly could hear the girl's teeth click together.

"Don't!" she whispered. "Don't, Nell! Don't be frightened!"

Nell managed an unsteady laugh. "I'm not afraid, really," she protested. "But my teeth are and my knees are."

"He isn't after you," Molly reminded her. "You haven't got his emerald."

"I'm not afraid for myself," Nell explained. "But I—I hate anything happening to Jim. And something has, Molly—something has."

"He probably saw someone," Molly argued, "and he's chasing him."

Nell shook her head. "No, no," she insisted. "No, he's out there on the ground. I know he is. Didn't you hear him fall?" She stirred. "Let's go out, Molly."

Molly hesitated, drew back. "Out there!"

"We've got to help him," Nell insisted. "He came here to look after us, and we've got to stick by him, Molly." Inaction had left her shaken with fear, but the prospect of doing something nerved her; she grew momentarily bolder. "I'm not going to stay here!" she cried.

"Wait!" Molly whispered. "Wait, I'll turn on the porch light. Then we can see out." She crept back, and Nell followed her; and Molly found the button and pressed it, and the light on the south veranda glowed. But neither of them was willing to appear in silhouette against the living-room door there; they withdrew and rounded into the billiard room again and crept toward one of the wide windows, kneeling on the window seat to peer out into the night. Paul's bag of golf clubs lay there on the seat and Nell felt them and drew out one of the clubs and gripped it in her hands.

"I'm going out, Molly," she whispered. "I'm going to take this and go out there. Take a club and come with me. We can't leave Jim ——"

Molly was looking out of the window. The rays from the porch light lanced through the thicket from the side, illuminating a spot here and there, deepening in other places the shadows.

"I can't see him," Molly protested. "I can't see him anywhere."

Nell hesitated, stopped just inside the door, scanning the underbrush. The ground on this side had never been cleared; there was a tangle of rosebushes and low shrubs, wild and uncontrolled, between the house and the path which ran along the shore. The two remained for a little thus intent; and it was Nell at last who called, softly yet eagerly, "There, Molly!"

Molly at the same moment had discovered movement, had seen something stir upon the ground; something vague and indeterminate, moving ever so slowly. But this slow movement proceeded; the moving thing took form; she cried abruptly, "He's there, on the path, Nell!"

And at the word Nell wrenched open the door and took a swift step outside, and Molly came on her heels. On the doorstep the two paused, looking all about them. Nell gripped Paul's putter in her two hands; but Molly had forgotten to select a weapon. They watched, and they saw Newbert get laboriously to his feet, and he came uncertainly toward them, swaying.

The light struck his face and there was blood across his cheek; he turned vague eyes upon them, and Nell ran to his side and caught his arm.

"Are you all right, Jim?" she demanded.

He looked at her in a dull fashion, mumbled something, and she shook at his arm. "Are you all right?" she persisted. "What happened to you, Jim? You're hurt, Jim! Are you hurt much? Are you all right?"

To see him thus in distress acted as a stimulant upon them both, awakening in each the nursing instinct, the instinct to mend hurts and tend wounds and minister to misfortune. Molly took his other arm, said to Nell, "He fell, I think. He banged his head. Let's get him into the house. Don't try to make him talk, Nell."

Nell looked back to the spot where they had first seen him. "He tripped over one of those rocks," she guessed. "Probably hit his head when he fell." She spoke to Newbert tenderly: "Come, Jim. You're all right now."

They had each, in fact, for a moment the feeling that now all was well; the immediate urgency of caring for Newbert thrust into the background those impalpable terrors which had a few moments before harassed them. So they moved with him toward the door of the billiard room and got him inside, half supporting the man; and when they were within the door Molly left her post at his side to run and switch on the lights here, and she came back, saying, "Let's get him into the kitchen. There's hot water there."

Jim spoke intelligibly for the first time. "He got away," he said. "He ran away."

"Never mind, Jim; never mind now," Nell urged. "We'll have you fixed up in a minute."

He stumbled on the steps that led up to the dining-room level and they had to support him; and they swung to the right toward the pantry doors and through, Molly pulling on the lights as they went. So presently they were in the kitchen; and the place, so immaculate and spotless, with a cluster of lights overhead, had curiously the air of an operating room in a well-ordered hospital. There was at one side a long table which the servants used for dining. They made Jim lie down there and left him a moment while they hurried back into the other part of the house, and Nell got a pillow for his head, and Molly fetched iodine and collodion and gauze and bandages from the medicine closet by the side door. She was so absorbed in these ministrations that it did not even occur to her to lock this side door when she passed it; she thought rather of how often she had thus sought medicaments for the small hurts which young Paul and Margaret were forever bringing to her to be mended. When she returned to the kitchen Nell was before her, lifting his head upon the pillow, and Molly saw that his eyes were clearing, that he was rational again.

He managed, in fact, some sort of smile at her coming, and said ruefully, "I'm a help—what?"

"Don't bother now," Molly told him soothingly. "Just lie still; turn your head a little." She examined the abraded wound on his temple, said to herself, "I'll have to cut the hair away; I'll get the scissors," and went back to the medicine closet again. When she returned once more he and Nell were laughing together uncertainly, and she smiled at them and said, "That's fine! Now I'll fix you up."

So the two labored with him, briefly and deftly enough, for this was no novelty to Molly. She clipped the hair close over the wound and said to Nell, "It's all right; it's not bad; it won't need any stitches."

Nell agreed, laughed at him mockingly. "If he were a woman he wouldn't pay any attention to it," she asserted. "But a man always makes a lot of fuss about a little thing like that."

"That's all right," he said in a whimsical tone. "From what I can see, it pays to make a fuss about it. This suits me all right, having you both so nice to me."

"Do I hurt?" Molly inquired. She was scrubbing the wound with gauze and hot water. (Continued on Page 71)

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" 'Five,' I answered.

" 'Then what you want is a pair of Eveready Layerbilt No. 486's.'

" 'Why?' I asked.

" 'Because the Eveready 772's are meant for sets having one to three tubes. With average use of two hours a day with a "C" battery, they should last a year or longer. But on a five-tube set, used two hours a day with a "C" battery, they will only last about four months. Anyone with a four or five tube set should buy a pair of Eveready Layerbilts No. 486. Used with a "C" battery they should last eight months or longer.'

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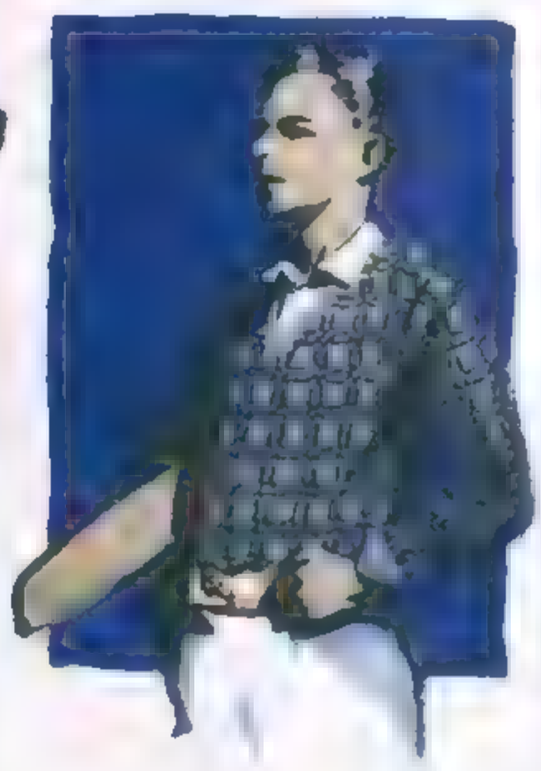

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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York Chicago San Francisco

RCA

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RADIOLAS

(Continued from Page 66)

"Frightfully," he told her, with mock heroism. "But I'll grin and bear it. See me grin!" He did so, and Nell clapped her hand across his mouth.

"Don't!" she cried. "You look like a death's head."

"Skull and crossbones," he laughed. "Deadly poison. Death to evildoers." And he chuckled to himself. "I was always the president of the Awkward Club," he commented. "A swell hero—what? Charging out of the house and bulging into a stone wall! Lucky it didn't kill me." He was lying on his back, and almost above his head there was the skylight which in the daytime filled the kitchen with sunlight; his eyes turned upon it and held there for a moment, and the smile upon his lips, without changing, nevertheless stiffened.

Molly saw this, and exclaimed, "It hurts now, doesn't it? It will smart for a minute, that's all. It's the iodine."

"Ouch!" he agreed in a perfunctory tone. "Sure does sting."

"Baby!" Nell derided, and he grinned at her. But his eyes returned to the skylight again. Nell saw his glance and asked in a lowered tone, "What are you looking at?"

"I never saw a house so full of windows," he confessed. "They even have them in the ceilings. Not much privacy."

Molly had laid a small dressing across the wound, now bound it with applications of collodion.

"There," she exclaimed at last, "that's a regular professional job."

"All but the haircut," Nell laughed. "You ought to see yourself, Jim. You look terrible."

"I'll wipe the rest of that blood off," Molly explained—"down on your cheek." She did so. "Now do you feel like sitting up?" she suggested, and they helped him, and he slid off the table till he stood on the floor. "How do you feel?" Molly asked.

Curiously, after a moment he laughed. "You'd be surprised," he declared.

"Why?"

"Well," he explained, "as a matter of fact, I'm hungry!" He added apologetically, "I haven't had anything to eat since breakfast, and I don't eat much breakfast."

Molly smiled at Nell. "I haven't had any supper myself," she confessed. "I never thought of it; never even offered you any. You must be starved."

Nell shook her head. "I had supper at six o'clock," she declared. "You two sit down," she added, drawing chairs to the table for them. "I'll have something for you in no time."

"There's probably no fire in the stove," Molly remembered. "I forgot to put any coal on today."

But Jim lifted one of the lids and said, "Yes, there is; we can bring it up." He rattled down the ashes, and the cheerful noise reassured them all, and the clatter when he added coal. Nell and Molly brought out soup and a can of beans.

"Do we want coffee?" Molly asked, and added, "Or will it keep us awake?"

Nell said dryly, "I don't think we're going to sleep very much anyway."

Molly laughed at her. "Pshaw! You're not still afraid, are you? I think we've been imagining things. Nothing's going to happen. I say let's have a bite to eat and then go to bed."

Nell looked at Jim. "What made you tear out of the house that way?"

Jim laughed. "I was seeing things, that's all," he confessed. "Had a notion I saw something out there; and I thought if I charged out I might get near enough to get hold of him. But there wasn't anyone there."

Nell reminded him accusingly: "The first thing you said was: 'He ran away.'"

"Oh, I'd had a crack on the head," he pointed out; and Molly said briskly, "Don't always expect the worst, Nell. . . . Do you want beans or soup?"

"You sit down and let me do it," Nell insisted. "I was going to."

But in the end, of course, they all worked together. The fresh coal on the fire cooled it for a while, so that it was some time before the water boiled for the coffee: and when the beans were hot, the soup ready, Nell decided she was hungry enough to eat with them. "I feel as though I hadn't had a bite for days," she confessed. They made of the affair something of an occasion; and their appetites seemed to increase, so that in the end they opened another can of beans. Then Molly found a can of sliced pineapple for dessert; and afterward they washed the dishes, laughing together over the small task. Newbert had by this time recovered from the effects of his fall; he laughed with the others.

Molly asked him once, "Do you feel all right? Dizzy, or anything?"

"Oh, I'm fine," he assured her. "I'm ready to tumble over another wall any day in the week."

Nell by and by brought the talk back to that which was uppermost in their minds by asking abruptly, "What kind of looking man did you see, Jim?"

Her tone was not lowered or guarded, and he said good-humoredly, "Oh, don't kid me about it, will you? Let's forget it. I think we've all been nerved up. I can see now it was foolish. Nothing's going to happen. We'll just go to bed and laugh at it all in the morning."

"I'm getting a tremendous kick out of it," Nell insisted. "I rather like being scared to death. It never happened to me before."

"The only thing I don't understand," Molly confessed, "is Paul's not coming. I am a little worried about him."

Newbert shook his head. "Wives are all like that," he assured her. "I'll bet Paul has been late before."

"He's usually awfully methodical," she declared.

"But he has been late, hasn't he?" he urged, and she agreed that this had sometimes happened. "There you are," he pointed out. "It's happened again, that's all. He probably missed the train."

"There's another one about half-past ten," she said thoughtfully.

Newbert looked at his watch. "Well, it's almost eleven now," he told her. "How will he get here if he comes?"

"Dill said he'd bring him up," she explained—"Dill Sockford."

"The little old man down at the landing," Nell reminded Newbert, and the reporter nodded.

"He'll be turning up here the first thing you know then," he predicted.

"It's blowing fearfully," Molly argued. "I don't know whether Dill's boat could make it. It's an awful little thing. He might have to wait for the wind to die down."

They had finished the dishes, and she gave a final look around the kitchen. "Lock this door, shall we?" she suggested.

Newbert nodded, crossing that way. "Might as well," he agreed. "But with the wind the way it is, nobody's likely to land here. If Paul can't get here no one else can. Couldn't he telephone?"

"The phone's disconnected, or out of order, or something," Molly explained, and he smiled. Behind them, he turned out the kitchen lights and those in the pantry. The dining room and billiard room were illuminated as they had been left, and Molly said thoughtfully, "Why not leave these on? I've heard that burglars hate a lighted house."

He laughed. "All right," he agreed, "if it makes you feel better."

Nell was ahead of them, in the arch that led to the living room; and Molly and Jim were together a little way behind. The living room was not so brightly lighted; only one lamp burned there. Against the shadow of the great chimney they saw Nell in pale silhouette; and they saw her now stop in an abrupt and rigid posture, her head turned upward. Instantly she darted back to them, eyes wide and lips rigid.

She came to Jim and clutched his arm, and Molly asked softly, "What's the matter, Nell? What did you see?"

"Someone ran along the balcony," Nell whispered. "Ran like a flash, so quickly."

"Where?" Molly asked.

"Toward the front, from your room," Nell explained. "I caught a glimpse of him."

"A man?" Jim demanded.

"Yes, yes!" she declared.

"Funny we didn't hear him," he said thoughtfully, "if he was running."

"I heard the floor squeak," Nell declared—"two or three times."

Jim went slowly forward and the two came at his side, and Molly said, "There's an upstairs veranda in front. He probably went out there. He could get up there. There's a pine tree on the mole he could climb and reach the veranda rail."

"The door's shut on that side," Jim commented. "If he'd gone out, we'd have heard the door, or felt the wind anyway." He added a moment later, "You can hear it rattling when the wind hits it. Hear?"

"I don't care," Nell insisted. "I saw him. I don't care what you say. He came out of Molly's room and ran that way."

"Out of my room?" Molly repeated; and Newbert looked at her, and she said in a low tone, "It's in there."

"The emerald?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she assured him.

He took a step forward. "I'll go up and look around," he decided; but Nell clutched his arm.

"Wait!" she begged. "Wait!" And she turned back to the window seat and got another golf club from Paul's bag there and offered it to him. He looked at it with a smile.

"Mid-iron," he commented. "Wait a minute. Guess I'd rather have a niblick if there's one there." He selected the club, weighed it in his hands. "All right," he said. "You two stay here. I'll just make sure there's no one upstairs."

"I'm coming with you," Nell declared.

He shook his head. "No sense in that," he urged. "There's no one there. You two sit down in front of the fire and I'll have a look around. Paul ought to be here pretty soon and then you can get to bed."

"We won't stay down here alone," Nell told him. "Will we, Molly?" she added, appealing to the older woman, sweeping her hand around the room. "There are too many windows and things here."

Molly tried to laugh. "If there was anyone here he's at the other end of the island by now," she suggested.

"I tell you, I saw him!" Nell protested.

They were still within the arch, but at her words they all turned to look upward. And a moment later they had recoiled scramblingly, with low cries. For something incredibly swift, small and dark and silent, had sped past not a foot in front of them, fair before their eyes. Molly and Nell clung together and Newbert stood alertly, between them and the living room, half crouching, eyes wide, the niblick ready in his hand. They watched him breathlessly, and after a moment they were astonished to see the rigidity of his posture relax. He laughed a little and turned and came toward them, and he chuckled at Nell.

"Sure you saw a man?" he challenged.

She nodded vigorously, half angry that her fears should be doubted. "Of course I did!"

"And you heard the floor squeak under him?" he suggested.

"Yes, I did!"

Molly asked quietly, "What is it, Mr. Newbert?" and he met her eyes, and explained in a gentle and reassuring tone:

"It's only a bat, Mrs. Main. He's flying around the chimney now, up near the roof, and you can hear him squeaking. He flew past our faces a moment ago. It's dark up there, and when you just see him move it is startling."

"A bat?" Nell cried incredulously; but Molly smiled.

"Of course," she agreed. "There are lots of bats on the island. One of them must have got caught indoors somehow, or come down the chimney or something."

"But I'm terrified of bats!" Nell cried. "I'm a lot more afraid of them than I am

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 71)

of burglars. I'd lots rather have an imaginary burglar than a real bat. I can't go in there till you catch it, Jim."

He chuckled. "Won't hurt you," he assured her.

"I'm afraid it'll get in my hair."

He looked at her close-clipped head and smiled. "Not enough of it," he said teasingly.

And she retorted, "Just the same, you'll have to catch him."

He nodded. "Well, I'll have a try at it," he agreed. "Not much of a bat catcher, I'm afraid. Probably if I open a window up there, or a door, it will go out. I'll see." He chuckled again. "You said you were coming up with me," he reminded her.

"I never will," she retorted. "I'm going to stay right here."

Molly came to her rescue against him. "I'm as bad as she is," she confessed. "I could face a man, but I won't fight a bat in the dark for anyone."

"That's all right," he agreed. "You stay here then."

He left them together in the billiard room, and passed through the arch and turned and ascended the stairs. The two drew insensibly together, their hands touching, their ears attentive. They could hear his slow steps as he paced along the hall above their heads.

VIII

NEWBERT had since he first came to the island played with some skill a certain rôle; he had assumed and sought to maintain a careless and a confident attitude, to conceal from the two belowstairs now his very definite apprehensions. The result had been in some degree to reassure them, but the reporter himself was under no illusions. The man responsible for the death of Madame Capello had shown himself to be not only wholly without human scruple but also murderously mad; and Newbert had no doubt at all that this man would eventually make his appearance here. So while he sought to reassure Molly and Nell, he had at the same time maintained a strict vigilance; and he had sought to discover some device adequate for their protection. The wind, which blew across the lake with undiminished violence, gave them, he felt sure, a temporary security; it seemed unlikely that even a madman would drive a boat into unknown waters on such a night. But soon or late, probably toward morning, the wind would abate; and Newbert was reluctantly sure that when it did moderate the other man would come.

When, while he was still on Little Dog, this guess at the madman's future movements first occurred to him, he had counted upon finding Paul Main here and upon his cooperation. It had not even occurred to him to borrow a pistol from one of the officers. If the idea had entered his mind he must have discarded it, since his fears were guesswork and were not sufficient to justify him in bringing Paul and Mrs. Main into the notoriety that must follow the murder. So now he was unarmed, and the niblick in his hand seemed to him ridiculously inadequate as a weapon of defense against a man insanely murderous.

When he had left the two in the billiard room and started up the stairs he felt curiously grateful to the bat for giving him this moment alone, this moment in which he could lay aside his mask of unconcern, rest from the effort to keep Mrs. Main and Nell heartened and reassured. He smiled at the thought, nodding a little, muttering to himself, "Look as scared as you feel, boy; it's the only chance you'll have!" It was a relief to be away from them, a relief to tighten his nerves, to flex his muscles, to glance watchfully right and left, to assume openly all the vigilance which it seemed to him the moment required. The comfortingly strenuous wind still blew outside.

"But when it stops I want a gun in my hand," he thought. "I wonder where he keeps it."

And he reminded himself that he must somehow persuade Mrs. Main to give Paul's pistol to him before she went to bed. The minor mystery of Paul's failure to arrive recurred to his mind, but he dismissed it from his thoughts; whatever the explanation, there was nothing for the moment to be done about it. Enough responsibility already weighed upon him here.

While he moved to and fro in the upper floor of the house, inattentive, confident there was nothing to be discovered in these rooms, he harked back to that moment when he had plunged out into the thicket, trying to analyze the impressions which had led him to make that move. He had, as he approached the door of the billiard room, thought he saw a moving figure in the shadows among the trees there; when he stood at the door itself the figure had ceased to move. It might have been a stump or the trunk of a tree. It was as much his own taut nerves as anything he actually saw which led him to rush out, shouting defiantly, charging at the motionless thing.

Then he had tripped and fallen; and when his dizzy senses began to return, it seemed to him that the figure was gone.

"But the chances are I didn't see a thing," he decided now. "If he was around here, on the island anywhere, we'd have heard from him before this. Imagined it, I guess."

His imagination was, he realized, alert and overstimulated, entirely untrustworthy. Even at the moment, for instance, he had repeatedly the impression that someone was keeping just out of sight ahead of him as he went to and fro through the bedrooms on the upper floor. There were six or eight of them, with three bathrooms among them; and connecting doors led from room to room and from each room to the hall or to the balcony around the living room, so that the place assumed in small degree the aspects of a labyrinth. He turned on the lights as he went and left them burning behind him; and he looked into closets here and there, laughing at his own folly, yet for all his mild amusement keeping the niblick ready in his hand. And always when he entered a room he had that curious feeling that someone had slipped out of it just ahead of him; and now and again he looked quickly over his shoulder, as though he felt a presence behind him there.

Then he remembered the bat and decided that it must be flying about; that its shadow, occasionally catching his eye, was responsible for this feeling of another presence here. So he gave his attention to the business of capturing or destroying it. There was a single light in the ridgepole of the roof, high above the living room; and he tried various switches in the effort to turn this on, and called down to Mrs. Main at last to ask whether it could be lighted. She answered that the switch was beside the bed in her room.

"It's the master switch," she explained; "lights one light in every room in the house."

He found it and pressed it; and when he came out on the balcony around the living room again, he saw the bat circling the upper part of the chimney, saw it settle among the grotesque stones and bowlders of which the chimney was constructed.

"I might climb up there from the mantel and catch it in my hands," he thought, and examined the curiously misshapen stones and saw that such an ascent would be an easy affair, if a dizzy one. But semidarkness was more likely, he decided, to lead the bat into flight once more; and he turned off the lights and saw it presently begin to wheel again. This suggested to him a device; he turned on the lights everywhere except in the narrow hall that led from the balcony toward the rear of the house, ending in a bathroom there. This he left dark, and he had at length the satisfaction of seeing the bat dart into it. When, cautiously, he switched on the hall light, the creature was nowhere to be seen; but it emerged momentarily from the bathroom door at the end of the hall and darted back into the shadows there again, and with a bound he sprang along the hall and drew that door shut and latched it.

The two belowstairs heard him running, and Molly called, "Did you get it?" He came back to the balcony, reassured them.

"I've got it shut in the bathroom at the end of the hall," he explained. "We can leave it there, can't we, and get it out in the morning?"

"Are the doors all shut?" Molly asked. "There are three doors."

"I'll make sure," he told her; and he did so, entering the bathroom itself. The bat was clinging to the molding and he might have killed it. Instead, he opened the outer window a little, and then turned off the lights again, and came out and latched the door behind him and returned to explain to them the measures he had taken.

"It'll go out of doors now," he called confidently, "so we don't need to worry about that any more."

He was about to go downstairs, but Molly came up to meet him. "Wait a minute," she suggested. "I'll get you Paul's pistol while you're up here."

He felt a great relief at this; but he said casually, "All right, if you like. But there's no need of it. I'm afraid I've scared you unnecessarily."

Nell was at her heels. "You haven't scared us," she reassured him. "We were frightened to death before you came, but we're not afraid now."

He chuckled. "I notice you stick to the crowd," he laughed. "Don't see you wandering off by yourself very much."

"I like to know what's going on," she retorted.

Molly had turned toward the door of her room, and they followed her that way while she got Paul's tackle box from the closet and opened it. She handed Newbert the pistol.

"And here are the loads for it," she explained, and gave him the full clips. "Do you know how to work it?" she asked.

He opened the action. "Yes," he assured her; "yes." He turned the weapon in his hands, examining it. Nell was looking at it too; Molly was closing the tackle box to put it away again. Neither of them saw her take from it the little lacquer box in which the emerald lay. She slipped it into the pocket of the sweater she wore and put the tackle box away and returned toward them.

Newbert was still handling the pistol, and she asked, "Is it any good? Could you do anything with that?"

"Oh, yes," he declared; "yes, these guns are all right. Shoot straight and hard." He put a clip in place. "Only trouble is they don't fit into a pocket," he explained. "The barrel's too long." He thrust the weapon inside his belt, under his coat. "I shan't be able to sit down now," he said laughingly. "It'll jab into my leg. Like having a poker for a backbone."

There was no suggestion of consternation in his tone, but there was in his heart something very like dismay. For in his examination of the weapon he had discovered that the firing pin was broken off, that the pistol was useless. It might, he told himself, serve to affright a timid man; was worth retaining, if for that chance alone. But he had a curious certainty that if the man he expected should come to the island he would not be easily affrighted.

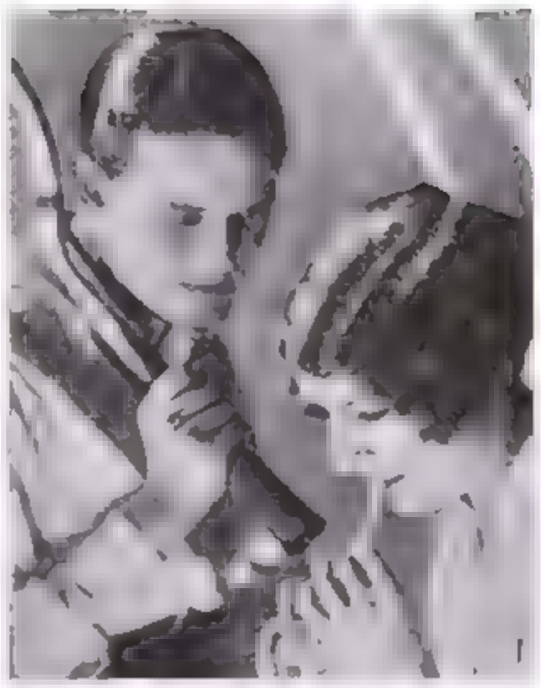
"More power to the wind," he thought. "I hope it holds till morning—keeps him away."

A gust struck against the windows at the moment with a fiercer violence, and Molly said, "I declare, I never saw it blow so hard or so long. I'm afraid Paul can't get here if he does come. Not in Dill's boat, anyway. If they started, the engine would probably stall and they'd drift away down the lake or somewhere."

"He could get some other boat," Nell urged, but Molly shook her head.

"Probably everybody's asleep," she reminded the girl. "Or gone over to Little Dog." She added thoughtfully, "Let's go down and see if we can see him coming.

(Continued on Page 75)



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(Continued from Page 73)

He ought to be here by now if the train was on time."

"I turned on all the lights upstairs here," Newbert pointed out. "Want to leave them on? It won't do any harm."

"Yes," she agreed; "yes, every light in the house. Anyone outside can see in; but I'd rather have them see in without my knowing it than have it dark inside here and be able to see out and see them." She turned toward the stair, started down. "Let's go out on the mole," she suggested, and crossed the living room toward the door that led that way. Nell and Newbert followed her; and it seemed to Newbert there was something like a purpose in her movements, that they meant much more than a mere desire to discover whether a boat was coming up the lake. He watched her covertly and curiously.

But outside, standing together by the fountain while the wind lashed at them and little gusts of spray wetted their cheeks, she looked down the lake, betrayed no other interest. Nell, more weatherwise than the two others, studied the clouds overhead.

"The wind's going to change," she suggested, "or die down pretty soon. I can see the stars."

"I don't see any lights," Molly said thoughtfully. "I guess he isn't coming tonight," she decided. "It's so late now. We might as well go to bed."

Newbert agreed to this. "You're wise to do that," he assured her, still watching her. "It's the thing to do."

She turned to look at him, her hands in the pockets of her sweater.

"Oh," she said, looking past him, "you know I told you a man could climb up on the second-floor veranda out here. See that pine tree? He could go up that."

Newbert swung about and saw that this was true. "But it's a hemlock," he told her smilingly, "not a pine."

"I call all evergreens pines," she explained casually, and passed him, going toward the house. They climbed the steps and went in together. He felt vaguely mystified, was conscious of a satisfaction in her bearing, a contentment for which he could not account. They came in and stood before the fire. It was dying now, and Nell put a fresh log on.

"We're going to bed," Molly protested mildly.

"Well, Jim will be sitting up," Nell retorted. She looked at the young man. "Does your head hurt much?" she asked. "I should think it would ache fearfully."

"I'd forgotten it," he confessed with a grin. "No, doesn't bother me at all."

"It will when you look in a mirror," she told him derisively. "You're a sight. Molly may be a good surgeon, but she's not a very neat one." They all laughed at that; and then Molly said definitely, "Well, I'm going to bed. I'm not going to make a fool of myself any longer."

"That's right," Newbert assented; "the thing to do."

"I'm going to sleep in your room," Nell announced. "You needn't expect to put me off by myself, Molly."

"Of course," Molly agreed.

Newbert, still perplexed by something in Molly's demeanor, tried a shot in the dark. "Don't you want me to take charge of the emerald?" he suggested. "Look out for it for you?"

Molly shook her head; but he thought she flushed faintly.

"Oh, it's put away," she said casually. And she added with a laugh, "I'd almost forgotten about it. Now you've reminded me!"

Newbert protested, "I'm sorry." And Nell cried, "Show it to me, will you, Molly? It must be wonderful! Is it worth a great deal of money?"

Molly smiled. "No, no, it's not very big. Mr. Raleigh said it wasn't worth more than two or three thousand dollars."

Nell looked disappointed. "Is that all?" she protested; and after a moment she exclaimed, "But would anyone kill Madame Capello for so little as that, Jim?"

Newbert hesitated. "They say you can hire a murder done for two hundred and fifty dollars in some places," he reminded her. "And this may be worth more than Mr. Raleigh thought."

Molly looked at him attentively. "I'd forgotten," she remarked. "You said there was some story about it. Do you know what it is?"

"Oh, let it wait till morning," he urged. "You'll be wide awake again if we start talking now."

Nell threw herself down on the seat before the fire.

"I'm not going to bed till I hear it," she declared, "if it takes till daylight." She shivered ecstatically. "I never had such a night, Molly. I never was so thrilled."

Molly smiled at her.

"Tell us about it, Mr. Newbert," she directed. "I'm not so sleepy as I thought I was."

He said, reluctantly, yet unable to deny them: "Well, I only know the outline, you might say. Raleigh told me. He's checking up the details, and that's partly what I came up to see her for. But he thinks it is a very old stone. There's an emerald that answers that description, and it was stolen, in Rome, twenty years or so ago. The story is that it used to belong to Lucrezia Borgia."

"The one who poisoned people?" Nell exclaimed, and Newbert smiled.

"Raleigh says she wasn't quite so bad as she's supposed to have been," he replied. "Anyway, that's the tale. And Madame Capello was just about making her debut in Rome at the time it disappeared." He hesitated, moved his hand in a vague gesture. "It's rather intangible. Anyway, if it's the same emerald, there's a big reward for its recovery. Some Italian nobleman owned it; and he's pretty wealthy, and anxious to get it back. That's all a matter of record, fairly well known among the big jewelers, I guess. They were on the lookout for it for years, but the affair had been pretty well forgotten. Raleigh's interested in things like that, you know; he's dug it up again."

"But he advised Paul to buy it if he could," Molly protested.

Newbert hesitated. "I told you I had lunch with them, didn't I? They were talking about it then, and Raleigh said he didn't actually advise Paul to buy it. Paul asked him what it was worth, and he gave him some estimate of its commercial value." He checked himself for a moment, sat still and intent as though he were listening; but they were absorbed in what he had been saying and did not remark this, and he added hurriedly, "Of course, it's worth a lot more than that to a collector—or to this chap who owned it!"

Molly said quickly, "And you think whoever killed Madame Capello was after it—for the reward?"

He did not immediately reply, lowered his eyes as though to choose his words; but his thoughts were racing, seeking some evasion. He was saved from answering by Nell, by her swift cry: "But, Molly, I should think you'd be afraid to keep it! I should think you'd be terrified! If it's worth so much money, there'll be all sorts of burglars and people after it when they know where it is."

"I don't want to keep it after this," Molly agreed. "I'll be rather glad to get rid of it, I think."

"Well, you can sell and make a profit on it," Newbert told her, smiling, and she nodded.

"You sound exactly like Paul," she commented. "That's the way he talked when he bought it. I think he just bought it because it was a bargain."

She got to her feet, and Nell asked swiftly, "But how did they find out Madame Capello had it, Jim?"

Molly said, interrupting, "I don't think I want to hear any more tonight, Nell. Let's go to bed."

Newbert during these last few minutes had been increasingly ill at ease; he caught at this suggestion eagerly.

"That's right," he exclaimed. "Go ahead to bed, you two." He added unconvincingly, "That's practically the whole story anyway."

Nell protested, "I'm not a bit sleepy."

"You never will be till we get to bed," Molly argued, and Nell got unwillingly to her feet.

"Will you show it to me when we get upstairs?" she begged. "I'm wild to see it, Molly."

Molly smiled at her. "You shall," she promised. "But not tonight. It's prettier by daylight." She nodded to the reporter. "You've been—a comfort, Mr. Newbert," she told him. "I shan't worry, knowing you're here."

His attention had been, curiously, elsewhere; but when she spoke his name he came quickly to his feet, smiling reassuringly.

"That's fine," he agreed. "You're right too. There's not a thing ——"

They moved toward the stair and ascended, and looked down at him from the balcony to say good night, and he answered with a word. Then the two went into Molly's room and closed the door; and he was left alone below before the fire.

When the door closed behind them, muffling their voices, he stood a moment motionless; then insensibly his posture changed, his head turned in the attitude of one listening, and with a glance behind him he crossed toward the door that led out upon the mole.

Without opening the door, he tried to look out into the darkness; and failing in this, he turned the knob and stepped outside.

The waves were still breaking against the rockwork about the mole; but in the moment that he stood there he assured himself that their impact was no longer delivered with such battering force. His ears had warned him a little while before; all his senses now confirmed this warning. The wind, which had been their shield and buckler, was beginning to die.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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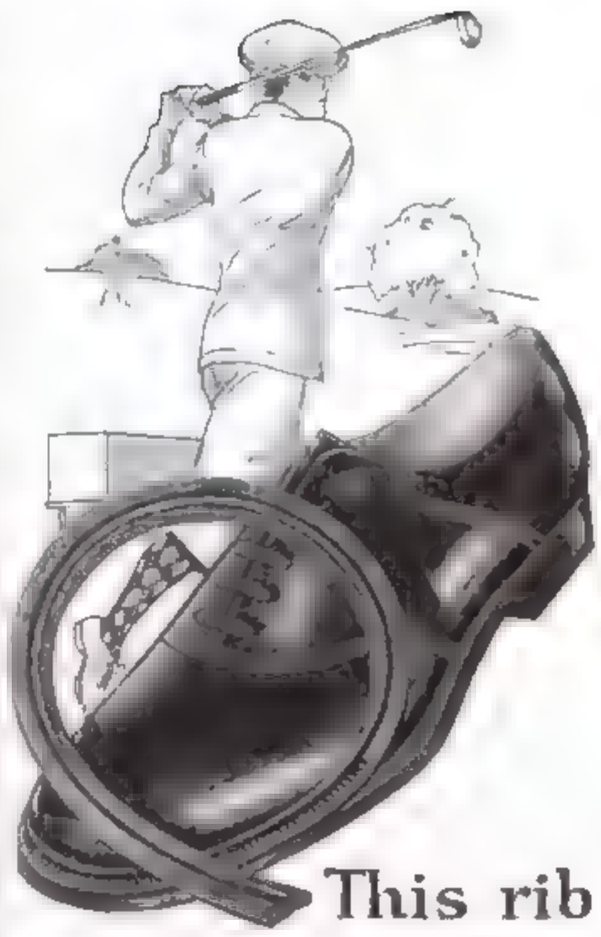
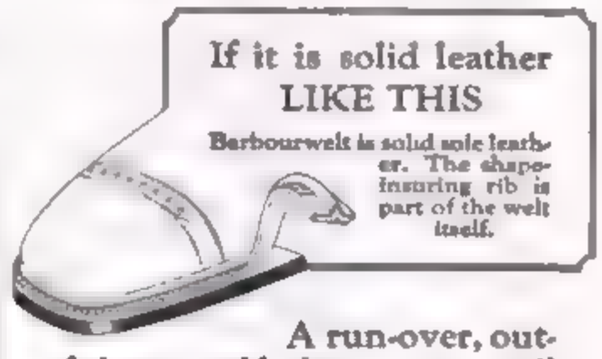
One of the Lakes in Jasper National Park



This rib makes a better golf shoe—



A run-over, out-of-shape golf shoe may spoil your stance. But the sturdy upstanding rib of Barbourwelt around your shoes resists the natural tendency of your foot to tread over the soft upper leather and force the shoe out of shape. On wet greens and in rain soaked rough, Barbourwelt reduces the hazard of wet feet by sealing your shoes against moisture.

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New Subdivision in Florida

Everybody wonders what will happen to Florida when all the land is subdivided up. It is a question that agitates everybody. Well, I can tell you what will happen. They will then subdivide the Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach. That will open up an entire new state for them.

My wife and I had a room on the northwest 160. Just over the section line from a main hall or highway that led back into the main acreage around the center of the hotel. It took two bell boys going in relays to show us our rooms. They have never been able to get ice water to a room, it melts along in the afternoon. The dining room is laid out on a nice level plot in a kind of a valley covering 64 acres. You come in for breakfast; by the time you reach your table it's lunch. The lobby just lays right for a 9-hole Golf Course. If you call up a room in the hotel you ask for long distance. Where you leave your keys looks like N. Y. City's Post Office general delivery. There is a full size tennis court laid out on the desk where you register. I wanted to get the taxicab privilege inside the hotel.

If you go to Florida don't miss the Royal Poinciana.

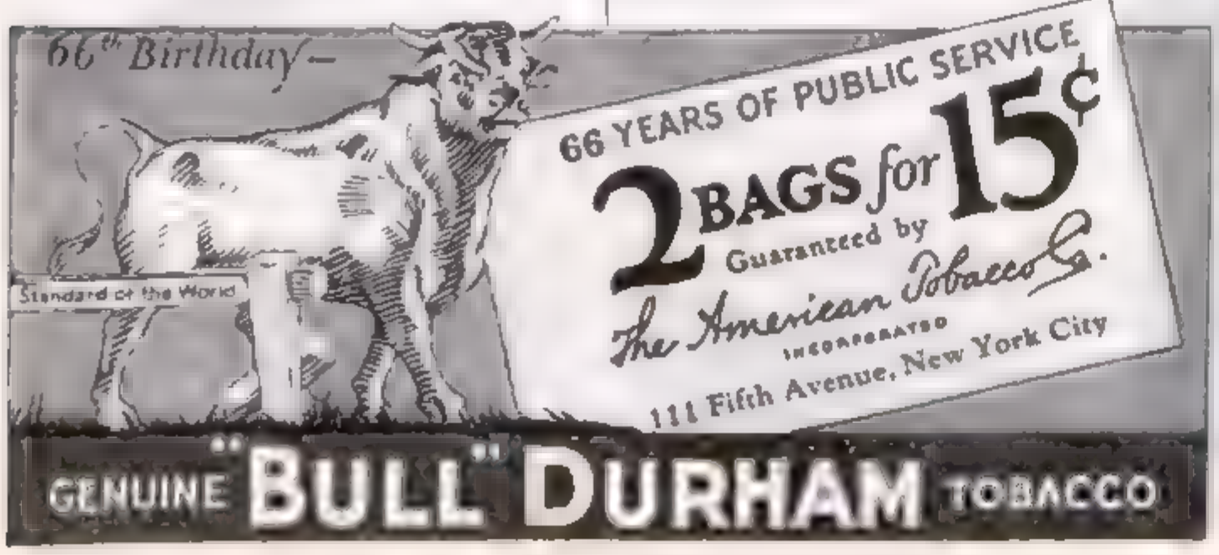
Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

It's to hotels what "Bull" Durham is to a discriminating smoker. It takes two full sacks to last a real smoker to cross the lobby.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here a few weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.



THE ABC OF FIRST EDITIONS

(Continued from Page 34)

The second question is, perhaps, the harder to answer. The collector with taste and discrimination will collect the writings of such authors as please that discriminating taste, without particularly caring whether they increase in their extrinsic values. If the matter of profit interests him, and he is not too modest, he will probably assume that his taste is as good as that of the next fellow and will in time be justified in dollars, as quite possibly it will.

The collector whose interest lies largely with the dollars, and who is unsure of his own taste, will have to acquaint himself with the booksellers' catalogues and such annual volumes as Book Prices Current, thereby to acquaint himself with the tastes of others. The catalogues of the antiquarian booksellers are the ones that I am talking about; they are the textbooks that I had in mind when, in an earlier article, I wrote that any number could be acquired for the price of a dozen postal cards. The booksellers, be sure, are very happy to send them to all who are interested. Or the dubious, hesitating collector may snoop as does the young man I mentioned in an earlier paragraph, although it is an unhappy and discouraging business. I strongly recommend the catalogue habit; and it is no national secret that there are published in America at least two excellent weekly journals exclusively devoted to the barter values of rare books.

Collecting Heroes of the Hour

Some hints as to the caliber of the writers who safely may be collected may be given, however. I turn to the first sale catalogue at hand, an attractively printed pamphlet advertising the wares of a New York dealer; one of a dozen or more similar brochures that come to me every week from many points of the compass. Arranged alphabetically under the names of authors, and offered for sale at profitable advances over the published prices, I find a medley of titles of the works in prose and verse of some hundreds of esteemed moderns. The list begins with Anderson—Sherwood—and closes with Wilson—Woodrow. Between these admired gentlemen occur the names of James M. Barrie, Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, Ambrose Bierce, Rupert Brooke, James Branch Cabell, Willa Cather, Samuel L. Clemens, Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, Walter de la Mare, Norman Douglas, Ernest Dowson, John Drinkwater, Lord Dunsany, Ronald Firbank, E. M. Forster, James Elroy Flecker, Robert Frost, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Hergesheimer, W. H. Hudson, Aldous Huxley, Henry James, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell, Arthur Machen, Katherine Mansfield, John Masefield, H. L. Mencken, Edna St. Vincent Millay, A. A. Milne, George Moore, Christopher Morley, George Jean Nathan, Henry W. Nevinson, Robert Nichols, Eugene O'Neill, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edgar Saltus, George Santayana, George Bernard Shaw, James Stephens, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lytton Strachey, Arthur Symons, Carl Van Vechten, H. G. Wells and Oscar Wilde.

These are only a few of the names set forth, and all their possessors may be called modern in spite of the saddening reflection that some of them are dead. In other catalogues I find evidence of a lively demand for the first editions of the works of such earlier writers as Poe and Hawthorne, Thoreau and Whitman; and of late there has been a general scramble for the first printings of the rediscovered and resurrected Herman Melville. Dickens and Thackeray have been devotedly collected for many years.

I am not saying, nor shall I say, that the works of all these writers will survive, and that in consequence their first editions will continue to increase in value. I am merely saying that at the moment I find these names outstanding in the catalogues of dealers whose business it is to supply the demands of collectors. That many will survive is, I hope, beyond dispute, but it is not a literary critique that I am engaged upon. Yet I think it is significant that in a majority of instances the names I have listed are the names of poets and fictionists and essayists whose work is most highly regarded by the best practicing critics. That, too, is a clew to the novice's problem of what writers to collect. On the other hand, many collected authors are merely fads of the hour, as in my opinion are a number of those listed above; their first editions must be collected and marketed while the iron is hot, so to speak.

Of the dead it is possible to speak frankly; and so it may be said that there can be no possible doubt as to the survival of such writers as Conrad and Stevenson, as Mark Twain and Henry James, as Ambrose Bierce and Stephen Crane. These men will always have their collectors, as, in a lesser degree, will Brooke and Flecker and Oscar Wilde. Why? In a word, because of the fineness, the perfection, the permanence of their work; because they are great artists, each in his line, and can hardly fail ever to lack appreciators in number.

The cases of Poe and Whitman have been proved, and perhaps the same can be said of Thoreau and Melville. They have survived years of critical upheavals, and it is reasonable to believe that they will continue to survive even the vagaries of this day. That there is ever likely to be anything resembling a violent revival of interest in, say, Fenimore Cooper or James Russell Lowell, I for one do not believe. They were important in their day, but they are not important in this; their writings, on the whole, make no continued and continuous appeal; their work lacks those values that make for permanence. Possibly I am wrong, but that is my opinion. None the less, there are collectors of the writings of Fenimore Cooper and of James Russell Lowell, and of many another writing man whom I might have mentioned in the same breath. They are not a numerous race, however. Collect these forgotten heroes if you love them, by all means, but do not expect dealers to wax enthusiastic about your finds.

Foreign-Born First Editions

It will have been noted that many of the writers whose first editions have been offered for sale by that unnamed New York dealer were and are Englishmen. In this connection a word of caution is imperative. To be a proper first edition, except in unusual circumstances, an English author's book must be of the English edition, published in London or Cambridge or Oxford, or wherever the original publisher pitches his tent. A copy of that same volume, identical in all other respects, but wearing a title-page carrying the imprint of a New York or other American publisher, will not do at all. There are right copies and wrong copies of a first edition, and the copy I have just described would be a wrong one.

American imprints on first editions of English manufacture come about through importation of the original sheets, and suggest that the American publisher's faith in the sales possibilities of the books in question was insufficient to justify the expense of printing a wholly American edition. It is a little unsafe to make rules, for, as I have hinted, there are exceptional circumstances in which the first edition of a book by an English writer may carry a New York title-page; but a general rule that is safe in a majority of instances is this: An author's nationality determines the birthplace of his first editions.

Let us have a look at some of the exceptions. Sometimes it can be shown that an

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76)

Englishman's book was published in America some time before its publication in England. When the difference in time is great enough—a few days are unimportant—it is sufficient to make of the American item a genuine first edition; and the greater the difference in time, the more collectors there will be to uphold the contention.

This state of affairs may come about in several ways. An American publisher, planning to publish on the same day as his English associate, through accident or delay in London, may get his book onto the market first. Or an American publisher may come into possession of some forgotten or uncollected work by an English writer and bring it out on his own authority, without consulting the author or the author's executor. By uncollected work I mean work that an author himself has not seen fit to collect from the files of the magazines of original publication, or all clew to which has become lost upon the death of a writer.

Not a great many years ago an American firm brought out a handsome volume of short stories by Rudyard Kipling, stories gathered by some enthusiast from old Indian files. It had not been the intention of Mr. Kipling to reprint those earlier tales, but the enterprise of the American publisher forced him, as he said, to issue an authorized edition through his regular publishers. Yet that first American printing of Abaft the Funnel is definitely and for all time the right first edition of that title for the collectors, whatever Mr. Kipling and his authorized publishers may think of the ethics of the volume's first sponsors. The morality of that original publication may be brought into question, but the fact remains undisputed that the pirated edition, so-called, did appear first.

Finally, there is nothing to prevent an English writer from allowing an American publisher to issue his work in advance of a London publication, unless it be an ironclad contract covering all his work, written and yet to be written. Sometimes then an American edition is the first edition by permission and consent, although this is a practice usually followed in the case of a limited edition, and is an enterprise carried out with the great body of American collectors shrewdly in mind.

First-Edition Twins

There are other exceptions to the rule, but these three are, I think, the outstanding ones—that is, American publication by accident, by piracy and by permission. Only a diligent reading of catalogues published by dealers whose business it is to know will post the beginner as to the rightness and wrongness of many first editions. In general, however, when an American volume is dated a full year before its English twin, it is likely to be a genuine first edition. Even so, there are collectors who will have none but English editions of an Englishman and American editions of an American.

There is another curious feature to the international situation. Occasionally an author expatriates himself, and when this happens, what is to be said about his first editions? They are issued simultaneously, let us say, in London and New York. Which is the right first? To illustrate by example, Henry James, an American, went to England and lived there much of his life. His books appeared simultaneously, for the most part, or practically so, in England and America. Some years later, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, an Englishman, came to America to live—he still lives here—and his books appear simultaneously, I believe, in America and England.

Both these writers have enthusiastic followings. What is to be done about their first editions? Shall they follow the flag, or the expatriated authors? It is a very neat problem, and each collector must solve it to his own satisfaction. I believe that a majority of collectors favor the flag solution, where there is no considerable difference in the actual time of publication; that is, they collect the American first editions of Henry James and the English first editions of Mr. Le Gallienne.

Since somewhere, no doubt, a line must be drawn in this matter of first editions, it seems a sane and reasonable solution of the difficulty. For the collector whom it fails to satisfy, there is only one alternative—he must collect both the English and the American editions, in either case, and it is an expensive business. English dealers, I am sorry to say, are sometimes none too careful in describing volumes offered for sale in their catalogues, to distinguish between English and American first editions of any writers. Nine times in twelve a volume described as a first edition is an English first edition, whether or not an American first edition happens to have preceded it chronologically. Nor are English bibliographers very keen about admitting the existence of American first editions on grounds of either piracy or priority. The careful collector, when he is himself well posted, will learn how to watch his step.

Publishers' Signs and Portents

It is now possible to go back to the question, How may a first edition be identified? At my elbow I find a copy of Miss Millay's The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems. On the verso of the title-page it is explicitly marked First Edition. There is no difficulty about that volume, but not all volumes are so marked. It is only within recent years that many books definitely have been tagged first editions by their publishers, and not all publishers do it even now. I am not at liberty to betray such private identifying marks and symbols as I know to be used by publishers to denote first printings, but it is a fact that most publishers use such markers. Sometimes the symbol is a letter, sometimes a figure, and again it may be a monogram or colophon of a sort.

One great book house removes the date from a title-page after the first edition has been run, another removes a small ornament from the title verso. In our immediate day, it is less difficult to be sure of a first edition than formerly, because a majority of the current crop of publishers is careful to list all printings subsequent to the first, under the copyright notice. Even to the advanced student, identification is sometimes a puzzling business, however; in a particularly bewildering case, I suppose only the printer of the book could testify under oath. The better dealers are well posted men, but they are not and cannot be infallible. I have seen copies of the most obvious reprints offered for sale as first editions, in all honesty, by competent booksellers of wide fame.

The common rule is to note the date upon a title-page, then to compare it with the date of copyright upon the reverse of the title. When they are identical, says the young collector, full of knowledge, the book is a first edition. It is not a safe rule at all. The book may be a first edition, and it may not. Suppose several editions to have been printed in the same year, and the publisher to have neglected to list his later printings; in that case, the young collector's rule would not be worth much to him.

The second edition of Mr. Cabell's celebrated Jurgen so closely resembles the first, in all particulars, that it is to be determined only by the weight of the paper upon which it is printed; that is to say, the first edition, printed upon lighter paper, is a fraction of an inch less bulky than the second. Also there are publishers who do not date their title-pages at all; many London publishers are notoriously thoughtless in this particular. On the verso of their title-pages they may print, "Published February, 1903," or something of the sort, and that may be one's sole clew to the fact that one holds in one's hand an indubitable first edition.

To the beginner, such a line means nothing at all. Later he would discover that, in

(Continued on Page 80)

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UTMOST LUXURY FOR 2 TO 7 PASSENGERS

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

Restful Sleep *that brings you*

All-day Energy

How to get sleep that really rests and stores up lasting energy . . . a natural way doctors recommend

A 3-day trial convinces

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way (a way *without drugs*) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, nerve-strain, nursing mothers, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

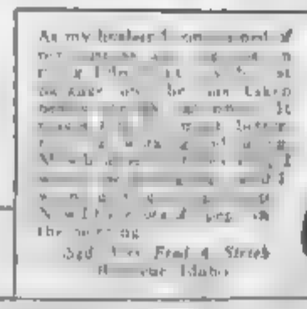
OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerve

©1926 T. W. C.

I have recommended the wonderful food of yours to several of my friends, who, like myself, have been great sufferers from sleepless nights and since they have used your [illegible]

(Signed) [illegible]

San Diego, Cal.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 165
317 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

One package to a person.

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 78)

all probability, the second edition would contain an additional line: "Reprinted August, 1903." Sometimes there is no clew whatever, and a publisher himself—some years after the publication of a book—cannot say with certainty which is a first and which is not. Frankly, my dear young beginner, unless a volume be explicitly marked First Edition, there is no way in which you may be utterly sure. The dealers, for the most part, know—I am still talking about the better dealers—because it is their business to know. They make inquiry, as do the better collectors, as to the signs and portents by which publishers identify their first-born. To begin with, you must take their word for it. In time, you will conduct your own inquiries, and your deductive faculties will become sharpened to the point where you will be able to check this against that. If you are the right sort, you will develop a sort of instinct for first editions. Until such time you must diligently read the catalogues of those men who are wiser than yourself, and somewhat less prone to error.

But one of the delights of collecting is this very matter of identification. I know a collector who spends hours with a reading glass, searching for minute evidences of an internal nature, where direct evidence as to an edition is lacking. To him, blurred or broken type, bad alignment, transposed sentences and such queer phenomena are eloquent. He is as clever a detective in his own field as Dr. John Thorndyke in the medico-legal world. For example, you may observe in a catalogue the descriptive line, "First issue of the first edition."

Now what is a first issue of a first edition? It may be one of the first few hundred copies run off the press, and differ from the later copies in some odd respect, a circumstance that would give it a higher market value than the later copies of the edition. Perhaps while the volume was printing an error was caught and corrected, a misprint, a dropped sentence, a broken type face. Perhaps a change of binding was decided upon, and the completed volumes, after the first few hundred, were turned out in somewhat different raiment. Perhaps the annoying author decided to rewrite a line or a paragraph, or to remove a libel, or to insert his silly portrait. Heaven knows what may have happened to bring about a difference between the first batch of books run from the presses and the later output of that same edition.

A Columbus of Collectors

My friend is one of the fellows who discover these things. He isn't paid to do it; he is not employed by any publisher or printer or bookseller. He is a collector, and a good one. He does it because he likes to, because it is his way of finding happiness and of justifying his high standing as a collector. So it goes. In time, all these curious errors and changes are discovered by my friend or someone of his kind, and become a matter of record; whereupon, because they are earlier and scarcer, those queer first issues become more desirable than later issues. Thus the first issue of the first edition of Mr. Cabell's first book, The Eagle's Shadow, commands a higher figure than the second issue. The only difference is on the dedication page, which in the first issue contains a set of initials and in the second the name of the dedicatee in full.

I suspect that to the outsider this all sounds a bit mad, and the discovery by the beginning collector that there may be divisions even of first editions is likely to appall him with a sense of the enormity of the task he has undertaken. But it is really excellent fun, and if one genuinely loves books and the pursuit of books, the business of learning the finer points of the game is not irksome. One learns as one goes along, and the information is painlessly acquired.

Further to dismay the beginner, it may be revealed that a second or a fifth or a twelfth edition of a book may also be a first, in a sense, when it contains additional matter of any importance. I think I have hinted at this before. Thus if a writer add a new preface or introduction to a late edition of a book, the book is a first edition for that new matter, and has some small standing of its own. To the eleventh edition of The Memoirs of My Dead Life I think it was that Mr. George Moore added an entirely new and important chapter, not contained in any previous volume or edition; and if the eleventh edition has no excessive sales value, it is at least a better buy and a better sell than the many other editions that have no such interesting feature to set them apart. But the case of Mr. George Moore is a case by itself, about which a large volume might be written. He is constantly rewriting, revising, adding to and subtracting from his books, and almost every year sees a new and changed edition upon the market. He will ultimately drive collectors to madness if he is permitted to continue.

International Book Pirates

A puzzling consideration to the beginner, I find, is the status of limited editions when they are issued at the same time as the regular or market edition of a book. The limited edition, often numbered and signed by the author, is published on better paper, with wider margins, in handsomer covers and at a higher figure. The answer to that problem is quite easy. Both the limited and the market editions are first editions, one equally with the other, when publication is simultaneous. The limited edition is more desirable, because it is a finer book, physically speaking, but its smaller brother is no less authentic a first. Indeed, the better bibliographers, in describing such twins, describe first the market edition, then add, "There was also printed of this edition 150 copies on large paper," or words of similar purport.

Sometimes, however, a publisher will issue a limited edition in advance of the market edition, in which case the former must take precedence; but this is a practice that angers the great rank and file of collectors, savoring as it does of a surrender to the wealthy collector, who alone can pay the prices asked for such special items. Still, it is probably a legitimate industry, and more and more the enterprise of supplying the few outstanding collectors with such made-to-order rarities continues to gain favor among the publishers. But I question the ultimate wisdom of antagonizing the smaller collectors, who after all comprise a majority of the fraternity.

Then there are the limited editions privately printed by collectors themselves, usually for their friends. These are invariably first editions of considerable interest, and the limitation usually is severe. Such publications are made possible by the purchase of unpublished manuscripts, or by the connivance of the author; sometimes an author will himself issue a special and advance edition of a small work. Always the price of those that reach the market is high; frequently it is forbidding. But the young collector will see few of these rare brochures. They are for an inner circle that he cannot hope to penetrate.

I have said—and it is true—that often a first edition is the best edition. It is equally true that often it is not. I have touched very briefly on pirated books, but they deserve a paragraph of their own. In earlier days, before the matter of international copyright had been clarified to any degree, there flourished publishers in America and in England—perhaps elsewhere—who specialized in paper-backed volumes, which were sold for small sums and had a wide distribution.

For the most part, the books were reprints of old tales by popular authors, upon which copyright long had expired; but there were some that would seem to have been deliberate pilferings. At any rate, certain English tales were seized by American publishers—from the magazines—and

(Continued on Page 82)

JUNE *and* Joyous Freedom

Carefree Days
Enchanting Nights

Gem of all Studebakers

Big Six Sport-Roadster $1645 *f.o.b. factory*

IT'S A CAR for June—for the freedom of summer days, for the enchantment of moon-lit nights—this companionable Big Six Sport-Roadster.

Just to look at it makes you want to get back of the wheel and go somewhere. And how well it will take you—wherever you choose to go. For it's powered with the famous Big Six engine, offered for the first time in a roadster of racy design and stream-lined smartness.

Only seven American cars equal it in rated horsepower. That means flashing getaway, ability to travel all day at sustained high speed, performance that brings a new thrill even to the keenest roadster enthusiast. And its performance will last. Studebaker standards—the highest in the industry—guard every detail of its manufacture.

Surpassing beauty

Its design, body finish and equipment present a richness appropriate to its mechanical excellence. Low-swung body is richly finished in two tones of green-gray in pleasing contrast to the natural wood wheels and the nickel plating of the radiator, windshield frame and rear deck rails. Upholstery is genuine leather—the seat back adjustable to any desired angle

Three sit comfortably in the wide front seat—two in the rumble seat beneath the rear deck. Snubbers, full-size balloon tires and long, resilient springs assure unsurpassed riding ease.

Spark control is automatically regulated by the speed of the engine. The spark lever is thus made obsolete and is replaced on the steering wheel by the safety lighting switch.

The Big Six Roadster comes to you completely equipped with windshield wings, boot for collapsible top, front bumper and rear bumperettes, gasoline gauge on dash, stop light, automatic windshield cleaner, oil and gas filters, air cleaner, motometer, coincidental lock to ignition and steering gear controlled by the same key operating the tool compartment in the left door and the spare-tire carrier at the rear. Spare tire, tube and cover are standard equipment.

According to the rating of the Society of Automotive Engineers, only seven American cars equal the Big Six in rated horsepower and they sell for two to four times its price. As a result the Big Six outsells every other car in the world of equal or greater rated horsepower

One-Profit value

The low price of $1645 for this Roadster of superb quality would be impossible but for Studebaker's enormous One-Profit facilities

Studebaker builds *all* its own bodies, *all* engines, *all* clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, brakes, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings

Only Studebaker in the fine-car field enjoys such complete manufacturing facilities. These facilities enable Studebaker to manufacture quality cars on a One-Profit basis - effecting vital savings which are passed on to Studebaker owners in the form of higher quality and lower price.

Unit-Built construction

Studebaker facilities result, too, in cars designed, engineered and built as units. The hundreds of parts in a Studebaker function as a smooth-working unit, resulting in scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation, greater riding comfort and higher resale value.

Always kept up-to-date

Direct manufacturing control enables Studebaker to keep cars constantly up-to-date. Improvements are continually made, giving Studebaker owners the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements For a complete illustrated story of One-Profit manufacture and for a beautiful colored catalog of Big Six Studebakers drop a postal or a letter to The Studebaker Corporation of America, South Bend, Ind. Ask for Combination F602

THE STUDEBAKER BIG SIX IS THE WORLD'S FASTEST-SELLING HIGH-POWERED CAR

There is no fade to *Middishade*

IF a man in a MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit walks on the shady side of the street, he's merely looking out for his own comfort.

He isn't primarily trying to protect the color of his suit. He knows there's no fade to MIDDISHADE. He has a binding guarantee that it is fade-proof.

Twenty-three smart Spring models—all different—but alike in these respects: All made from the same wonderful blue serge. All styled by one of America's greatest designers. All sold at a remarkably low price—made possible by an organization working in Blue Serge and producing Blue Serge Suits only. MIDDISHADE *STRIPE*, too—blue serge with a silk stripe.

Look up the MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit dealer in your town—and send for the MIDDISHADE Spring Style Folder—and samples of serge.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., Inc., *Philadelphia*

"Sergical Specialists—operating on blue serge suits only"

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
Blue Serge Suits

(Continued from Page 80)

put into covers before a similar service could be performed for them in their own land. Similarly, American stories were seized by English publishers and brought out cheaply in England. Thus certain volumes of Stevenson and Kipling and Hardy, to mention only three names, were first published in the atrocious American paper-backs of the 1880's and 1890's, and certain volumes of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, to mention only two Americans, were first issued by the paper-back pirates of London. All were quite horrible specimens of bookmaking, and they are even more shocking as usually they turn up today, after having been kicked around the world through the years. The question involved is, Shall these pirated editions be called first editions, or shall they be ignored—as no doubt they deserve to be—in favor of the first authorized printings?

The answer would seem to be obvious, but there are still dealers and collectors who raise the point. I heartily sympathize with the bibliographer who does not care to recognize these scarred and unbeautiful things, and with the dealer who does not like to sell them. "I simply won't do it!" said one of the latter to me recently. But I cannot think what they are going to do about it. The books may have been unauthorized, they may be brutally unlovely, but they exist. They were published in most instances long before the authorized edition saw print. The dates of publication, even to the month and day, are plainly printed on their hideous covers, after the fashion of their time. There they are, dated months, years, sometimes decades before the first authorized issues.

The collector's attitude toward such atrocities, I find, depends almost entirely upon whether he owns them or the other fellow. It is the man who has them not, and despairs of getting them, who is most eager to legislate them out of existence. They are scarce enough in all conscience. Well, abuse them as heartily as you may wish to, my young collecting friend; hide them away in morocco boxes made to look like books, but acquire them if you can find them. They are the veritable first editions.

Where Age and Dirt are Cheap

The whole subject of book collecting is too wide and ramified for any writer to hope to cover it briefly. There are many volumes in the libraries concerned with its more advanced stages. What I have written is addressed to the beginning collector, and what questions I have attempted to answer have been questions actually asked by young seekers after information. In large part, I have talked of first editions—modern first editions—which are the most immediate subjects of interest to the neophyte; it is the modern books that are most likely to turn up in his path. The rest he will learn for himself as he goes along. He will learn by his mistakes and by his triumphs; he will learn from catalogues and from other collectors. He will learn even from dealers, although there is a curious tendency on the part of these excellent gentlemen, in conversation, to make a dark secret of book values. There are, however, a few points that must be stressed in conclusion, because they are important.

First, to command a respectable figure in the market, a volume must be in good condition. There is no virtue in dirt, and no merit in books that are tattered and incomplete, unless they be books of such rarity as to be unprocurable in better shape. The better the book, the better the price. A good rule to follow, I think, is that of passing by all books that are not in the best of condition, unless the searcher knows them to be rare in any state.

Second, age by itself means, of necessity, nothing. A book may be quite old, indeed, and still be utterly worthless. The commonest mistake of the ignorant is to suppose that books dated prior to the Civil War are very old, and therefore very valuable. In the bookstalls of Europe I have seen innumerable volumes dated in the 1600's and 1700's priced at the equivalent of twenty-five cents. It is all they are worth. Yet a book dated as recently as, say, 1892 may be quite rare and valuable. It depends upon the book, not upon the date. The only safe rule I can offer with reference to age is this: All books printed before the year 1500 are likely to command a decent sale figure—anywhere, that is, from ten dollars to several hundred dollars, after that date, it depends upon the book.

Finally, it is not possible to sell books to dealers for the prices that dealers sell books to collectors. The dealer must have his profit. There are good dealers and bad dealers, honest dealers and unscrupulous dealers. Some will fleece you if they can; others will never think of it. For the most part, you must discover the good dealers by experience, my bookish friend, then stick to them. But if you study your catalogues with care, and keep track of the prevailing sales prices, you will know whether you are being offered too little for your books. A fair price to you, for a good copy of an esteemed volume, should be about half the figure at which it is offered for sale, except in the case of an unusually rare item, when you should be entitled to about two-thirds of the sale price. Books in foreign languages, unless you know exactly what you are doing, I should advise you to let alone.

The Doctor in Spite of Himself

Now, at the end, I protest again that the happiest feature of book collecting is not its possibilities for profit, but its possibilities for happiness. In the last analysis, the date upon a title-page is of far less importance than what an author has to say between the covers. Remember that while a book uncut—that is, with untrimmed margins—is an excellent thing to own, a book unopened—that is, with the pages uncut for reading—is something in the nature of a confession. The collecting and the reading should go hand in hand; the business of selling for profit should be a by-product. A sufficiently wide understanding of that dictum, and of the principle at the heart of it, would almost usher in the millennium.

"Why do you collect things?" asked my friend the doctor. I told him all about it, at considerable length and with some enthusiasm. I explained to him the rationale of collecting. He looked at me oddly and said, "You're queer, you know." An instant later he handed me his cigarette case, as if to add, "But I like you, anyway."

I pulled a long face and retorted, "If we were honest with ourselves, shouldn't we all have to confess that many of our actions would not stand a psychopathic test?"

He laughed. "Sure," he admitted good-humoredly. "But—it's funny!"

"I believe myself to be one of the most rational of men," I asserted. "Why should it be assumed that I am possessed of some sort of mania because I have this passion for collecting things?"

"Many an inmate of the state institution is carefully watched because he is similarly afflicted," smiled the doctor.

I strolled over to his bookcase and ran my eye over a list of titles; then I plucked a volume from the shelf.

"What will you take for this book?" I asked.

"I'll give it to you, if you want it," he replied. "I can get another copy if I need it."

"Very well," I said; "I'll sell this tomorrow for ten dollars and buy you another copy for two. Will that satisfy you?"

"What?" he cried; and joined me with some alacrity. "What's the—what do you—what is it, anyway?"

"It's a first edition," I told him, "and I can get ten dollars for it. The copy I shall get you will be a fifth edition, and I can buy it new for a fifth of what I receive for this one."

My friend the doctor will never be a really good collector; he doesn't care enough about books as books; but he has become very garrulous about first editions, and I

(Continued on Page 84)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Special Six
4-Door Sedan

$1315
F. O. B. FACTORY

—at its PRICE
—with its QUALITY
—*the greatest 4-Door Sedan VALUE on the market*

Speeding nation-wide sales of this 4-Door Sedan are mounting higher and higher simply because it far excels every other model in its field—in *QUALITY*, and *VALUE*, and *PERFORMANCE*.

In its superb exterior beauty as well as in the hidden elements of design and construction it is clearly a finer car than any other at a like price.

The Nash 4-wheel brake system is regarded as the most powerful and efficient ever developed.

It has the prime advantage of being permanent of adjustment due to extremely large braking surfaces; it has fewest points requiring lubrication in any mechanical system; and is entirely unaffected by climatic changes.

Exceptional chassis rigidity and travel stability have been achieved by rugged reinforcement of the heavy channel steel frame with 5 great cross-members—three of the super-strong tubular type.

This model has full force-feed lubrication; twin flywheel; oil purifier; gasoline filter; air cleaner; and Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet seat upholstery.

There are also genuine full balloon tires and five disc wheels included *at no extra cost* in the compellingly low price of $1315, f. o. b. factory. (3547)

The Nash Price Range on 16 Different Models Extends from $865 to $2090, f. o. b. Factory

6,000 Magnificent Miles of America's Scenic Wonderlands

Only

$108.30

Round Trip from Chicago

Similar low fares from all points by rail or steamship.

Pacific Coast Empire Tours

Inexpensive . Inspiring . Delightful

THE FAR WEST belongs to you—have you seen it?

That first hour—where foothills swell from the great plains, and giant peaks loom in the sky—alone is worth all the trip. Then wonders pile on wonders. Tremendous canyons and gorges, primeval forests, cascades and waterfalls, rolling rivers,—and nearly 2,000 miles of magnificent scenery, and continual enjoyment along the coasts and shores of the blue Pacific!

Let your heart guide you. Think of Denver, on the edge of the Rockies,—Salt Lake City and the Great Salt Lake—Reno, Lake Tahoe and picturesque Feather River Canyon in the High Sierras,—all bringing you direct to San Francisco and the Golden Gate, by the Overland Route. Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, Glacier and Rainier National Parks in Washington; the lordly Olympics seen across Puget Sound; Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, rich in interests and romance, Columbia River Highway and the unbelievable blues of Crater Lake in Oregon—lead into California by the northern route. Or you may come the southern way through a choice of routes that include Zion National Park, Grand Canyon, and the Apache Trail in Arizona and Carriso Gorge in Old Mexico below the California line, and return, after your California vacation, through the fir-clad mountains of the Pacific Northwest.

Spend your Vacation in California

Your California Summer Vacation will be a revelation in new enjoyments and recreations. First, San Francisco, America's coolest summer city—Chinatown—quaint foreign restaurants—many fine hotels with reasonable rates—20 golf courses (two municipal)—smart shops—dozens of day-trips by land and water—ocean shore drives along the Pacific and direct service to Hawaii and the Orient. Then California's four famous National parks—Yosemite, Lassen, Sequoia and General Grant—Lake Tahoe and Feather River Canyon—150 miles of Giant Redwood Highway—the Mission Trail of the Padres, Los Angeles, San Diego, magnificent ocean beaches, historic Monterey Peninsula and 17-Mile Drive—geysers—petrified forest—Russian River summerland—40,000 miles of improved highway—thousands of delightful resorts and camps,—everywhere the California spirit of play and everywhere new interests!

Write today for *"California Wonder Tours,"* sent on request. And ask your nearest railroad agent for picture booklets and full information about your Pacific Coast Tour. Come this year. Address your inquiry to:

110

Californians Inc

Headquarters, San Francisco
140 Montgomery Street, Room 508

Please send me the booklet *"California Wonder Tours"*

Name

St. & Address

(Continued from Page 82)

am sure that he thinks of himself as a book collector.

It is possible that the most misunderstood man upon earth is the collector of books; that is to say, the collector of books with respect to title-pages and editions, dates and associations. Even by earnest men of letters, students and scholars whose lives are lived among volumes old and new, he is often regarded with emotions ranging between amusement and suspicion.

The fact is, book collecting in its finest and highest aspect is sentimental. If that is an admission that invalidates the argument to follow, it cannot be helped. But there are other aspects. Perhaps one had better say at once, as was necessary in the doctor's case, that book collecting is profitable. Now everybody is interested, and it is less difficult to proceed.

What establishes collectors' values? Why is one man collected while another is ignored? Is it a charming style that dictates the selection? A meaty content? A whisper of scandal in the life of the collected? Or is the phenomenon purely arbitrary? I have little doubt that all the answers suggested by the questions are the right ones in certain instances.

An agreeable personality reflected in a book, of whatever nature, beyond question is a potent factor in the building of a writer's popularity with the collecting fraternity. So also is a vigorous realism and a grotesque whimsicality; and it will scarcely be denied that a suppressed chapter in the life of an author lends a sinister glamour to his work. It is equally certain that, very often indeed, the furor of an individual or a group of individuals for the written words of other individuals is arbitrary in the extreme, if not from the viewpoint of the critical intellect altogether absurd.

Yet in every case the collector will advance you reasons—and very good ones they will be—for his choice. It is, you see, entirely a matter of taste, a changing and almost inexplicable standard; and in the end it comes squarely to this: The collector collects whom he pleases or what he pleases, for what reasons he pleases, and his reasons—whatever they may be—are sufficient. That is to say, sentimentally speaking, the important thing is the collecting, and the pleasure and instruction to be derived therefrom, if it be only the collecting of varicolored shoe buttons.

Collecting Happiness

I once heard of a man whose friends tolerantly regarded him as a little off, who throughout a long lifetime declined to allow anyone to enter his bedroom. He always kept the door locked, and it was supposed that he concealed something of considerable value under his bed or in his closet. After his death his treasure was found to consist of about fifty old hats that he had purchased at auction.

"He was undoubtedly mad," said the friend of mine who told me the story; "but what will my executors say, post mortem, when they come upon my twenty-five distinct and separate editions of Leaves of Grass, since any one of them can be proved to contain all of the poetry that Whitman wrote?

"God help me," he added with a smile; "it is still my ambition to possess every published edition of the masterpiece, and I have yet a long way to travel."

He is one of the sanest and happiest men I have ever met, albeit he is far from wealthy. I have no doubt that his friend was happy with his old hats. And I suspect that what both these gentlemen were collecting was happiness. If it is to be found in old hats and old books, then it is not so elusive a thing as many philosophers would have us believe.

"But why first editions?" asks the outsider.

Often a first edition is quite the best edition. Its typography may be handsomer, blacker, clearer than that of subsequent printings. Between printings many things may occur. Type is easily broken, plates become worn. On the covers, gold may give way to enamel, buckram to something with at least the appearance of bedticking. Ornaments may be removed. The too-careful author, ever restless, ever revising, may sacrifice whole chapters as originally written, without benefit to his creation. Sentences, paragraphs, entire pages may be suppressed by public opinion or the public prosecutor. Only the publisher, the author and the collector know what happens between edition and edition. And, of course, a first edition may be the only edition; but that is a painful consideration and has little bearing upon our argument. Yet it must not be supposed that because a volume has failed to pass out of its first printing it is unworthy the attention of the collector. Nor is it to be assumed that attractiveness of format alone will make a volume desirable; if it would, how many tons of rubbish, privately printed and otherwise, would be preserved while Mark Twain's earlier writings were finding their way to the ash barrel. And certainly the mere fact of suppression will not make a volume desirable; there must be other considerations; nor will misprints, nor false eulogy, nor errors in pagination.

Makers of the Great

In a sentence, then, the esteem of the serious collector is not won by the circumstance of accident or trickery in the manufacture of a book, but by the book's intrinsic fineness, by those values that make for permanence in literature. It is my considered opinion that in no small degree is the fate of an author's work, with reference to its survival, in the hands of the collectors; in the end, often, that work will stand or will fall according as they have found it worthy or unworthy its inch of space.

Greater than the professional critics are the unprofessional collectors, and of more importance to the art of literature.

For instance, there have been reprinted in recent months three works of fiction—The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer by Haldane Macfall, Said the Fisherman by Marmaduke Pickthall, and The Twilight of the Gods by Richard Garnett. All had been out of print for many years, all were unknown to the larger public, yet all had persisted and lived in spite of the general apathy, and for some time all had been bringing—in their first appearances—flattering figures. Definitely, the collectors, the book tasters, the appreciators were responsible for the survival of these works and for their reprinting long after the more popular volumes of their day had passed into deserved oblivion. And today the first editions of those titles are more widely sought than ever, and in the market bring more commanding prices. These are but three of a long list of titles that I might furnish; I mention them because they have an immediate significance. Their republication was forced by the growing demand for them by collectors, which in turn led to a wider interest in them on the part of readers who were not collectors.

But, again to caution the novice for whom I am writing, it is not only the good books that in their days have been ignored that are desirable. Not all fine works are overlooked or misunderstood in their time, even by the critics. A far greater number have been hailed with enthusiasm, and have passed rapidly into edition after edition. The ignored books have been the curious books, the precious books, the fantastic books, the mystic books—in a word, the different books that have refused to classify or conform. Yes, and the bitter books that have dared to say that life at best is a dubious enterprise.

These and many others the collectors have taken to their hearts and have preserved in their first editions. By their enthusiasms they have taught generations of antiquarian booksellers what to buy and what to sell. This is not at all to say that

(Continued on Page 86)

"I AM an athlete. Three years ago the severe and long training for contests was wearing me out. I did not assimulate my food easily. The captain of our basketball team advised eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. New energy came over me. My digestion is perfect and I attribute much of my success in athletics to Fleischmann's Yeast."

GORDON M. ATKINS, Conshohocken, Pa.

"I WAS a victim of continual suffering, sometimes lessened by a so-called purgative. I resorted to Yeast as a 'regularity' restorative. The result was noticeable within a week. Not only did Yeast effect complete, natural elimination, but I began to have more 'pep.' Yeast has made me exempt from the terrors of constipation, has made me really 'fit'."

WILLIAM F. SHAW, Chicago, Ill.

Now . . They find life worth while

They banished their ills—regained youthful vigor and energy, new joy in living—*through one fresh food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-12, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"AS a golfer and in all my activities I have found it necessary to be in perfect physical condition. To this end I discovered that three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day keep me up to the mark and forestall 'staleness'. I claim that my 'birdies' on the golf links are the result of my daily Yeast."

MERILA ROWLAND, New York City

LEFT

"I WAS very run down last fall. I was tired and pale. I agreed to try Fleischmann's Yeast 3 cakes a day. I am more than delighted with the results. After a few weeks I no longer felt tired and my color was coming back. I no longer had to use rouge. Now I am enjoying life."

MRS. E. MURPHY, New Haven, Conn.

The Most *Interesting* City *in* America!

SALT LAKE CITY holds a special fascination to visitors because of its combination of beauty, romantic history, and unique diversions.

SEE Landmarks reminiscent of the romance of the century; the opening chapter of an epic of desert reclamation; the fertile farms where Utah's world-famous peaches, celery, tomatoes and sugar beets are grown—rich valleys made productive through irrigation!

See the world's largest open-cut copper mine at Bingham, an hour from the city. And—adjoining one of the most picturesque settings to be found, with the majestic Rockies forming a beautiful setting against clear blue skies, see the city itself, with its renowned wide streets, its forest of trees, its carpets of lawns!

DO Things you can enjoy nowhere else, such as experiencing that wondrous aquatic thrill, "floating without effort on a cushion of water," in Great Salt Lake, 30 minutes from the city; motoring into the heart of the Rockies over splendid roads, through any of seven canyons opening at the city's edge! Go horseback riding, hiking, mountain climbing in this rugged and beautiful alpine country—all so near to the metropolitan comforts of the city. Play golf on sporty courses with a background of snow-capped mountains in this bracing atmosphere.

Your railroad ticket entitles you to a FREE 10-day Stopover

Write for attractively illustrated booklets

Chamber of Commerce, Dept. S-3, Salt Lake City, Utah

Golfing, motoring, horseback riding and unique bathing provide exhilarating sport

(Continued from Page 84)

the dealers themselves of necessity are lacking in that taste that I have attributed to the collectors. Many of them have it equally with the best of their clientele; many have been themselves collectors, and a few are still collectors.

These are the dealers to know and to cultivate, whose catalogues are to be preserved and enjoyed.

Consider for a moment the joy of an author who handles for the first time his own first editions. Let us suppose the collector's copy of a book in question to be one of those actual volumes—the identical copy fondled by its author years before—perhaps with his name on its flyleaf, his notes and emendations in its margins. There were a book to own! This reflection, to be sure, takes us somewhat away from the immediate subject and into the realm of association copies—that is, books with a distinguished personal association, verified by some inscription or legend; but association copies are among the collector's greatest treasures; and it is a fact, I believe, that most genuine association copies are first editions.

The Inscriptive Quill

The reason for that is not far to seek. In his initial transports, the author, more than generous in the triumph of his advance copies, and moved to strange emotions by the veritable appearance of his dreams in the permanence of print, joyously inscribes all but two to his friends, his relatives and his literary gods. Naturally, the second edition, if he is so fortunate as to achieve a second edition, finds him somewhat less moved; his emotions are less rhapsodically munificent. The more sordid consideration of soaring sales intrudes upon his creational intoxication, and instead of books, letters go forth to his friends, affecting a carefully casual interest in the publisher's reports. But with each new volume the inscriptive quill appears; he never quite lays it down. Particularly is this true of the unsuccessful writer, who, poor chap, frequently must give away more books than ever are sold. And what a sinful joy is that the collector knows who, possessed of an inscribed copy of a poet's brochure, opens a morning newspaper to read that the unfortunate poet has fired his garret and perished valiantly, surrounded by the melancholy remainder of his edition!

Not So Far to Seek

Perhaps that is too satirical; but the fact is that association copies are quite the most delightful and desirable items in a collector's library. Sentiment again, no doubt, or vanity, or what you will. Still, it is a pleasant thing to own the copy of Shakspere's works, let us say, that was read and used and marked by Walter Pater, and that carries his identifying signature upon its fly. That volume is in my own library, and it gives me great happiness to see and touch it. Sometimes I read in it. I have no notion what it may be worth. Certainly it cost me very little. But I have no idea of selling it. I will trade it, however, for Mohammed's copy of the Koran or the copy of Treasure Island that Stevenson gave to his wife.

This is all very sentimental, indeed, is it not? Let us proceed then to the final answer to the outsider's question. I believe I have hinted at it a number of times.

Book collecting is profitable. First editions are a profitable investment. They may be sold for money. Thus, if your happiness is in collecting dollars, you may sell your books for dollars; and if my happiness is in collecting books, I may spend my dollars for books. The arrangement is entirely fair. My dollars for your books; your books for my dollars. Or, if you like, and it is the happiest arrangement of all, our passions may be combined, and we may have both books and dollars by an intelligent study of the rules of the game.

Meantime, I suggest, as I have already suggested, that when we are collecting books, we are collecting happiness; and if that be not the absolute quested by us all, I do not know what is.

Roper's Rock, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee

How the best washers and ironers find their way into the best stores and homes

OURS is a country of vast production—and of vast distribution.

When the family buys a modern electric washer or ironer, it is conscious of having to pay what it costs to *make* the machine, forgetting that there is also a cost of getting the machine from where it was made to where it is going to be used.

Yet costs of *distribution* are apt to vary, as between different producers, much more than their costs of production.

So the cost of distribution is apt to *determine* cost of production—and therefore quality.

The natural and economical distribution is from maker to wholesaler, to local store, to home.

Neither the wholesaler nor the local store can afford to carry and sell *all* the many different kinds of washers and ironers.

Each, therefore, tries to select the best from the many.

If one store has the best, another wanting something different, aims to have the next best.

But in the main, the wholesaler with the largest business, and the local store with the largest patronage, are apt to carry and sell the best.

Natural selection works out that way.

And if the maker who wins the best-store selection has the best machine in the first place, he soon has a better machine because his advantage of lower-cost distribution enables him to have a higher cost of production—a better quality.

Almost everywhere the best and biggest local stores and the best and biggest Hardware Wholesalers carry and sell Horton Washers and Ironers.

The current from Horton to Home flows naturally, at lowest conceivable cost, in a channel deeply grooved by fifty-five years of trading.

That is why Horton advantage and Horton quality and prestige have grown importantly with the years.

You need only follow the expert selection of wholesalers and stores, affirmed and re-affirmed year after year.

See if it has worked out this way in your town.

'Phone your best local store and tell them you would like to know more about Horton Washers and Ironers.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY *(Established 1871)* FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

HORTON *Washers Ironers*

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A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

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Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

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YOUR HOME deserves at least one chair as stylish and restful as a Royal. In this fine chair you may recline to any degree you wish—or stretch out at full length—all without effort, and without getting out of the chair. Just pull the concealed ring or push the button—then lean back—*rest and relax!* .... Royal looks just like any other fine chair, and takes up no more room. But it brings you *new* and *added comfort*, as well as beauty and distinction .... The Wing chair shown here (No. 2026 with disappearing leg rest) is but one of the many beautiful Royal styles shown in our new book "Royal Comfort." It also shows the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport with the box-spring guest bed that does not fold and cannot sag. Mail the coupon for the Free Style Book and your dealer's name.

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Please send me your FREE Style Book and Dealer's Name

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If you are a Furniture Dealer check here ☐

MR. I-DIDN'T-KNOW-IT-WOULD-BURN

(Continued from Page 49)

PHOTO. BY L. B—T

A Safe Camp Site Where the Green Grass and Damp Earth Reduce Risk

He looked up at me and remarked, "I'll send you a box of cigars for what you taught me this morning."

"Meaning which?" I responded.

"About putting out my fire," he answered.

But timber, paper pulp and lumber companies in general would do a very good thing if they could just stop the fire losses they occasion; though such damage hurts their pocketbooks only, and doesn't necessarily come out of our forest savings.

A swamper with a blowing pipe may cause the loss of more logs with a single pipeful than can be carried to the mill over his trail in a year. A tree will make a million matches and a match will destroy a million trees. A camp fire used to cook a trout or two, if not extinguished properly, will fry, roast and boil more game than the camper and his friends could eat in a lifetime. And it isn't only the trees and the animals; it is the flowers and the birds and the mold, the rich and heavy mold, that Nature beds down to make a storehouse for all plant life. It is the bees and butterflies and honey trees and countless millions of ants working in the soil, with other insects, to get the earth ready for the use of man—a fire levels all. The earth is caked and dry; the rain, frost and snow invade it and crack it and wash it; and when the summer comes the mountainsides and meadow lands of the forests are washed down to fill up already choked streams. Floods are caused, and more damage, more loss of life, more heartbreak and unpaid labor.

Years ago we brought Sage, Bear and Gun, Arapaho Indians, to this region to let them see their old hunting and play ground. And Sage, the eldest, who had not been in the section since 1858, when he saw the virgin forest on the west slope of the Front Range, began to chatter like a child. Through the interpreter it was learned that he was delighted to see that the white man had not burned that magnificent forest of Engelmann spruce.

It was the white man who taught the Indian to start fires by which to stop pursuit, smoke out game or run enemies out of the country. Before we came, the aboriginal mind of North America, at least, had conceived no such diabolism.

But who puts out the fires? We read a great deal about ranchers and nesters, sheepmen and prospectors being hard-boiled hombres that give government officials a lot of trouble. What is the truth? Do you know a hundred such men?

A forest reserve has one man for each area, who, when a fire is detected, gives the alarm. What then?

These so-called poachers, nesters, bad hombres, take the firing line and assist whom? Generally a lone ranger, perhaps his divisional chief. More often than otherwise, these frontiersmen are fighting the fire before the ranger gets on the ground. And more fires are detected and more fire alarms turned into official headquarters of state, county or Federal Government by men who live near or in the forests than are accounted for by paid watchers. Why?

The man who is willing to homestead is nine times out of ten a fellow who loves the open, a dreamy, far-away, beauty-loving friend of the unfenced, and he loves it so much that he's willing to protect and fight for it. He feels that it belongs to him especially.

I'm not bearing down on the Forest Service. I'm a friend of this great part of our Government, but I do want to say a word for that silent, unrepresented mass of our last frontiers which stands as an aid, a fighting, fearless, well-informed and expert aid, in the preservation of our forests.

NETTING RESULTS

(Continued from Page 31)

strength, but it is better to lose these games while you are young and a beginner than to get up somewhere near the top and just stick there, unable to hold out against those players who have eliminated all weakness from their games. In 1921, when Johnston defeated me at the Germantown Cricket Club in the National Singles Championship matches, Tilden told me that my game had been perfect; I had not made a single bad stroke.

If I had been content as a boy to go on depending on my chop stroke, I should never have got to the point of playing against Johnston at all.

When I first began to build up an all-court game I had to suffer many defeats; but I would rather have suffered them then than now, because now they would put me altogether out of the running.

A boy who cannot afford to take lessons from a professional can derive a great deal of profit from watching tournaments. He can build up his strokes by imitating those of the best players. Gordon Lowe, the English player, who was covered-court champion of the world in 1920, says that he has learned half of all he knows watching good players. The only danger is that a boy watching a game is more likely to remember the more spectacular plays and to copy them, whereas it is probably of more use to him to study and analyze and imitate the less brilliant but more difficult and important ground strokes.

(Continued on Page 90)

Ford

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FIRST THE IDEA—THEN THE MACHINE

Building Ford cars to so high a standard and selling them at so low a price necessitates every possible saving of time and labor. To this end hundreds of special machines have been designed and standard machines improved—many of which accomplish results previously believed by technical experts to have been impossible.

The disc piercing mill, the spring forming machines, the mechanical equipment of the glass plant, the machine which drills forty-seven holes on four sides of the motor simultaneously, are a few examples. They were evolved because the Ford organization believes that it is usually possible to create the machine to carry out the idea.

Ask any authorized Ford dealer for a copy of the 64-page illustrated booklet entitled "The Ford Industries"

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F. O. B. Detroit

The Ford Tudor Sedan is a substantial and attractive all-steel closed car, having all the well-known basic features of Ford design, and built to a high standard of quality in workmanship and materials throughout. The popularity of this Sedan has resulted in such tremendous production that manufacturing economies have made possible present prices—by far the lowest ever offered.

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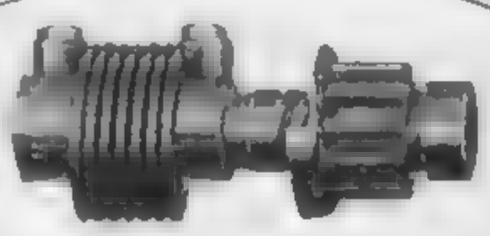
For easy, dependable starting, any place, any time, a large majority of the world's motorists rely upon the Eclipse Bendix Drive. Eclipse starter-drives in their several variations, are simple, sturdy, and effective—insuring maximum ease, convenience and dependability in starting any gas engine. Throughout the world, "Eclipse at Elmira" is known as an authority in this important field, and its products accepted as standard.



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The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

Trucks, Buses, Tractors, Motor Boats, Coast Guard Vessels, Cruisers, Gasoline Rail Cars, Gasoline Locomotives, Fire Apparatus, Ambulances, Taxicabs

and all kinds of prime movers

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N.Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 88)

If a boy wants to know how to hold his racket let him study pictures of the Statue of Liberty. Liberty's forearm, from elbow to wrist, makes a straight line that is prolonged into the torch itself, and she holds the torch with all her fingers, quite firmly. That is the way to hold a racket. If you have fallen into the habit of using the old-fashioned English grip, with the racket at an angle to the forearm, get over it, because there is less strength behind it for a volley or smash.

As for the care of the racket, remember that it is the instrument upon which you must absolutely depend for success, as much as a musician must depend on his violin or piano, and you must take care of it for the sake of your game. It should never be kept in a moist place, because dampness takes the life out of the strings and causes them to break. Keep it covered when not in use.

Do not change to a new racket unless you have to. Your grip as you play becomes automatic and it must be adjusted to each new racket you use.

No boy need be afraid of beginning to play too young. As soon as he can hold a racket and hit a ball with it he is old enough to begin. Red McLoughlin was twelve when he began; Chuck Garland was ten; Tilden began at six and won his first tournament at eight; and I began when I was seven and won my first title at the age of twelve.

I have tried, in all that I have said up to this point, to tell the beginner what he should do. I must now add just a few important things that the beginner should not do.

If you begin to win games and matches try not to get swell-headed about it. The bigger the player, the more modest he is. There isn't a self-satisfied champion in the world today; at least I have never met one. No matter how good we are, we know that somewhere there is a player who will beat us.

Play to win, of course; but if you do win, remember that it may be because the other fellow was not so good. Play always with players who are better than you; that is good for your game and your modesty too.

Too Much Fireworks

Another thing that will handicap your game is temperament. It has spoiled many a champion and sent him to the back seat. You must learn to play regardless of what the spectators say or do. If the game is going against you and you let that upset you, you are almost sure to lose. There are several players today who would be far more successful if they had more self-control.

One of the greatest dangers that lies in the path of the young American player today is the lure of the spectacular. The game as it is played in this country is so fast and so brilliant that the youngster, watching it, is thrilled and vows that he, too, will go in for cannon-ball services and chop strokes.

If he will watch tournaments long enough and will analyze the strokes of the best players, he will realize that the stunt stroke is used only occasionally—it is the exception and not the rule; that the champion builds his game on his ability to play every stroke in the game; that his ground strokes are quite as good as his net play; and that he wins not on any one stroke but on the perfection of his game as a whole. Fireworks are all right on the Fourth of July, but they would have no meaning if we shot them off every day in the year.

Just to prove to the boys who read this that all the advice I have given them is not mere talk—that it means something definite—I want to tell them about the boys who were junior title holders at the same time that I was. I want to tell them just what has happened to some of the important ones; what has become of them and why they have dropped out of sight in the world of tennis.

I shall take only half a dozen of them: Fred and Frank Anderson, H. L. Taylor, Gerald Emerson, Henry Kaltenbach and Cecil Donaldson. At the time I played with them we all played very much the same kind of game and our chances seemed about equal. But no one hears much about them today, and it is, I think, worth while to study the reasons for their elimination from the game.

Frank T. Anderson showed more promise, perhaps, than any of the others. For three years he and I battled for practically every junior title in the country, and we were so evenly matched that it was usually merely a question of endurance between us. But he made exactly the error I have been warning boys against—he wanted to play a brilliant, smashing game, and it ended in a strained heart that took him out of tennis for many years. As he played it, the game took too much out of him. He would rush up to the net at every opportunity in the hope of getting in a deadly volley. Even for a boy who is strong enough to stand the strain, that sort of game is poor policy. It is silly to rush in to the net on every stroke; it should be done only when you have a forcing shot. So one possible champion had to give up the game simply because he went in for pyrotechnical displays instead of a steady, all-court game.

Stars That Have Fallen

Frank's brother, Fred, was another of my competitors. He still plays in tournaments and is particularly good on indoor courts. He was runner-up to Borotra in 1925 for the National Indoor Singles Championship of the United States. Fred is handicapped by his size; he is the tallest player in the game—six feet seven and a half inches. I honestly believe that his great height is a handicap to him, although many critics disagree with me. He should have gone in for some sport where his inches would have been an advantage instead of a possible disadvantage.

H. L. Taylor, who was junior champion in 1917, is a curious example of a boy who stood still. When he was just a kid his father had him taught by almost every well-known professional in the country. He simply did as he was told by these teachers and never improved upon the game he acquired in that way.

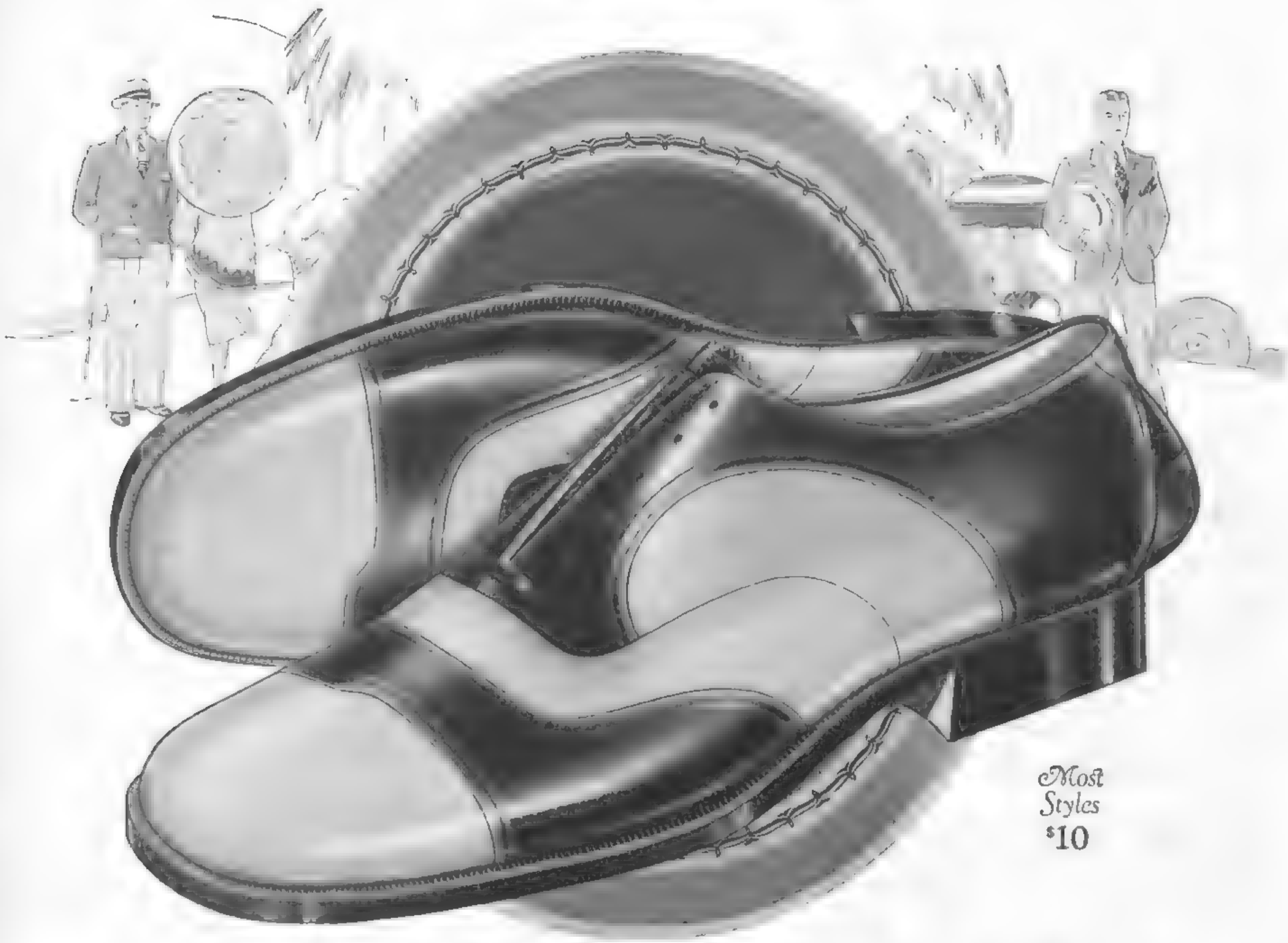
In his case one can attribute his failure to go on to further tennis honors only to a lack of interest in the game. In his last two years at Princeton he played on the varsity, but his game was stagnant; it never improved.

As for Cecil Donaldson, Tilden used to prophesy that he would become one of the world's greatest players; but Donaldson liked to play too well, and tennis was work. So tennis lost a champion.

The trouble with Henry Kaltenbach was that when he went to Princeton he became an all-sports man. There is no reason, of course, why a boy who goes in for many sports should not become a tennis champion, provided he specializes in tennis and uses other games and gymnastics merely as a recreation and as a means of keeping in condition. Richard Hart, for instance, was a four-letter man at Harvard, and yet he all but made the Davis Cup team in 1921. But Kaltenbach did not concentrate on tennis, and he made no efforts to improve his game; and so, long before he left Princeton, he was out of the running.

Gerald Emerson is another example of the type of boy who wanted to play a spectacular game instead of building up all his strokes. He still plays, but he has made no effort to improve his form. He plays wildly; if the ball goes in, it is an ace; and if not, it is an error; and this system brings him a percentage of error that usually runs to nine out of ten. But if he has lost all hope and chance of ever becoming a champion, he has at least gained one great advantage, and that is in health. As a boy he had infantile paralysis; and the fact that he is a well man today is due, his father

(Continued on Page 92)



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Calendars

WELDON, WILLIAMS & LICK

Fort Smith, Arkansas

ESTABLISHED 1898

Ticket and Coupon Book Headquarters

Favorably Known the World Over

(Continued from Page 90)

says, to tennis more than to any other one thing that he has done.

That is the history of six of the boys who were playing for junior titles at the same time that I was.

Of the youngsters who are playing in junior tournaments today, Sandy Wiener is probably the best player, but I think he lacks the match-player attitude that is necessary to a champion. Another promising boy, Eugene McAuliff, comes from Yonkers, as I did, and is a student at Fordham, as I was. He plays a game that is like the game Tilden played at his age. He hits hard and with tremendous speed, but his shots are wild. If he can learn to tone down his game and eliminate the fireworks he can become a factor in tournament tennis.

Tennis Safe for Democracy

Cranston Holman and Edward Chandler are, in my opinion, the two leading boy players today, and there is no reason why they cannot become Davis Cup material if they conduct themselves wisely. Just now they need, more than anything else, to play against the good players here in the East. They were invited to spend the summer in the Orient, the guests of the Japan Lawn Tennis Association, and they have been unable to resist the temptation. I call it a temptation, because in Japan they will play for the most part against mediocre players from whom they can learn little. They will win victories wherever they go, but they will be easy victories from which they will take only glory—in modified form—and no experience. This is the sort of mistake that the youngster who begins to win junior titles must be on guard against. He should not enter matches in which he is almost sure to win, but he should try to get into those where he is almost sure to be beaten. It sounds like hard advice; but as long as he contents himself with smaller honors he only postpones the day when he can win greater ones.

I have played in many countries all over the world—in England and France, Spain and Mexico—and wherever I have gone I have been warmly received by everyone, from the people in the gallery to the crowned heads before whom and even with whom I have on occasion played. It is an amusing reflection to me that the only snobbery I have ever met with I found here in my own country. I played in doubles with the queen of Spain at San Sebastian; I played a command game for the Prince of Wales at Buckingham Palace; General Obregon himself presented me with a handsome trophy when I won the Mexican championship; and they were all exquisitely democratic, as only those in high places can be when they choose. It was in the United States alone that I ever found myself up against a group of people who thought tennis a social privilege for the rich or the blue-blooded, and who resented the fact that I, a nobody from Yonkers, should win so many titles.

I want it distinctly understood that my difficulties will probably not fall to the lot of any boy who aspires to a championship today; that the exclusive attitude is no longer popular in the United States Lawn Tennis Association; and that the game has become thoroughly democratic.

When I was fifteen years old and was still in preparatory school, I was given a position in a sporting-goods store as general sporting salesman. The firm sent me to Canada on business, and while I was away a snappy advertising man in the company thought it would be a bright idea to let the world know that I was on their staff. I was at the time junior champion and doubles champion with Tilden.

I did not know anything about the advertising man's bright idea until I got back. On the day I landed in New York I went to a hotel near the station for breakfast; and there staring me in the face from the front page of my morning paper was this headline:

Governing Body Makes Richards a Professional.

To be classed as a professional meant that I could not play in any amateur matches; I would lose my standing and all the matches I had won up to that time would be worth nothing to me. The article reproduced an advertising sign:

Come In and Let Vincent Richards Pick Out Your Racket.

This sign had been called to the attention of the governing body of the United States Lawn Tennis Association and they had made me a professional on account of it. It was a pity, the writer of the article said, that my career should be cut off at that time.

You can imagine how I felt, and how I blessed that advertising man who had, perhaps, cost me my tennis career. I dashed to the telephone and got the U. S. L. T. A. headquarters. I told them that the sign had been put up in my absence and without my knowledge or consent. Then I went to the store and asked them what it was all about. They took the sign out of the window and explained that the advertising man had not known about the amateur rule and had had no thought of putting one over on me in my absence. But would the committee believe this?

In Bad With the Bosses

A meeting was called at the Racquet Club a few days later, and after much discussion the professional ban was lifted, but only on condition that I give up my job in the store. I might have pointed out to the committee that William M. Johnston, William Tilden, Wallace Johnson, Howard Kinsey and others were all engaged in similar occupations that did not break the amateur rule, but that were, nevertheless, dependent more or less on their reputations as tennis players. I did not argue with the committee, though I accepted their ruling and gave up my job.

In 1920, at the East-West matches in Philadelphia, when I was seventeen, I was not allowed to play, although everybody expected me to do so. These matches are virtually Davis Cup tryouts and my omission from them meant that I could not compete for the Davis Cup team. A newspaper at the time commented thus on this decision:

"It is the sort of thing that would not be tolerated in any sport but tennis, which is run in a most high-handed manner. Instead of discouraging a boy like Richards, who has perfected a game at the age of seventeen such as no player in the history of tennis ever knew, one would think that everything possible would be done to pay tribute to him. His name and prowess mean more to the future of American tennis than those of any of the older players. Richards is an idol among the youngsters of the country. His success is a stimulus to them and has done more in the past two years to interest boys in tennis than all the rules committees, tournament committees and Davis committees combined."

But that was not all. When it came to the annual listing of the ranking players for 1920, my name was not included. I had been ill during the first part of the season and had not entered many tournaments. The ranking committee gave as their reason for my exclusion the fact that there were "insufficient data." I feel I should have been given a fourth ranking; but merely because I had not played in so many matches as I might have played had I been well, I was left out.

In 1921 I played against Johnston at Germantown and was defeated. The crowd cheered me almost as much as it did Johnston because it had been such a close game and because I had put up a good fight against the imperturbable Bill.

Then again in 1922 when the time came for the selection of America's Davis Cup team, it was obvious to everyone that Tilden, Williams and Johnston would be

(Continued on Page 94)

Are these the questions you have asked about Electric Refrigeration?

HOW electric refrigeration has spread! The domestic science world is urging it. The home world is exclaiming, "wonderful!" Eager purchasers are taxing factory production.

Both women and men are pressing a multitude of questions. Here are a few replies to typical questions.

Answers to questions a woman asks

WHAT DOES IT BRING BESIDES CONVENIENCE AND ICE-CUBES? Picture a cold buffet such as the big hotels feature in summer, and you will begin to understand. Servel encourages an entirely new art of coldery. Jellied soups, meats, vegetables. Chilled salads. Iced drinks in novel variety. All easy to make, and delightfully different.

INTERESTING? There's more. Leftovers can all be saved,—for new economy dishes. Spoiled food is practically eliminated. New methods enter the household. Work organizes itself better. Meal-planning is easier. Responsibilities grow lighter. A score of influences toward a happier, freer home.

SERVEL ITSELF? You need hardly give it a thought,—month in, month out. It is entirely automatic.

Answers to questions a husband asks

HOW CAN IT BOTH FREEZE WATER AND PRESERVE MILK AT THE SAME TIME? Two compartments, sir. One for refrigerating; it maintains temperatures below 50°. The other for freezing; it maintains temperatures between 20° and 10°.

10 DEGREES ABOVE ZERO? THAT IS COLD. HOW IS SUCH COLD PRODUCED? Through a liquid with a temperature of 10 degrees below zero. This refrigerant circulates round and round through chilling coils. 2½ pounds of it do the work of refrigerating for years.

MAY YOU SEE THIS REFRIGERANT? Indeed, you may. Any Servel dealer will show it, and let you test it with a thermometer. What is more—he will perform an interesting experiment for you. He will pour some water into the refrigerant. The instant the two meet:—Ice! This will help you understand all electric refrigeration and particularly Servel.

IS THIS WHY ONE HEARS SO MUCH ABOUT SERVEL? Partly. But, further, Servel has been endorsed by the electric light and power industry, and you know how seriously it takes its responsibility to the public. Over 1000 central stations sell and install Servel.

Servel is sold and installed by more electric light companies than any other electric refrigerator

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THERE *is even more to be told. A visit to your Servel dealer will be a real contribution to your knowledge of electric refrigeration.*

SERVEL *may be bought as a complete refrigerator, in any of 7 models; or, it may be installed, as a separate unit, in your present refrigerator. Prices are less than you suppose, and include delivery, installation and service for one year. Servel is displayed by more than 1000 central stations, also by selected dealers everywhere.*

THE SERVEL CORPORATION
51 East 42nd Street, New York

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SERVEL

IDEAL ELECTRIC (SERVEL) REFRIGERATION

Fine, durable fabric. Real fit. Careful tailoring. Pearl buttons. Staunch buttonholes. One Dollar!

One Dollar

New and bigger Union Suit value

Step into your dealer's and look at Dollar Topkis—the best buy in the men's apparel field.

Look hard at this quality union suit. Check its value against anything you've ever worn.

See how the fabrics compare with high-price makes in quality and variety. This for One Dollar; think of it!

Note the comfort-fit produced by Topkis individual tailoring. Ample action-room at every point—your skin breathes!

Look at the little details that are so important: buttons, buttonholes, seams, careful workmanship.

Demand and buy Dollar Topkis, the biggest value for men.

Write for free illustrated booklet

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 93 Worth Street, at Broadway, New York

The Flatlock Seam. Nine needles weave the materials together into a seam that is the strongest part of the garment.

Be sure you read this label

Men's Shirts and Drawers. Boys' Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c each. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

(Continued from Page 92)

chosen; but who would be the fourth? My record entitled me to a place, but my age was against me. That, at least, was the feeling of some of the officers of the association. Other countries prefer to use one or two of their younger players on this team in order to give them the experience. International matches are serious affairs, and even a national champion cannot rush into them. He must play several times to become sure of himself. France, Spain and Japan feel that when their older players have to give up the game, they ought to have in reserve a group of young players who can take their places. When France sent Cochet and Borotra here in 1922 it was not with the hope that they might be victorious, but merely that they might have the invaluable experience of competing in these international games. In the end I made the team.

The Player-Writer Rule

But all this came to a head in 1925 in the famous player-writer controversy. It began in this way:

Tilden was writing for a Philadelphia syndicate and that organization sent out to their clients a pamphlet announcing the matches in which he would appear during the summer. They promised each paper that paid for this special service that he would be in their city at a certain time. The U. S. L. T. A., when this pamphlet was brought to their attention, pointed out that this was a violation of the amateur rule. If Tilden were sent out by the association to play in a Davis Cup match, for instance, and if such an order from them should conflict with a previous engagement arranged by his syndicate, what could be done? Obviously he could not break the syndicate's contract with its client, and it was equally clear that he could not refuse to play in an important match. Up to this point they were quite right in their attitude. But when they announced that, in their interpretation of the amateur rule, no player could write for a daily newspaper, everybody felt that they had gone too far. Up to that time the rule was simply understood to mean that no amateur player could accept money for teaching or for playing tennis; this new application of it stirred up a great deal of bitterness.

I was at the time on the staff of another syndicate on a weekly salary, covering not only tennis but other sporting and news events. Tilden naturally opposed the ruling, and I decided to take my stand with him, since I would be equally affected. We both felt that it was unfair, because practicing and tournaments took up so much of our time that it was difficult to get any regular occupation; and we should therefore be permitted to make a living in one of the very few ways open to us. It was simply another phase of the attitude of the old guard that tennis players ought not to have to make a living.

Our opposition put the committee in a quandary. If we who ranked first and second in American tennis were to withdraw, where would the association be?

The battle raged fiercely for a time. Tilden and I resigned from the Davis Cup squad and the tennis world was turned upside down.

It looked very much at the time as if professional tennis might be inaugurated. If the committee had not decided to compromise with us, we might simply have said, "Oh, very well, if you want to call us professionals, we will become professionals."

I realized that it is much better for the game that we were not compelled to take such a stand, but I think we could have put it over if we had tried. Indications now clearly point to professional tennis before many more years. The first step in that direction was taken when Charles M. Wood, former National Indoor Junior Champion, accepted a berth as a professional teacher in a club. Not long after this, Harvey Snodgrass, sixth ranking player of the world and third in the list of California title holders, joined the professional ranks and is now engaged in teaching tennis to younger players. It will, of course, mean a great deal to the future of the game that such skillful players as these can offer their services to youngsters who show an instinct for tournament play.

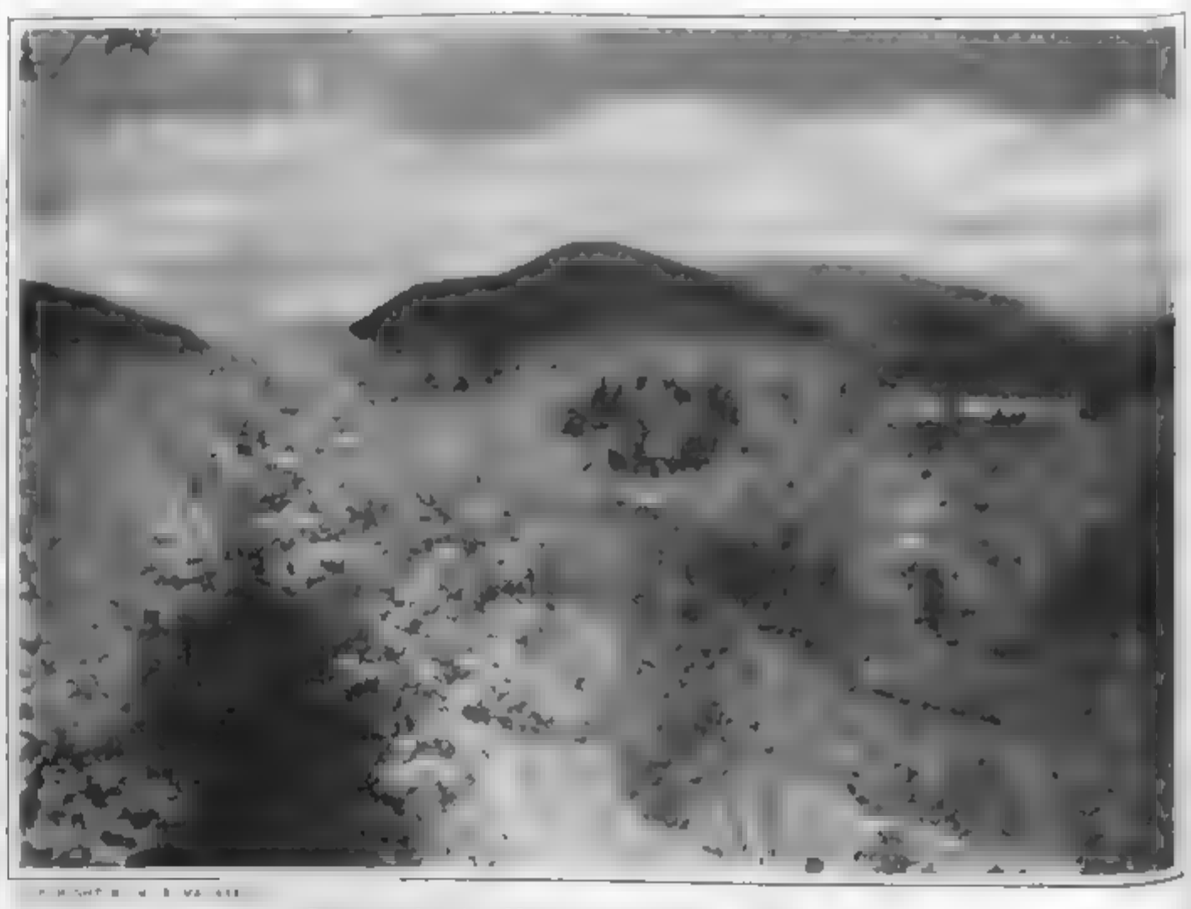
Everybody Satisfied

Let me say again that I do not wish to blame the United States Lawn Tennis Association for its activities in the player-writer controversy, nor have I any personal grievance against them.

The controversy was finally settled and tennis fans all over the world breathed a deep sigh of relief. The rule as finally amended forbids player-writers from reporting matches while taking part in tournaments, but permits them to write accounts of the game in the intervals between matches. They may not use their titles in signing articles, and they may not send accounts of the games until they are over. This seems fair enough and everybody is satisfied.

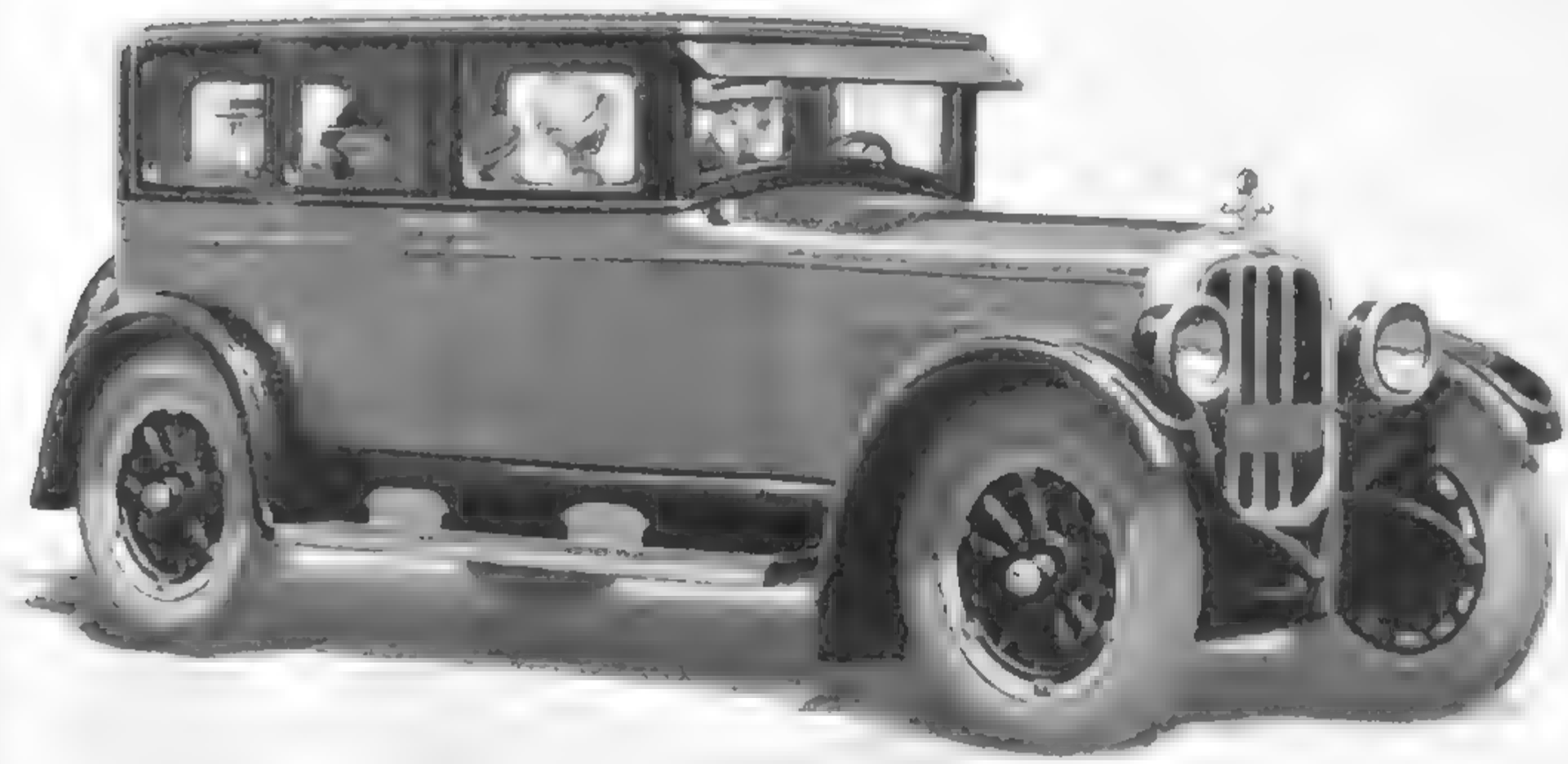
Today all this old enmity has disappeared and much of the credit for the change in the association's attitude is due to the man who is now president, James W. Mesereau. I am convinced that he perfectly understands the whole situation, and that in his able and tactful hands no such difficulties will arise in the future.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Richards. The last will appear in an early issue.



Autumn in the Margaree Valley, Nova Scotia

Try to Make Any Car Perform as the New Chandler Performs!



The New Twentieth Century 4-Door Sedan

$1590

f. o. b. Cleveland

THE public is at last getting right down to first principles in buying motor cars—sanely weighing quality on the scales of performance—more interested in *demonstrations* than in mere conversation.

Take any automobile that seems to compare with Chandler, either in size or in price—and try to match it against Chandler in hill-climbing; in quick spurts from slow to high speeds; in liveliness of getaway; in ease of gear-shifting, steering, stopping. Note, in every test, the delightful contrast in favor of Chandler.

There seems to be no end to the mighty power of Chandler's championship Pikes Peak Motor—a mechanism superbly quiet and smooth, and kept true to form by *high-pressure* lubrication.

The car's advanced chassis design includes the great advantage of a simple, certain method of *centralized* lubrication—the famous "One Shot" System. With a mere press of your heel on a plunger, the "One Shot" System *automatically* lubricates the entire chassis.

So it goes—advantage after advantage—all fully revealed in the way Chandler performs. Find, if you can, another such combination of progress, quality and value!

CLEVELAND Likewise Leads Its Field . . . .

Cleveland Six, now allied with Chandler in a great combination of resources, offers a lower-priced line of new models likewise noted for unusual quality. All Cleveland Sixes possess, like Chandler, the great advantages of high-pressure motor lubrication and "One Shot" chassis lubrication—along with the appeal of prices ranging from $945 to $1345, f. o. b. Factory.

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CHANDLER·CLEVELAND

Now · *the summer weight oxford*

LIGHT AS A FEATHER • BUT STRONGLY CONSTRUCTED *where the wear comes.* This is the time of year when your feet need relaxation to take away the hot, crowded and confined feeling. The Selz summer weight oxford will bring a cool exhilaration • just as your light clothing and straw hat. They were enjoyed by many men last summer • when we first introduced them. Their style is smart for young men • men young "in years" and men young "at heart."

The new shade of tan • also black

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION
Chicago • Pittsburgh

The Bermuda
NEW TAN OR BLACK
Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels

Selz Shoes

A STYLE AND A PRICE FOR EVERY MAN - $6 to $10

THE GOLD PUTTER

(Continued from Page 15

like a real champ and that the sex novelist had patent leather hair and a complexion like a cheese pie. She even insisted on following the dancing author to the grill and waiting until he performed. Then they both walked back across the moonlit lawn to the Thesbia, each in thoughtful silence.

Finally, as the steward placed a fresh bottle of mineral water on the drawing-room table and retired, Mr. Yates mused audibly, "Our kind of folks! Yes, but forming the background. Huh!"

From which you are to gather that Mr. Yates was dissatisfied. Something was wrong with the picture. He was still in this mood when he became conscious that the young man with the bulgy eyes had lounged over and was about to speak to him. The next moment he was speaking.

"Excuse me, but you're Hudson T. Yates, aren't you?" Mr. Yates admitted that he was. "Well, I'm Leonard Hicks, better known as Headline Hicks."

"Ah, Mr. Hicks! And may I ask why you are known as Headline Hicks?"

"Because, sir, that's my job—to get 'em in the headlines."

"Sort of a press agent?"

"Publicist, Mr. Yates—a personal publicist—a celebrity maker, if you will."

Mr. Hicks was using a hoarse, confidential whisper, but he managed to put into his words an eager intensity, a vigorous, buoyant note. Also there was an easy assurance in his manner, a flash of enthusiasm in his prominent eyes. He made restrained but graceful gestures by means of a cigarette held between thumb and forefinger. Mr. Yates regarded him with cautious interest, not being a person of quick enthusiasms himself. On the contrary, he was cool, calculating, hard-boiled. It was his policy, however, always to let the other fellow state his proposition.

"Ought to be interesting, the making of a celebrity," he suggested. "I was not aware they were produced in that way—rather thought they were self-made."

"No more so, sir, than an omelet or a great painting. True, a chef must have eggs; a Millet or a Sargent his brush and colors. Behind each must be the creative brain that blends, conceives, executes. Now take your case, Mr. Yates."

"But I am neither an omelet nor a celebrity." And Mr. Yates allowed the left side of his mouth to pucker oddly.

"Precisely my point, Mr. Yates. Why shouldn't you be a celebrity?" Young Mr. Hicks was leaning toward him, tapping him on the chest with a long finger.

"Well, suppose I don't care for that sort of thing."

"That's what the fox said about the grapes, Mr. Yates, and you are much too intelligent to take that line. Of course you want to make the most of yourself, to improve your opportunities, to develop your personality, to find and take your place in the sun. It's a human trait; the impelling motive which has raised our species from the primeval slime. So you do; you must care for that sort of thing."

Mr. Yates was a little dazed by this unexpected burst of eloquence, but he managed to smile and shrug his shoulders. "Passing all that, even granting that I might wish to be a celebrity, what should I do about it?"

Mr. Hicks did not hesitate. "When you decided to merge a dozen or more power, light and trolley companies into the Tri-State Public Utilities Corporation, Mr. Yates, what was your first step? You employed a lawyer who had engineered such affairs before, who made a specialty of mergers—an expert—didn't you? Well, I am an expert publicist—Headline Hicks, at your service. You need me, Mr. Yates."

Mr. Yates registered dissent by an east-to-west movement of his pear-shaped chin, but otherwise his manner was not discouraging. "Then you think you could make a celebrity of me?" he asked, as if pursuing an implausible but somewhat amusing notion.

"Think, sir! Why, I would stake my reputation that I could. You have all the requisites—a keen mind, strong character, unique personality. Only the last has been kept in leash; inhibited, as we say. I don't know why, but it has. Needs developing, turning loose. Then you will have freedom to dramatize yourself. That's the whole thing, Mr. Yates—self-dramatizing. And I can show you how to do it. Absolutely. Why, sir, give me two weeks and I will make you so well known here that ——"

He was off, head up, eyes alight, confident energy in every motion of his long arms, vibrating in every tone. He radiated assurance, the high command, victory. And then, right in midflight, he stopped, hesitated, fumbled for a word, did a rhetorical nose dive. For over the shoulder of Mr. Yates he had met the cold, cynical stare of a stocky, square-jawed man who had emerged from the locker room. A florid person, this intruder, with a face burned to brick red by the Southern sun, bristly red eyebrows, tufts of grayish red hair showing under the beehive straw helmet which he wore.

"Hello, Hicks!" he growled. "Still here, are you?"

"Looks so, doesn't it, doc?" retorted Mr. Hicks somewhat defiantly.

"It does," agreed the other. "And I may as well tell you now, Hicks, that I have left word at the office that I am in no way responsible for you."

"A thoughtful touch, that," commented Mr. Hicks.

"Also," went on the florid person, "I am about to wire my son-in-law congratulating him on getting rid of you."

"Give him my love, will you, doc?" added Mr. Hicks.

But as the square-jawed man strode past to the first tee young Mr. Hicks dropped wearily into a chair and spread his long fingers in a gesture of despair.

"Well," he sighed, "it's no use. I suppose he's queered me again."

Mr. Yates, who had watched the encounter with what might be described as a poker face, now indulged once more in that odd puckering of the lips.

"Who's your friend?" he asked.

"That?" Mr. Hicks glanced after the stocky figure. "Oh, he's Doc Drennan. You know—Mother Eve's Elixir. Up to a week ago he was my boss. Now—well, you heard. That was a parting kick."

Mr. Yates eyed the slumped shoulders, the limp fingers and the generally collapsed attitude of young Mr. Hicks, and though he was no thoroughgoing sentimentalist he was often moved by quick sympathy for an under dog. Besides, he had seen this Doctor Drennan swaggering about once or twice before and had conceived a cordial dislike for the man. So now he smiled quizzically at his new acquaintance.

"But you are a celebrity maker, aren't you?" he asked.

"Bunk," said Mr. Hicks. "I found myself in a hole and I had to think up something."

"Ah! You tried dramatizing yourself, did you?"

Mr. Hicks nodded. "Pretty much of a flop, wasn't it?"

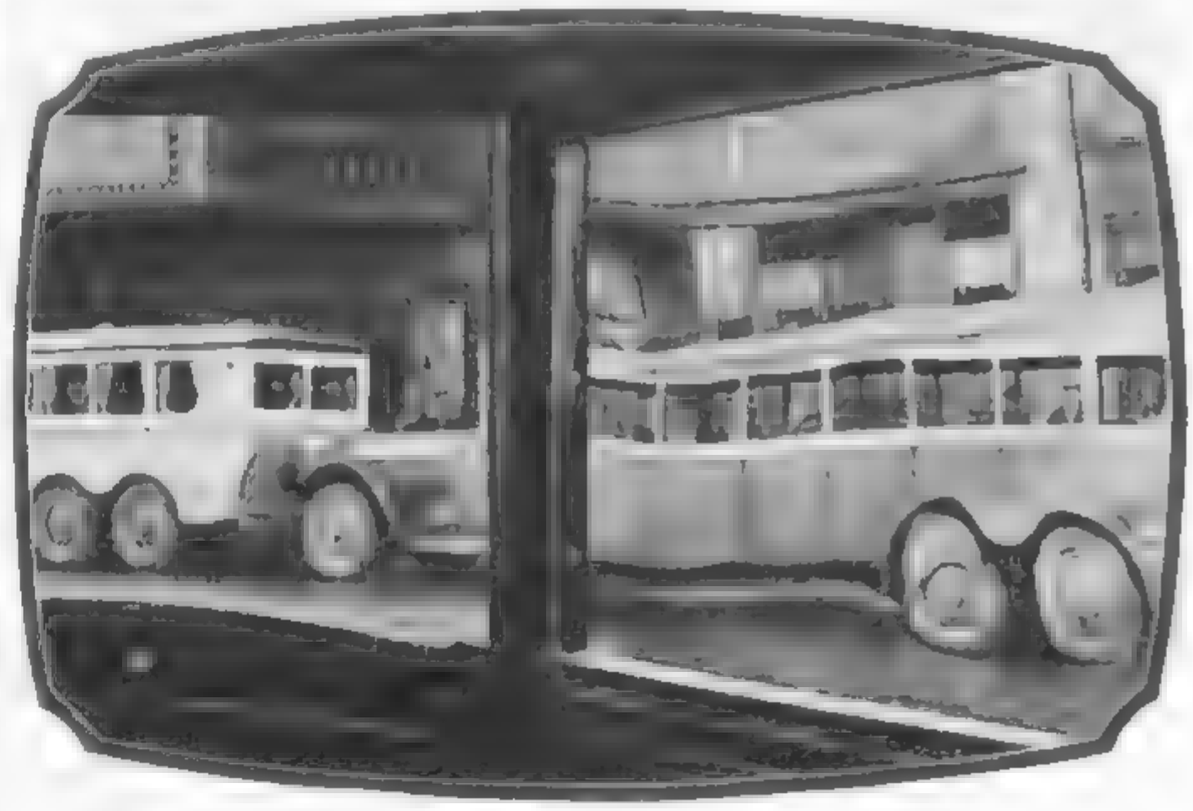
"I wouldn't say so. No, I thought it rather convincing, and if that was an improvised effort it was a brilliant one. I'm almost sorry that Doctor Drennan spoiled it. Not an agreeable person, I judge."

"The doc? Well, he isn't as bad as he looks. I was getting along with him fine until—but it's nothing you'd care to hear, Mr. Yates."

"On the contrary, I should be interested to hear all about it. That is, if you care to tell it."

"Honest? Why, say, I'd be glad to. But couldn't we find a better place?"

Can glass add to the risks of driving?



Look closely at this untouched photograph and see your answer at the right

SKILL in avoiding collisions depends largely upon accuracy of vision. Your eyes may be perfectly normal, exceptionally good, in fact; and yet they can be tricked and deceived by common sheet glass—as shown in the photograph above. Look to the right, and what do you see? A bus—strange, elongated, distorted. No bus was ever really like that. But you are looking at it through sheet glass. The distortions are caused by the waves and irregularities in the glass.

When you look through the windshield straight ahead, you see another bus, as it actually is. You see accurately and normally because the windshield is Plate Glass. Plate Glass is manufactured by a method that frees it from unsightly flaws and defects. It is rolled, ground and polished until it is perfectly clear. And it is made extra tough by a process of annealing peculiar to itself. Therefore, it is more resistant to breakage than ordinary glass.

Insist upon having Plate Glass on the car you buy. It is the only glass that is in keeping with *quality* in the car. Insist on it also for glazing when you are replacing broken panes. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

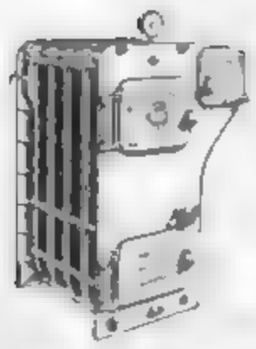
Use PLATE Glass ©
Nothing Else is Like It

If You Really Want Facts About the Heating Question Let Us Send You This Book

REMEMBER all the heating-system conversation last winter? What with one thing and another—the strike and high fuel prices, for instance—heaters were almost as popular a topic as radio, prohibition and Florida.

Smith liked oil; Brown stuck to coal—when he could get it. Jones enthused over steam; White preferred vapor; hot water was the only thing for Thompson. Everybody rode his hobby; but not one in fifty took the trouble really to study the facts and find out definitely what would be best for his health, convenience and pocketbook.

Not much of that talk when the mercury is trying to push the top out of the thermometer. Yet summer is the very time to look into the heating question and do something about it before frost comes again.



That's why we suggest that you write for this book now. It is a highly informative and interesting compilation of facts, prepared for the man or woman who really wants to know which system fits his requirements best; which one will do most in the end to save his money, back-muscles and disposition.

A card will bring you your copy.

"How Much Should the Heating System Cost in Relation to the Total Building Investment?" What part should it play in the operating budget? Heating systems for the home and for other kinds of buildings. Fuels, their cost and availability

These are a few of the important topics covered in "The Business of Buying a Heating System" Write for a copy of this book.

STANDARD HEATER COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa.
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal — $4 to $7 less per ton — — — Less attention required

"Come over to the car," suggested Mr. Yates.

And a few moments later they were comfortably seated on the Thesbia's awninged rear platform.

"Let's see," said Mr. Yates. "You had been working for this Doctor Drennan, had you? What sort of work?"

"Advertising manager, of course." And Mr. Hicks waved a deprecatory hand. "I didn't begin like that. I eased in with the Elixir company as a testimonial writer. You know—getting up letters telling how dizzy I felt mornings and how my back hurt me and how food went against me, until some friend advised me to try Mother Eve's Elixir, and after two bottles I was a new woman; so changed that when my married daughter came on from Tennessee for a visit the new Methodist minister hardly knew which was which."

Mr. Yates nodded.

"I've read 'em. Often wondered if they were genuine."

"We got most of 'em up right in the office. Had two or three men who did nothing else. I got taken on the staff through a friend, once when I was nearly down and out. I'd never tried it before either. But I'd done nearly all kinds of newspaper work, and I had handled nearly every sort of publicity there is, from press-agenting a tent evangelist through Dixie to ballyhooing for a Coney Island ring-toss game. Yes, I've even traveled ahead of a town-hall Tom show, worked up beauty contests for one-horse dailies, turned out copy for 40 per-cent-profit schemes and invented statistics for an anti-vice crusade."

"A very thorough training for writing testimonials, I should say," agreed Mr. Yates.

"I made good with the Elixir people anyway. It was the little human touches I put in that made my stuff different. Not that they came easy. Why, before I could turn out one of those letters I'd have to work myself up. I'd read medical books, pick out a set of symptoms, get 'em by heart. I'd feel every ache and twinge, see spots before my eyes, have 'em on my liver. Then I'd cast myself as Mrs. Lem Proobs, of 1302 Montrose Avenue, Sorghum, Mississippi, who could hardly drag herself around the house and hadn't enjoyed a meal of victuals since little Andrew Jackson Proobs—now going on six—was a baby. From 9:30 A.M. until, say, about 10:15 I was Mrs. Proobs. I'd turn pale over it, hold my head in my hands. Then I'd discover the Elixir, three dessertspoonfuls a day, before meals. And, say, inside of ten minutes I'd have my heels on my desk feeling fit as a fiddle, after which I would knock off a testimonial that was a little gem and go out for a good lunch. . . . Actually take that much Elixir? Not on a bet. When I absorb any alcohol I don't want it loaded with morphine, rhubarb, ipecac, and the Lord knows what. But I could picture vivid just how much a few doses would pep up Mrs. Proobs, and that's what made my letters so convincing.

"Anyhow, they got me in solid with Doc Drennan. He turned me loose revising wrapper leaflets, doing new stuff for the stereotype blocks and getting up the Elixir Almanac with the daily weather forecast, cooking receipts and advice on how to cure spavins and chicken roup. First thing I knew I was head of the department, with things all my own way. That lasted a year, and then young Steuber kicked in as son-in-law and general manager. He had done sport news on an evening paper once and someone had told him he was a word artist, so as soon as Doc Drennan goes off to Florida and leaves him in charge he starts editing my copy. Naturally, I object and we go to the mat over it, with the result that I'm let out—fired.

"I had a hunch the boss wouldn't like that at all, but I didn't see how I could do my case justice in a night letter, so I hopped a yellow Pullman and came on down here for a personal interview with the old man. I got it, all right. 'Good work!' says he. 'Threw you out, did he? I didn't know the young fellow had that much gumption. Picked a nice place for your vacation though.' And he goes off chuckling. Knew I was stranded, of course, and now he's waiting to see me chucked out of here. You see, Mr. Yates, I had to try something."

"And I looked easy, eh?"

"Hardly. As a matter of fact I've been trailing you around ever since yesterday morning working up nerve enough to tackle you."

"But why me? I'm just a plain retired promoter, with nothing to sell. I came down here simply to enjoy myself in a quiet, modest way."

Mr. Hicks glanced back into the Thesbia's more or less luxurious interior, at a silver vase filled with long-stemmed roses, at the white-uniformed steward bringing cracked ice, and smiled.

"Your idea of a modest little trip, eh? Well, it's easy enough to be modest down here. They'll let you. But that isn't my notion of getting your money's worth. Why pass for a nobody when you might be a headliner? And, if you'll excuse me, Mr. Yates, you're dead wrong about not having anything to sell."

"Yes? Well, what, for instance?"

"Yourself, sir. Unless you're a hermit or something like that, you're still in touch with people, dependent on them in a way. Try taking yourself off the market completely. What happens? No friends, no service, nothing. But nobody ever goes quite so far as that. Halfway, maybe. And they have a poor time, perhaps without knowing why. They're not getting as much out of life as they might—as they should. Honestly, Mr. Yates, are you?"

Hudson T. Yates shifted a little uneasily in his chair, almost as if he had actually been prodded in the ribs. And it was his custom to be frank with himself, to face facts, to maintain an open mind.

"Suppose I'm not. What then?"

"Take your place among these people, get in touch, edge toward the front of the stage. Sell 'em your personality."

"With you as stage manager?"

"I'm available, Mr. Yates. And it wasn't all bunk about my being a celebrity maker. I've never tried exactly this line, but I know I could put it over. I've thought it all out. If I can write stuff that will sell a punk patent medicine in carload lots, why can't I dope out personal publicity for a man who has the goods to deliver? The answer is: I can."

Perhaps there was an encouraging flicker in the gray eyes of Hudson Yates. At least Mr. Hicks was no longer a limp, despairing young man. Confidence once more radiated from him, and in that pose he was interesting, likable, almost impressive. Mr. Yates found himself being well entertained.

With their backs to the car door, neither of them noticed that a plump young woman attired in riding togs had emerged from one of the staterooms and was listening to their talk. Agnes Yates was not in the habit of eavesdropping, but before she knew it her interest had been aroused by this somewhat unusual discussion. Besides, in order to leave for her morning canter she must pass between her father and this eager-voiced stranger, interrupt them. As the topic seemed neither of a business nor a private nature, she decided to wait. So she sat quietly down and watched in a mirror the reflection of this young man who was urging her father to do something or other.

"Come, now," Mr. Yates was challenging; "just how would you set about making me, for example, even a local celebrity?"

"Very simple, Mr. Yates. By playing up some one trait of your personality and fitting to it a tag—a catch phrase—that would stick in the mind. We're great people for that sort of thing, you know—tags, labels, slogans. We read 'em and believe. We accept, remember. What Roman emperor are you least likely to forget? Nero, the Fiddler. Which of our

(Continued on Page 100)

SONGS

the beautiful old ones...the infectious new ones...sing them to the music of your

GULBRANSEN

THE SONGS you sang when you were young—sing them again! The wonderful old hymns on Sunday afternoon . . . the simple melodies so rich in memories

The catchy tunes your children hum—bring their music into your home. Make that home a place where brother's chums, sister's beau, all the young folks, love to gather.

Learn the greatest joy of music—the joy of singing *to music you play yourselves.*

The Gulbransen has made this possible—even though you cannot read a note of music.

The Gulbransen plays by roll. Yet *you* control its playing. You can accompany voices or other instruments, play fast or slow, accent melody and harmony notes. You can hush the music to a whisper, or release the clear, sweet tones in brilliant volume. It is simple and easy.

You can, in a word, do anything that you could do if *you* played by hand. This is true of the Gulbransen alone—the only piano of its kind in the world.

Only the Gulbransen has the special patented construction—the *Registering* feature—which registers exactly your individual touch. Ordinary roll-played pianos lack this feature. The Gulbransen Registering Piano, having it, is responsive, personal, human. It gives you all the enjoyment of hand playing. Its music cannot be told from hand playing.

That is why the Gulbransen is the largest selling piano in America today. Thousands of pianists, recognizing its superb quality, own it and play it both by hand and by roll.

As a straight piano, for hand playing, the Gulbransen is an instrument of the highest rank. As a Registering Piano, the Gulbransen plays *all* music rolls.

Why deny yourself longer the deepest enjoyment, the finest influence, that money can bring to your home? Children grow up quickly—now is the time to make their home life something that will always be a wonderful memory for them.

A small cash payment will put the Gulbransen Registering Piano in your home. Subsequent payments to suit your convenience. Allowance will be made for your present piano or other musical instrument.

Four upright Registering models: Community, $450; Suburban, $530; Country Seat, $615; White House, $700. Gulbransen Grand, $785; Registering Grand, $1275. Three Uprights played by hand only: Style W, $440; Style S, $350; Style C, $295. For your protection we stamp the price of each instrument on the back at the factory.

The National Association of Piano Tuners recommends that all pianos be tuned from two to four times a year—your Gulbransen deserves this care.

FREE BOOK

Our new illustrated booklet will open up to you a new world of enjoyment, not merely in listening to fine music, but in playing it with your own touch, your own feeling, and the joy of your own creative expression. Clip and mail the coupon for it—now!

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3232 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill

Please send me without obligation your free book, "Good Times with your Gulbransen," and beautiful 1926 Calendar.

Name .....
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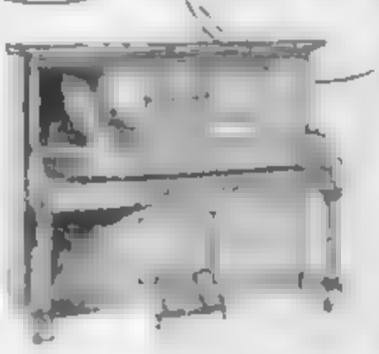
GULBRANSEN
The *Registering* Piano



The new, improved Suburban model, playable by hand or roll, $530. Also made as a piano played by hand only, $350

"Easy to Play"

The Gulbransen Registering Grand, $1275. The Gulbransen Grand, $785 Both models are full-sized, full-toned instruments

Trade Mark Reg

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(Continued from Page 98)

presidents? Honest Abe Lincoln. Then the lesser lights—Diamond Jim Brady; Whitman, the Good Gray Poet; Lucky Baldwin, the Gloomy Dean; One-eyed Connolly, the Flying Parson. Why, there was a florist in New York who built up a national reputation just by wearing a straw hat in his shop all winter."

"I know—Straw-hat somebody. Would you suggest that I adopt a fur cap in Florida?"

"That would do the trick. But it would tag you merely as eccentric. And one needs to be only a little different from the common run, barely step out of the rut. Only it must be something which can be tagged. Wait! I think I have it. Where's that putter of yours?"

The brass putter had been left inside the car and in getting it Mr. Yates discovered Agnes.

"Hello! Are we blocking you from your morning ride, Aggie? Come out and meet an acquaintance of mine—Agnes, Mr. Hicks."

As a rule, Agnes Yates would have bowed a bit self-consciously and gone her way. She seldom had an easy manner with strange young men. But on this occasion she met Mr. Hicks with a frank smile, even gave him her hand, looked squarely into his prominent eyes.

"I've been listening in, you see. But I didn't mean to. And please, Mr. Hicks, don't encourage daddy to wear a fur cap down here. His hair is getting thin enough as it is."

Mr. Hicks grinned. "I promise. Fur caps are barred."

"But do let me know what you mean to have him do with his putter," she went on.

"Now, now, Aggie!" Mr. Yates made mock protest. "That may be a state secret. Run along."

Mr. Hicks stood for a moment after she had swung vigorously off toward the riding stables.

"A charming young woman, your daughter, Mr. Yates."

"Eh? Glad you think so, Hicks. I think so myself. Well, here's the putter. What about it?"

Evidently Mr. Hicks had a good deal to say about the putter as a means to publicity, or on kindred subjects; for at 12:15 as Miss Agnes came back from her ride, he had no more than finished.

"Well, Hicks," Mr. Yates was saying, "it may be the most foolish thing I've ever done, but I'm going to try it. . . . Oh, Aggie, Mr. Hicks is having luncheon with us."

And at 1:45 Headline Hicks was in the golf shop amazing the professional by a most unusual demand.

"In ma whole life, mon, I never heard of but wan," the Scot was saying.

"One is enough. Who has it?" replied Mr. Hicks.

"Nipper McCloud, sor. It was give him by a ver-ra wealthy gentleman in the East that he cured of a ver-ra bad slice."

"Would he sell it—not the slice?"

"Sell it, sor? The Nipper'd sell his soul if he got his price, and the last I knew he was har-rd up—ver-ra."

"All right. Wire him you have a customer—not for his soul."

About four P.M. Mr. Hicks was summoned to the golf shop. The Nipper had replied. Just before dinner Mr. Hicks collected another message at the desk. The Nipper, from somewhere in Georgia, was sending an article by express, insured.

"Oh, by the way," added the room clerk. "Here's a note from the manager."

Mr. Hicks read it and tossed it back. "Tell him to consult Mr. Yates, private car Thesbia."

"Certainly, Mr. Hicks—certainly. Mere matter of form, you know."

And Doctor Drennan, president of the Mother Eve's Elixir Company, observed from a little distance the deference of the room clerk's manner.

"What game is that fellow putting up now?" he asked himself.

It was two, possibly three days later that a chatty caddie master confided a bit of news to a guest who had tipped him liberally last week and might prove to be a repeater.

"Notice the old sport out on the practice green, sir? Seen his putter? Say, you oughta take a look at it. Solid gold!"

The guest did take a look, although a skeptical one. He strolled out to the putting green and began knocking a ball about until he was putting toward the same hole as the old sport. By George, it did look like a gold putter! Still, it might be only plated. Worth while using a little strategy to find out.

"Beg pardon, but you sunk that one nicely, sir. Always put 'em down like that, do you? Or perhaps you have a special putter? Do you mind if I try one with it? I say, what sort of a club is this, anyway? . . . Really! . . . That's right. It's marked eighteen carat. Well, well! That's a new one on me. A gold putter, eh? Going some, that is."

And for three holes he spread the news among his foursome about the man who owned a putter of solid gold. Then he got blamed for a topped drive and was strongly urged to shut up. But by nine o'clock that evening at least half a hundred persons had been told about the gold putter and most of them had announced their utter disbelief in such a thing. One bridge game in the Peacock Lounge was delayed at least twenty minutes while a Mr. Wentz argued about it with a Mr. Skinner.

Now the practice green at the Boca Mira golf course is located between the clubhouse and the first tee. It can be seen from the porches by the groups of players waiting their turn. So Mr. Hudson T. Yates, as he practiced industriously from 9:15 to 10:30 A.M., was observed by many. He was using what was said to be a solid-gold putter. Not that he was ostentatious about it. No. He seemed quite intent on dropping the ball in the cup, entirely oblivious of the curious glances cast his way, deaf to the comments which were exchanged. For the report about the man with the gold putter had spread. All the greens keepers had heard of it, all the locker-room helpers, all the caddies.

"Golly! Dat gol' putter musta cos' more'n a thousand dollars," was a popular verdict among the caddies.

And somehow that report became circulated among the guests. It was repeated as a fact, causing much discussion. Mr. Felix Hubin, the well-known Chicago jeweler, was quite positive that a gold putter never could cost that much. He proved it by figuring on the back of a score card. But the notion of a thousand-dollar putter was too pleasing to the general fancy to be discarded.

It persisted in spite of Mr. Hubin, who even stopped waggling for a mashie approach to tell his partner what a silly old chump he was for swallowing such a tale. Hubin missed the shot too.

Among those who were more than casually interested in the gold putter, who asked for more details about it and about its owner, was Dr. Orvil Drennan, the Elixir magnate.

"Who is this man Yates anyway?" he demanded.

Major Dobry gave him a sketchy description.

"Why, he's Huddy Yates, who put over that Tri-State P. U. merger on a shoestring basis about a dozen or fifteen years ago. Slick job, that. Then he went into the Chicago market and plunged like a porpoise. Everything he touched seemed to come through. He's the one with the private car and the fat daughter."

"And a solid-gold putter," added Doctor Drennan, with just a trace of envy in his tone. "Why didn't we think of that, Major?"

At which a loose-jointed, bulgy-eyed young man who happened to be passing just then allowed himself a satisfied smirk and sought out Mr. Yates, who was strolling over with his daughter Agnes for dinner at the hotel.

"Where is it?" he asked of Mr. Yates.

"Why, in the car, Hicks."

"Wait. I'll get it for you."

"But see here, Hicks; I can't putt by moonlight, you know."

"You can use it as a cane, can't you? The idea is always to have it with you. It's a hobby of yours, understand? Brings you luck. And you're running no chances that it will be lost or stolen. So you take it with you when you go for a walk, have it in sight when you eat, even sleep with it under your pillow."

"Oh, I say!" protested Mr. Yates. "I don't want to make myself out a ——"

"But, daddy!" broke in Miss Agnes, "you know you agreed to do just as Mr. Hicks said. It isn't being fair to him if you don't."

"Oh, well, get the blamed thing."

So, by the end of the third day, there was hardly a person in or about Boca Mira, barring some of the kitchen help and the night watchman, who had not caught at least a glimpse of the gold putter who did not know that its owner was Huddy Yates, the successful Chicago promoter. As he entered the dining room, or walked through the lobby, they nudged each other and whispered, "See! He carries it everywhere with him. Solid gold. Sleeps with it under his pillow. Thinks it brings him luck. Maybe it does."

The young man who handled the hotel's publicity wired nearly three hundred words about it to his string of newspapers, and one of the New York dailies printed it as a first-page box, headed Uses Gold Putter in Florida, while another seized it as subject for an editorial, under the caption, Midas Takes up Golf. These were cut out and passed around, after which the authority of the printed word enwrapped Mr. Yates as with a mantle. He was interviewed, photographed for the Sunday picture sections. A news-reel man came with his movie camera and shot Mr. Yates in the act of using his gold putter. Within a fortnight untold thousands would be staring at him on the screen.

Back in Merlin the flashed view of Huddy Yates wielding a putter of solid gold was received with wild applause. The chamber of commerce sent him this message: "Good for you, Huddy. Dazzle 'em, but don't forget to come back to Merlin, the best bet on the map."

There were local reactions too. The golf champ volunteered to give Mr. Yates some valuable putting pointers. Judge Landis asked to try the aureate club. The Chicago sex novelist begged an introduction and led up to Mr. Yates a bevy of flappers, each of whom was allowed to handle the gold putter. The Fifth Avenue man milliner was also presented and promptly gave a dinner party for Mr. and Miss Yates, at which function were present the Hungarian count and his bride as well as other available notables. The dinner favors for the ladies were miniature gold putters in the shape of lingerie pins.

In short, Hudson T. Yates no longer formed part of the background. He had been pushed to the center of the stage. The spotlight followed him, glistened on his gold putter. He had, so far as Boca Mira was concerned, taken his place in the sun, and, if the whole truth must be told, he was basking in it, he was eating it up. He had subscribed for a clipping service, was keeping a scrapbook.

"You must come down here every winter, dad," Agnes told him. "People are so nice to you here. I think Mr. Hicks has done wonders."

"Eh?" Mr. Yates stared for a moment at his daughter. "Hicks? Oh, yes, he was rather helpful at first, before I started—er—to develop my own personality. Entertaining young fellow too."

"Yes, he is," agreed Agnes. "And so sensible. We've had so many good long talks on our rides together."

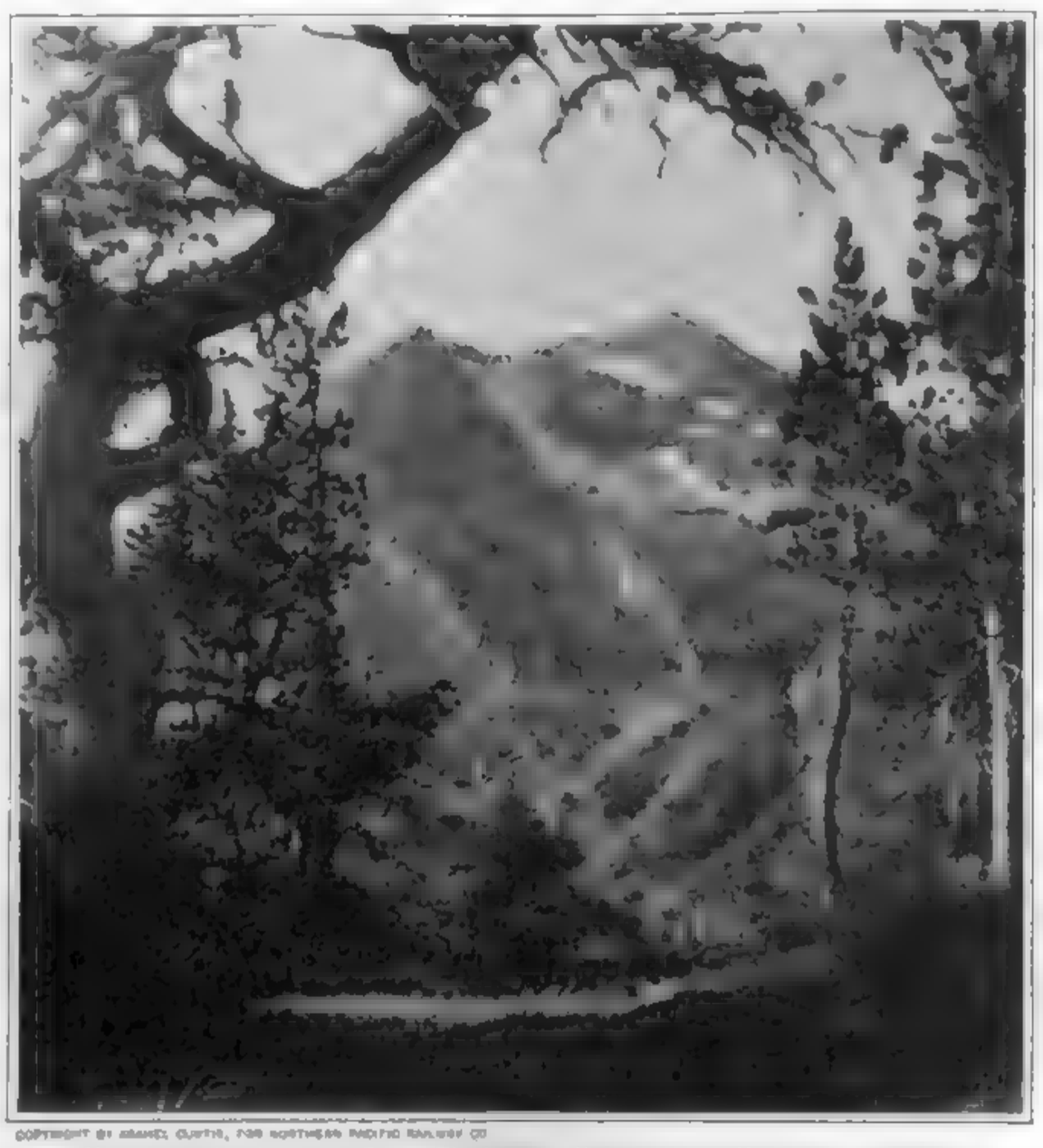
"Huh!" Mr. Yates puckered the left side of his mouth oddly. Perhaps he was recalling that Aggie was thirty-two. Then he added, "He's getting through next week, you know. I suppose he'll be going back to New York to look up another job."

"I think not, dad. I believe he has something to say to you about—about coming to Merlin with us."

And Mr. Yates noted that a blush was rather becoming to his daughter.

"Well, well! So that's the case, eh? First he dramatizes me, then himself. All right, Aggie. We'll see what happens when he starts dramatizing you."

Agnes Yates smiled at her father—a fond happy smile. "Anyway, daddy, I hope he doesn't make me strut about with a gold putter."



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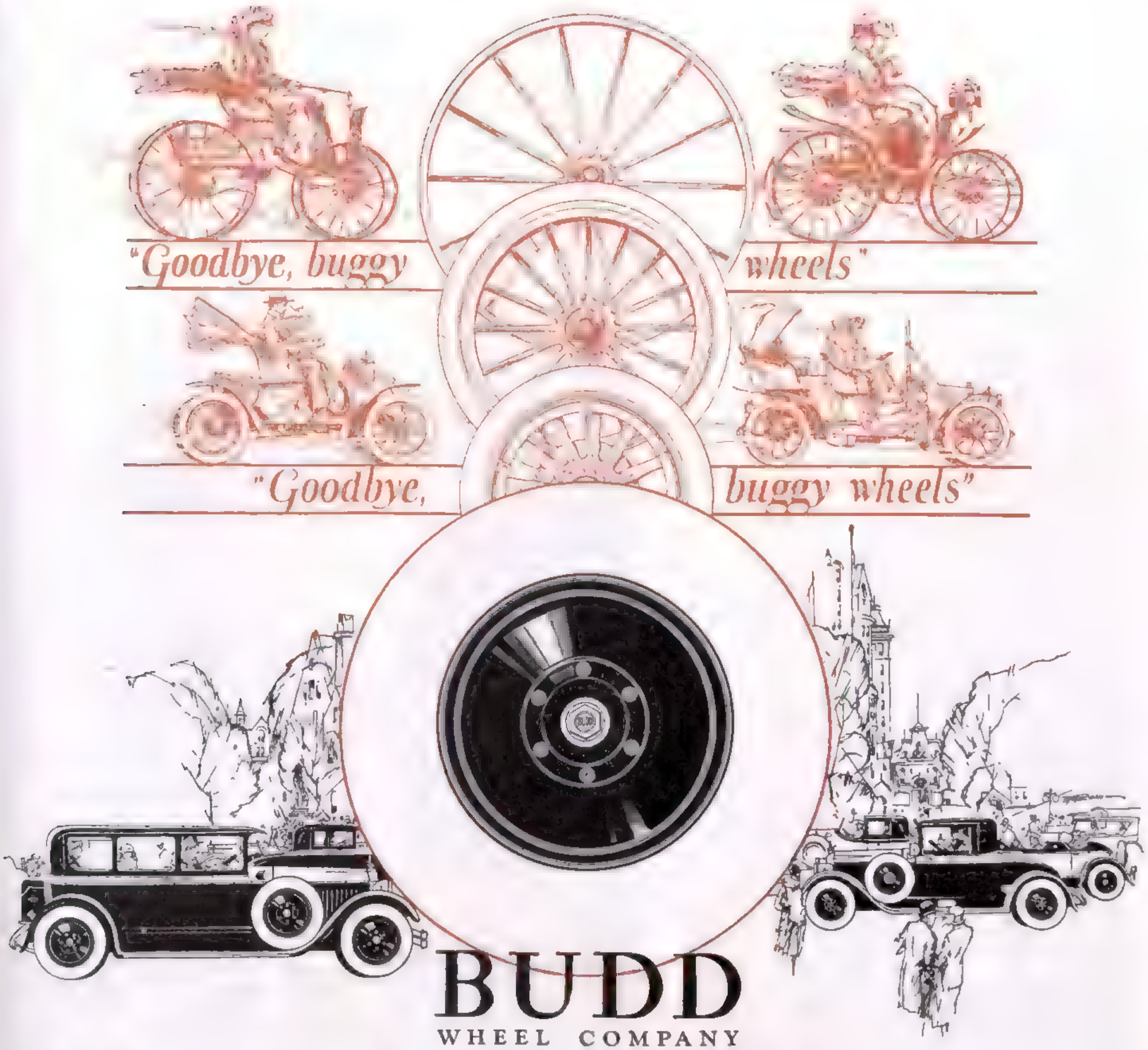
Mountains in the Swan River Wilderness Northwest of Missoula, Montana



Here are the wheels of destiny . . .

THEY are steel—because, of all things, the *wheels* of a car ought to be strong. They carry the load and take the bumps. When a wheel is smashed, the accident is likely to be a disaster.

So Budd-Michelin Wheels are steel—for safety.

Steel makes possible a wheel of new design—an exclusive *convex* form that permits the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for better braking and easier steering.

Steel makes possible a *demountable wheel*, in place of the demountable rim. When a tire goes flat, the wheel is removed by unscrewing the self-locking nuts at the hub. A *fifth* wheel, carrying the spare tire, is slipped in its place. A three-minute job!

This arrangement saves tires! The rim is a part of the wheel, permanently attached, perfectly aligned—so the tire always runs true. And the steel disc radiates the destructive friction-heat from the tire, cooling it—adding to its life.

The extra wheel dresses up the rear of the car. It is useful as an additional bumper, saving the body from knocks. And it's always ready for an emergency.

With Budd-Michelin, you see wheels instead of unsightly brakes . . . You see clean, stream-lined, beautiful wheels, that harmonize with the streamlines of the car. Your brakes are better protected by these wheels, from mud and water and dust.

New safety . . . new convenience . . . new beauty—these are the three great contributions of Budd-Michelin to the automobile. These are reasons why you will want your next car on Budd-Michelin Wheels.

Here are the wheels of destiny!

Detroit . . . BUDD WHEEL COMPANY . . . *Philadelphia*

There is a magic spell
in the long, sweet days spent
on this sunny shore at

CORAL GABLES

Miami, Florida

TO MEET the insistent demand of thousands of patrons, the Miami-Biltmore Hotel and Miami-Biltmore Country Club will remain open throughout the entire year. A remarkable winter season has drawn to this magnificent hotel many of the most prominent figures of American society and sport who have determined to make the Miami-Biltmore their permanent Southern headquarters.

For a stay in Coral Gables, the most celebrated resort of the only American tropics, is a never-ending round of recreation, an inexhaustible source of delight. Here youth finds a new life opening . . . finds among the flowers and the golden sunlight a fitting background for its dreams.

Middle age, whose paths may have led through dull, gray shadows, finds here warmth and cheerfulness . . . the joys and beauty of summer blended with winter's splendid gaieties. And older people, who have fought their fight, attained their ambition, and given their best years to work, find in the soft air a new life thrilling through their pulses . . . find that in the brilliant noontide listless bodies regain their youthful vigor . . . that here are peace and rest.

Coral Gables offers every opportunity for enjoyment. Brilliant society functions alternate with every diversion and pleasure. Three sporty golf courses and many tennis courts invite those inclined to games. The Venetian Pool tempts swimmers. A marvelous beach of unique tropical beauty lures merry crowds to moonlight bathing. All year round beautiful drives, dancing, flying, racing fill each day to overflowing. That is why more than two thousand families from every part of the country now prefer Coral Gables to any place in the world.

Coral Gables Hotels Association is quoting special rates for vacations to any of the Coral Gables hotels.

CORAL GABLES HOTELS CORPORATION
(MIAMI-BILTMORE MANAGEMENT)
CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA, THE MIAMI RIVIERA

CORAL GABLES HOTELS CORPORATION
(Miami Biltmore management)
MIAMI-BILTMORE CORAL GABLES INN
CASA LOMA CLA-REINA ANTILLA
SAN SEBASTIAN ANASTASIA
Coral Gables, Florida
THE MIAMI RIVIERA

Gathering Rubber Latex

The United States Rubber Company owns and operates the largest producing rubber plantation in the world. The company's properties in Sumatra and Malaya comprise 136,000 acres with over 7,000,000 trees and give employment to 20,000 people.

A group of factory buildings on the United States Rubber Company's plantation at Kisaran, Sumatra, including four Sprayed Rubber Producing Units. More of these plants for producing Sprayed Rubber are being built throughout the Far East by the United States Rubber Company.

Answering some Questions about the New "Sprayed Rubber"

Q—What is Sprayed Rubber?

A—It is an entirely new form of crude rubber produced from rubber latex without the use of smoke or chemicals. It bids fair to supplant the older types of rubber to a very large extent.

Q—Who produces it?

A—The United States Rubber Company.

Q—Where?

A—At its rubber plantations in Sumatra and on the Malay Peninsula, by means of a special patented process, discovered by its technical staff and by means of special patented apparatus also designed by U. S. Rubber Company technicians.

Q—What are its advantages?

A—Being produced without the use of smoke or chemicals, it is cleaner, more uniform in texture and has a higher tensile strength.

Q—Is it used in building U. S. Tires?

A—Yes. Millions of pounds of it were used in 1925, and more and more will be used all the time as new plants for producing it are completed by the United States Rubber Company in the Far East.

Q—Does the United States Rubber Company make Sprayed Rubber only from rubber latex from its own plantations?

A—No. The Company considers that Sprayed Rubber is markedly superior to rubber derived from latex by the old methods. Therefore it is locating factory units for producing Sprayed Rubber in various rubber producing areas in the Far East, thus supplementing the supply made from the latex from its own trees.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

UNITED STATES

ROYAL CORD

BALLOON

STATE AGAINST ADAMS

(Continued from Page 29)

"I'm only asking if that man out there is Mr. Gorman. You got him out of the telephone, didn't you? I think he ought to be put under surveillance."

"Come in, Cluney," called Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "Come right in. Somebody took my necklace, and we're going to ask everybody. Mr. Adams here says he found you in a closet. Is that so?"

"In a way, madam," said Cluney, bending and smiling. "I was in the clothes closet attending to my work, but I wasn't found there, so to speak. I don't appreciate the expression, madam, if you'll pardon me. I am not in the habit of being found in closets. I don't wish for any controversy with Mr. Adams, but I am compelled to say that of the two of us it wasn't I who was found. I'm sorry, Mr. Adams."

"What do you mean, Cluney?"

"I was in the clothes closet, madam, and the door was shut. I heard somebody moving about in the room, and I opened the door sharply, knowing that Mr. Karger-Kelley and you were on the lawn outside. You will remember, madam, that you spoke to me last week and asked me if I had observed any of the maids making free with your cosmetics. Here, thought I, is one of them at it. But it was Mr. Adams, madam, and very startled he was. I remarked it to him, apologizing, but wondering a bit privately. He was standing there by the bureau, and I had a glance at him over my shoulder as I stepped back into the clothes closet; no harm to look where no harm is done, thought I. I saw him pick up the necklace. He had turned his back to me, but I caught the flash in his hand in the mirror."

"Did you see him put it in the drawer?"

"I did not, madam. I'm sorry, Mr. Adams, but I've been asked. I do not say he did not put it in the drawer; only that I did not see him. Pardon the liberty, madam, but does Mr. Adams say that I took the necklace?"

"He says you didn't," said Mr. Pease shortly. "But he as much as hints that you were after it. Come, Adams, you'd better do the necessary thing here."

"And what is that?" said Harry, walking up to him.

"I'm not stating," said Mr. Pease, giving ground. "But you'll either do it or explain how that necklace got out of that drawer, or we'll do the next thing."

"What'll you do?" demanded Harry, pursuing him.

"Don't shout," said Mr. Pease. "I can hear you. Now don't take that tone with us, young fellow. I'm going to have in the police, and I want you to stay right here."

"Why, Pease, you're not accusing Harry, are you?" said Mr. Karger-Kelley, putting a hand on his secretary's shoulder. "Because if you are, you're wrong, you know. I'll go bail for Harry Adams that he didn't do it. No, I won't keep still, my angel. Somebody took it, that's sure, but I'll go bail for Adams. I object to such language, Pease, upon my word."

"But you'll want your ten thousand fast enough if we don't get you the necklace," said Mr. Pease. "This is out of my province, but I propose to protect the company. May I use the telephone there, Mrs. Karger-Kelley?

"Hello—hello—let me have Greenwich 555. Hello—Police Headquarters? I'm calling from Number — Stanwix Drive ——"

II

ON BROADWAY near Long Acre Square, in the middle of New York's electric belt, is the jewelry store of Rosefield Brothers—Irving and Chester. Bargains may be had there if the buyer knows a diamond from a white sapphire and is willing to wrangle and shout down opposition and put up with abuse as he nears the right price.

Rosefield Brothers do a profitable trade in Christmas goods after New Year's, buying the gifts of stage-door johnnies at 60 per cent off. They buy stolen goods once in a while, but they can't avoid that. The establishment is not ostensibly a pawnshop, but a Broadwayite can get an accommodation there if compelled to choose between wearing a thousand-dollar gem and sleeping in Bryant Park.

The brothers are stout, pale, bald-headed men, pleasant spoken when the buyer is not too hard to sell, and are reputed locally to be worth a lot of money.

Irving was selling a diamond solitaire—two carats light—to a hard customer this morning. He said, bending his neck to look into the buyer's inflexible face as the two men stood opposed across the glass counter, "You told me you was on the nut, didn't you? And I showed you my books, didn't I, where I paid six hundred for that ring? You can have it for six-eighty, and when I can't make eighty bucks on a stone like that ——" He made a sweeping gesture to indicate that the shades and the showcases and he and Chester would fall in unison. Then he called across to Chester, who was selling a sterling-silver cocktail shaker behind the other showcase, "It's the same one all right, all right."

"They got to show me," said Chester, upending the cocktail shaker to exhibit the hallmark.

"Five-fifty is my top," said Irving's customer.

"Gimme it," said Irving, snatching the ring away. "Listen, mister, we got no cheap trade here. When I show you my books? Listen, I wouldn't barter with you. We don't barter here. I tell you what I'll do—six-thirty takes the ring this minute or you can leave it right in the store. If you was my own father, I wouldn't shave another dime."

Then to Chester, "Can't you read?"

"Am I looking for trouble?" countered Chester, wrapping up the cocktail shaker.

"Where you going?" called Irving to his customer, who was walking slowly through the doorway. "Down to Allen Street to spend your money? Go ahead—that's where you belong. I bet you haven't got six hundred dollars to your name."

"And I don't got to—to buy such a ring," said the customer, turning.

"Come over here, will you? Don't be walking up and down the store like as if you was paying the rent. Listen, I wouldn't barter with you. I'm going to tell you once more what the price is, and if you don't like it, please don't hang around here and give our store a poor look. The price is five-seventy-five, and may I never see my wife and children ——"

"The price is five-fifty-two—and a half," said the customer.

"Oh, take it—take it," moaned Irving disgustedly. "My time is worth more money than talking to a cheap skate. Take it away with you, and don't be coming in here no more and making people think we're keeping a Salvation Army shelter. Five-fifty-two and a half—right. You got a fine piece of goods there, brother. Now how about a nice pin to go with that? This time you'll jump at it, because I can let you have it right. No? Well, come in to see us again."

Irving followed the customer to the door, shook hands with him gratulatingly and slapped him on the back; which magnanimous conduct made the customer low-spirited, but not because he felt he had driven too hard a bargain. Irving locked the door behind him and pulled down the shade.

He went to the firm's enormous safe, opened it and took out an envelope. He spilled from the envelope onto a square of velvet a diamond necklace with a pendent cross.

"Give a look, will you?" he invited, pulling a folded newspaper from his pocket and beginning to read:

"The necklace consists of a string of sixty-four small diamonds of a half carat each, set in platinum, and ending in a cross made of nine large diamonds and a central emerald. The diamonds in the cross are one and one-half carats each, fine water, and square in shape. The emerald is two and one-half carats, oblong, trap cut, of fine color. The cross is white gold ——"

"Do you see?"

"Am I blind?" said Chester. "Where's the ticket? Huh, five thousand dollars. Well, we want our money back, or the goods don't leave the store."

"No, sir," said his brother. "If those goods are bent they don't stay here. We don't want nothing to do with bent goods; it ain't business. But our money we should have back, or we send that sucker to Sing Sing. You remember he comes in here and says it's his mother's cross, so he can't sell it? Might I would have give seven or seven-five for it, but he shows his mother's picture in his watch and wouldn't do business, and he crooked it after all."

"If we get our money back what do we care?" said Chester. "Ain't they got enough loafers of policemen in this town without we should leave the business and run after crooks?"

"But how do we get the money back yet? Aha, this is the question. Listen, I'm going right down to the lawyer and tell him: Money in the hand, or I would go to the district attorney. They pinched the crook somewheres up in Westchester or Connecticut."

"He is in jail yet?"

"Who ever heard of a crook being kept in jail? The lawyer gets him out on bail so he can go around and hold people up for money to pay the lawyer. Never mind, he got bail up, ain't he? If we got to holler for our money, somebody shall holler with us."

"Who's the lawyer?"

"Little Amby."

"Ah, with him you could talk business, Irving. There is a business man. Well, go ahead. Go right down. What are you standing here for?"

"Don't crowd. I'm thinking. Should I take the necklace with?"

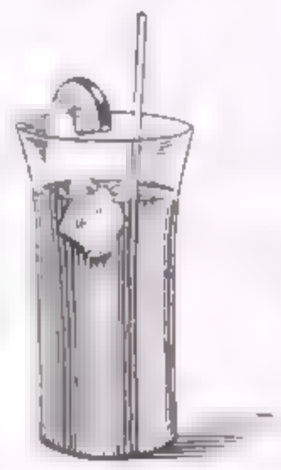
"To Little Amby's office? Simple in the head you are getting, Irving. With all those crooks down there? Listen, leave your watch and your cuff buttons home too."

"I don't guess I'll take it, Chester," said Irving, restoring Mrs. Karger-Kelley's twenty-five-thousand-dollar ornament to the safe. He put on his straw hat and jacket, pulled up the shade, opened the door for business again, and went out. He took the Subway to Times Square, crossed by the shuttle to the Grand Central, and transferred to the Lexington Avenue line, which carried him to Worth Street. He walked east to Centre Street, and was soon outlining his business to Little Amby's hulking door man.

The shabby little brick house whose dark stair he was now permitted to climb had a peculiar and sinister celebrity. In it were the offices of Counselor Ambrose Hinkle—the famous Little Amby—the dexterous and cunning little shyster who was at that time the leader of New York's criminal bar.

Little Amby is gone now, and the wind and weather of the years since have rubbed his name from the sign up there on the cornice of the little house, and no one of his consummate bent for trickery has risen in his place. Lawyers can be heard to say that none such can rise, that Little Amby and his devices are as obsolete as—as, for instance, our system of admitting to bail or our rules of evidence. But the conditions that permitted his activities are as modern as our parole boards, our indeterminate sentences and our certificates of reasonable doubt. Like causes produce like results, and conditions are not essentially changed since the days when Little Amby and his den of thieves on Centre Street

Drink Iced Tea TAO TEA BALL Way



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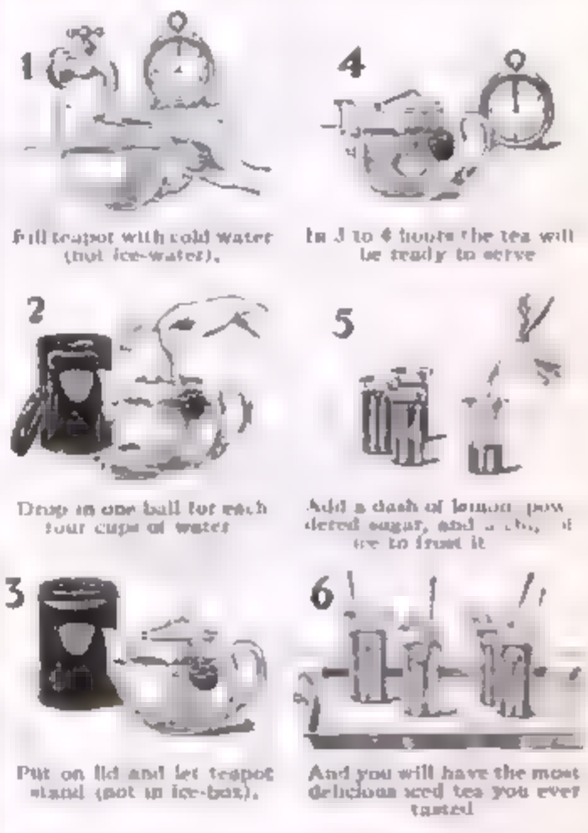
1
Fill teapot with cold water (not ice-water).
4
In 3 to 4 hours the tea will be ready to serve
2
Drop in one ball for each four cups of water
5
3
Put on lid and let teapot stand (not in ice-box).
6
And you will have the most delicious iced tea you ever tasted

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TUX *Dress Oxford that looks black but feels light. Lightweight sole, summer-weight patent leather make it look light and feel light. Skill makes it keep its shape and style.*

Black enough *for* formal wear — light enough *for the* informal mind

WHEN you must wear dress shoes in the summer, choose Walk-Over summer-weights. They are as black as formal custom requires, yet light enough for the most informally minded man to enjoy himself.

You can forget three things about your shoes when you choose Walk-Overs. They are style, comfort and fit. Style is built into Walk-Overs by men who set shoe style. Comfort is built into them by fit—in feathery light shoes that really fit your foot.

You may think that your shoes fit when you select the right size and width. Walk-Overs go further than size and width. They are made on special lasts to fit actual feet. If your foot is shorter from heel to ball, longer from heel to ball, narrower in the heel than the average man's foot, still you will find Walk-Overs to fit you in roomy comfort.

Roomy and comfortable as Walk-Overs are, yet they will not gape at the top or rub at the heel. That is because of the exclusive Walk-Over *pear-shaped* heel.

Make sure of the Walk-Over trademarks in your shoes, and you will get the style and fitted comfort that you ought to have.

Write for the free Walk-Over style book.

Geo. E. Keith Company
Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

Next time you have your shoes off, notice the shape of the back of your heel. It is wide at the bottom, narrow at the top—and that's why the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel is made as shown in the diagrams below

Walk-Over Shoes

for men and women

The diagram at the extreme left shows, in black, the space left by ordinary shoe heels. No wonder [illegible]. See, at the right, how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits. Look for this trademark

Walk-Over
on genuine shoe

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seemed as enduring and immutable features of the legal landscape as the him-and-it-surviving Tombs prison across from his windows.

A single gaslight that whistled and burned blue when the lawless fancy seized it guided Irving's steps. A half dozen men were lounging on the stairs, puffing cigarettes, exchanging grumbled snatches of talk; the shadows were so deep that the faces of the men were lit up when they inhaled deeply. One man laughed; while his mouth was wide open the trained cigarette clung like a leech to his lower lip. Several of these men were waiting to see the counselor or his managing clerk, Cohen; the others were just waiting around for any break.

When Irving emerged into the outer office above, a curt gesture from Cohen and a peremptory "Well, sir?" brought him to the managing clerk's desk. Cohen questioned him abruptly and with an air of unbelief.

Politeness was saved for very special occasions in the little house on Centre Street. The atmosphere of the house was that of the underworld, and politeness is undeniably a trait of the confidence man and the panhandler.

"Mr. Hinkle will see you," said Cohen. "Sit down over there." He snapped his fingers. "Over there, I said."

Little Amby was in conference in his private room at the end of a passage. He had a client with him, a golden-haired and comely young woman, in whom the most cursory inspection would have discovered Miss Alys Perrin, the interior decorator of Greenwich.

Little Amby stretched forth a jeweled hand and struck a match on a bronze statuette that was his paper weight; his large black eyes were velvety in his triangular face.

"Don't fret now," he said. "I told you we'd turn him out, didn't I? That's good enough, isn't it?"

"But the evidence is so strong against him," she murmured.

"What evidence?" said Little Amby, displaying a set of unblemished teeth. "We haven't even decided on the defense yet, so we have no notion as to what the evidence will be."

"But we can't change the facts, Mr. Hinkle," said Miss Perrin. "At least I'm sure that Harry—Mr. Adams—wouldn't think of testifying to anything that wasn't so."

"Cohen went up and saw him," said Little Amby with a trace of brusqueness, "and tells me he's a bit hard to handle. If you see Adams, Miss Perrin, you tell him that we expect him to do his duty—do what he's told, and let us think for him. He seems to have the usual lay notion of the law, and his ignorance will make trouble.

"The law, Miss Perrin, has nothing to do with morality, and I'll show you that very easily. Suppose, for instance, a poor inoffensive cripple without arms or legs—a poor fellow selling pencils to keep alive, and not able or willing to hurt a fly—should do a job as lookout for a burglar, getting a five-dollar bill for it. Let's suppose he makes the burglar swear not to hurt anybody. And the burglar goes in and kills the householder, and runs off. They come out and grab the lookout.

"They'll give him the chair for murder in the first degree. Positively, they will—although he's mentally, morally and physically unable to kill anybody. Would you consider that man a murderer? Certainly not. But if he tells the truth he'll go to the chair. What must he do to get justice? He must swear to another story than the truth. Would I advise him to do that? Like a shot. I'd make the story!

"Suppose, on the other hand, that a most wicked ruffian goes about deliberately to murder someone. Falls on his man and beats him up atrociously and does his earnest best to kill him, but doesn't quite succeed. Is he a murderer in his heart? Absolutely. But will he get the chair? Of course not. We may ask Adams to testify to a legal fiction in the interest of justice. If you see him, speak to him."

"But he says that your man Cohen came to him and accused him of stealing the necklace, and wanted him to give it up to you!"

Little Amby drew on his cigarette and held silent.

"Mr. Hinkle," said Miss Perrin, shifting in her chair, "I must say this: You do believe that Harry Adams is innocent, don't you?"

"I shall answer you," said Little Amby slowly, "by saying that if Adams were guilty it would be easier to get him acquitted. An innocent man has only one string to his bow, one story to tell, and the district attorney knows it in advance. And he has nothing to bargain with. Tell Adams to weigh that. Meanwhile, we proceed on the hypothesis that he is innocent.

"Cluney's testimony is going to be troublesome. It was his story before the grand jury that brought the indictment."

"Why, it was the sneaky way that Cluney went into the room that made poor Harry investigate and get into this terrible mess!"

Little Amby nodded. "That's our story so far. But Cluney says that he heard Bertha coming upstairs to ready the room, and that he jumped in there quickly to catch her red-handed, or red-mouthed, let us say, using Mrs. Karger-Kelley's paints. We're doing our best to get something to hang on Cluney and impeach his evidence. You told me that Mrs. Karger-Kelley got him from a Sir Rayborn Bedell who was stopping at the Reitz-Carolton, and that Sir Rayborn gave him an enthusiastic recommendation."

"Yes, Mrs. Karger-Kelley said she was very careful to inquire into his references, and had quite a talk with Sir Rayborn from Greenwich."

"From Greenwich?"

"Yes, she called up the Reitz-Carolton."

"That should be good enough, if Sir Rayborn is himself a square shooter. By the way, there's a man waiting outside to tell me something about Cluney. I'll have him in while you're here."

He spoke into his desk telephone. The door opened almost immediately and a smartly dressed man—young, swarthy, athletic—entered swiftly and quietly.

"Got anything for me, Saracena?" asked Little Amby. "Yes, it's all right. Talk ahead."

"I went to see Sir Rayborn Bedell at the Reitz," said Saracena. "But he's pulled out. Said he was going to Chi. I got Chi and asked Rock to get Sir Rayborn and buzz him about Cluney, but the report is no such party ever came to Chi. He disappeared with stepping out of the Reitz."

"That's Sir Rayborn," said Little Amby. "Did you get a line on Cluney outside of that?"

"Not a rumble, counselor. Well, that means something itself, don't it? When there's no trace of a man's record it's a cinch he's got one. I thought I picked up his trail down in Sixth Avenue in one of those swell agencies, but it wasn't him."

"And that's all you got to tell me? You're some detective, Saracena."

"That's what they all say, counselor. I'm just reporting, understand me?"

"Oh, nonsense. You mean to tell me you can't follow an English nobleman through this country? Why, I bet he makes more noise going along than a St. Patrick's Day parade. I hope you got a description of him. Or did you?"

"Everything but finger prints, counselor, and I'll get those for you if you want them. He's a middle-sized man of forty-five or fifty, rather poor, though he drinks considerable ale and porter; he's wall-eyed; he's got a very aristocratic manner, like a high-class waiter, and he speaks like an Englishman, or a man from Fall River or Providence. 'Fuhst' and 'thuhd' and 'hahf and hahf,' counselor. He wears short sideboards, and ——"

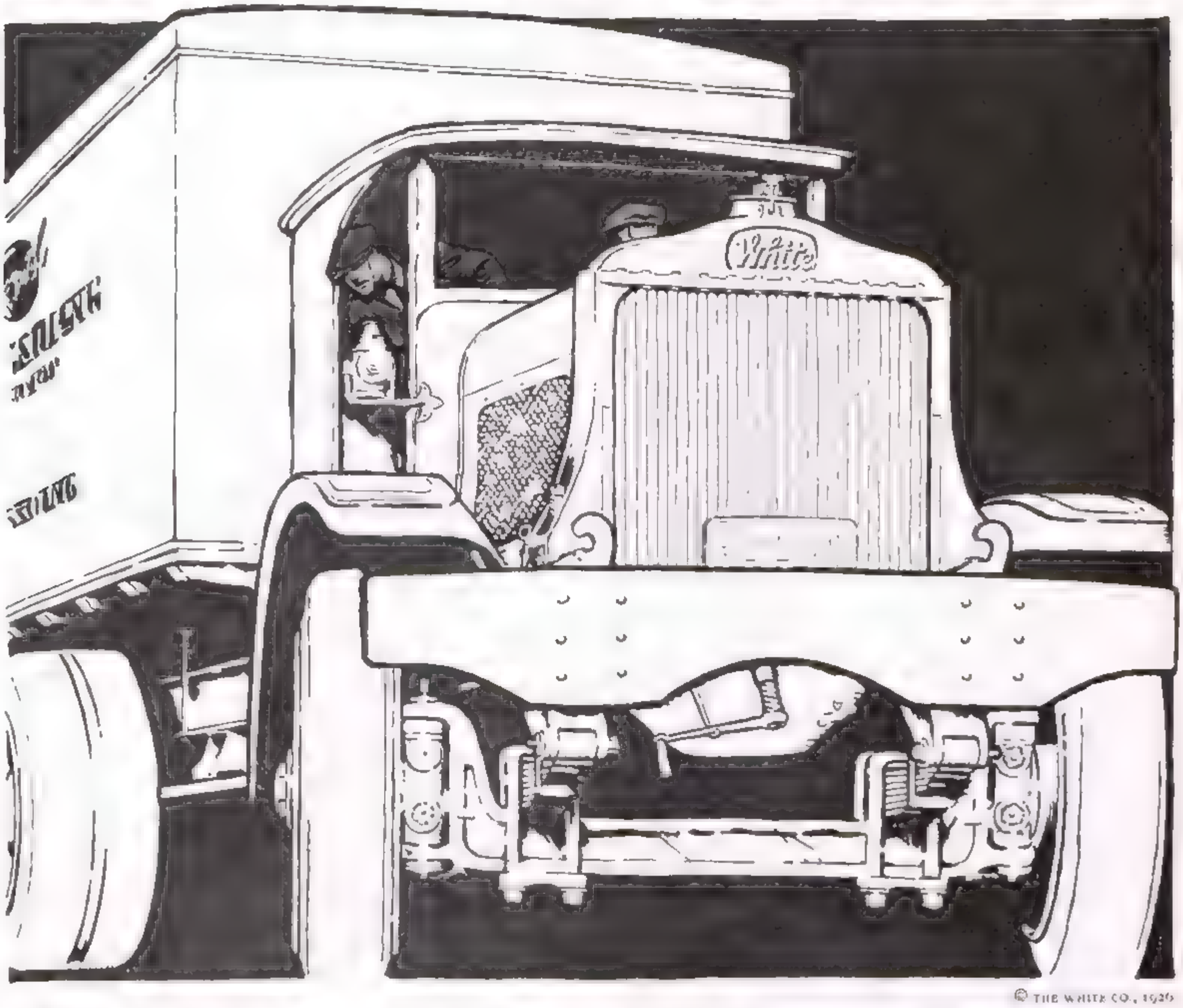
"What's 'wall-eyed'?" asked Miss Perrin.

"With a whity eye, miss."

"How queer!" said Miss Perrin.

(Continued on Page 108)

Standards of Value



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(Continued from Page 106)

Little Amby looked at her attentively, holding her gaze, and then shook his head slightly. "Very well, Saracena," he said. "Let us hear from you."

When the investigator had gone out he said to Miss Perrin, "What was it?"

"Why, he was describing Cluney!"

"Impossible. But wait—I think I see it. So that's why Sir Rayborn gave his man so good a reference, and why Cluney applied for a position at some distance from New York. Cluney and Sir Rayborn are one and the same man, eh? The fellow registered at a fashionable New York hotel in the character of a distinguished visitor from abroad, and then applied for employment, giving the fictitious Sir Rayborn as a reference. Sir Rayborn's disappearance after Cluney had landed a job would not excite remark. Good enough, Miss Perrin."

The buzzer sounded. He swung his telephone to him. Cohen spoke through it: "A Mr. Irving Rosefield wants to see you about that Adams case."

"Do I want to see him?"

"Absolutely."

"Send him in next."

He bowed Miss Perrin out. She passed the jeweler and money lender from the Great White Way.

VII

AT THAT time, being in 1916, there was a general European war going on. This war had promised to be short. But in 1916, when the government of a participating nation offered openly to wind up the war, though on terms favoring itself, most neutral business men, attributing their own dispassionate horse sense to the participants, thought it was all over.

The offer caused a panic on the New York Stock Exchange. Down went the munition shares; all sympathetic issues tumbled down. But it seems that where there is a sale there is a purchase; somebody bought in. It is fair to divide that somebody into men wise as serpents and men of such innocence as to take stock in the utterances of frightened politicians; following the peace offer, such utterances poisoned the air, their burden being "Our own terms, or war to the knockout!" And the war did not fail that time, history says. The munition stocks responded gloriously.

Three weeks after the visit of Mr. Irving Rosefield to the house on Centre Street, Little Amby, sitting in his office with the newspaper open on his mahogany desk, called up Mr. Saracena, saying to that maker of special investigations: "Did you say he put that money in Flying Torpedo shares? Be sure about it now. That stock went up forty points yesterday, and he must have cleaned up. You're sure about it? Very well."

He then called up Greenwich, Connecticut—which is one of New York's residential suburbs—and got the house on Stanwix Drive, Mrs. Karger-Kelley coming to the telephone by special request.

"This is Harry Adams' lawyer," he said. "Ambrose Hinkle, yes—speaking from New York. Mrs. Karger-Kelley, I'd like to see the rooms from which the necklace disappeared. Would that be objectionable? I am preparing Adams' defense, and it would be only in the interests of justice to let me look the scene over. If I became convinced that Adams was guilty I should retire from the case unless he made full restitution. May I see the rooms today, if it is not too much trouble? Three o'clock? I shall be precise. Thank you."

After his accustomed leisurely and ample lunch in Lavelle's on Broadway, he walked back to Centre Street, puffing a dollar cigar. He entered his closed car, which waited usually before O'Reilly's Prospect House on the corner. Tug Gaffney lurched out of O'Reilly's, wiping his mouth after engulfing the mass of corned beef and cabbage and soggy potatoes that was O'Reilly's ten-cent business men's lunch—free soup with purchases of beer. Tug was the big-handed and hard-hearted warder of Little Amby's street door. Cubans with smuggled cigars would wander in there this afternoon, beggars would sidle in, and trampish men looking for a chance to be officious and helpful and to steal something, for Tug would be out with the boss. Little Amby was physically timorous, and brought his human mastiff with him when he had the least apprehension of bodily peril.

Tug drove the car. He piloted it to Broadway, and northward on that thoroughfare to Long Acre Square and the establishment of Rosefield Brothers. Irving Rosefield was picked up there by prearrangement. The car rolled rapidly up Broadway, and across to the Boston Post Road, and so through suburban Westchester to the state line.

"You have the necklace with you, haven't you?" asked Little Amby. "Good. And our friend Swayne didn't drop in to try to redeem it, did he? Never mind—we'll drive him in today."

The car turned to the right and entered Greenwich Avenue, stopping before a new office building wherein were the Fairfield County quarters of the Great Eastern Insurance Company. Mr. Pease, the Fairfield County representative, came down to them shortly and got in, whereupon the car returned to the Post Road and traveled the half mile to Stanwix Drive.

"Nice out here, eh, Rosefield?" said Little Amby, lighting a fresh cigar to medicate the raw country air.

"For people what can't afford to live in New York," said the money lender, glancing about with patronizing admiration, "this is all right. I bet there are high-class people living in these country places, if you could find them."

"These people would rather live out here. They'll tell you so."

"Yes, but who believes it?" said the money lender with good-natured contempt. "That people would say such a silly thing just goes to show how narrow-minded they get, living away out here in the empty lots. I bet we are over twenty miles from Forty-second Street this minute. I've been so far away from the United States only once before in eighteen years. They'd rather, hey? Well, they got to have their alibi when their friends come out, hey?"

The car swung into the private park surrounding the Karger-Kelleys' modernized Colonial mansion. It paused at the door, permitting Little Amby to alight, and then continued on toward the garage and stables.

Cluney opened the door and ushered the New York lawyer into the modernized living room; sheeny Oriental rugs covered the inlaid parquet that Mrs. Karger-Kelley had had put down over the original wide boards; a smart gas log and a new front of Caen stone in an Italian design had modernized the old fireplace. Mrs. Karger-Kelley sailed in, and there were greetings.

"Could I perhaps speak to Mr. Karger-Kelley too?" requested Little Amby. "And the man who showed me in—was that the Cluney who testified before the grand jury? I'd like him to hear what I have to say, too, if I may have him. Both Mr. Karger-Kelley and Cluney will testify at the trial undoubtedly, and I want them to have the same story, so far as this interview is concerned. The more witnesses the better, eh? Everything aboveboard and straightforward is the only way I handle a case."

"I've heard of you, Mr. Hinkle, and that you're a very good lawyer," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley. . . . "Come in here, Phil. . . . This is my husband, Mr. Hinkle. . . . Cluney! . . . Mr. Hinkle wants to see just how it happened, and I think we owe it to him, don't you, Phil? I want to say, Mr. Hinkle, that we're just as sorry as you are that this thing happened. And you can tell Harry Adams for me that it is very mean of him—very mean of him. There's not a doubt in the world that he took it, and if he don't give it up he'll just have to suffer. You don't blame us, do you, Mr. Hinkle?"

"At the same time, Mr. Hinkle," added Mr. Karger-Kelley, "we don't want you to think that we have any personal ill will against Harry, because we haven't. I always liked Harry, and I thought he liked me, and I don't want to make any trouble for him. You can tell him from me that it is the insurance company that's making all the trouble, and that if there is any fair way to get him out ——"

"You can always release the insurance company from their liability if you think so much of Harry."

"Not unless he gives it up," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley, and she compressed her red lips. "Fair is fair, Mr. Hinkle. You don't blame me, do you? I think he's a very mean boy—I really do."

A telephone bell rang outside the room. Cluney glanced toward the doorway, but remained standing.

A maid appeared. "It's that man Rosefield that called up twice already asking for Mr. Swayne."

"We have the most dreadful service," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "That's three times today they gave that man the same wrong number."

"Rosefield," repeated Little Amby, pondering the name and glancing from face to face—"Rosefield. That name is familiar. Oh, yes! A man of that name was in my office today while I was out to lunch."

"Perhaps he wants you, Mr. Hinkle," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley.

Little Amby sprang up. "Is he on the wire yet? Pardon me."

"He's rang off," said the maid.

"I'm sure he's a crank now, from his calling up here," said Little Amby. "He left his name at my office and asked me to call a number, and now he's calling up here. Ha-ha! A typical crank. He left word with my clerk that he had important information about the stolen diamond necklace. I dare say he read something about the matter in the paper, and the rest is all moonshine. You'd be surprised what queer people try to horn into the limelight in criminal cases. It's common for a fellow to come in and confess he committed the crime, when he really had nothing to do with it. But we always investigate carefully, on the chance that they're not entirely foolish. I'll have to call that Rosefield the minute I return to the office, if I'm still handling the defense."

"You think you may withdraw from the case?" interpreted Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "I understood you to that effect on the wire this morning."

"If, after considering the circumstances as you'll show them to me, I'm absolutely convinced that Adams is guilty, I'll wash my hands of him," said Little Amby handsomely. "But I tell you frankly that that's extremely improbable. On the other hand, I might be able to point out circumstances to you that would make you doubt Adams' guilt to such an extent that you might prefer to release the insurance company so far as he was concerned. I don't see just how that can be done, but ——"

"Not unless I get my necklace back," insisted Mrs. Karger-Kelley inexorably. "No, Phil, we've been all over that, and you needn't to look at me. If I don't get my necklace I'm going to collect from the insurance company, and they can put anybody in prison they like. That's up to them, and I won't interfere if I have to lose ten thousand dollars. It's little enough, goodness knows."

"I think you're thoroughly justified, Mrs. Karger-Kelley," said Little Amby, "and I'll deliver your ultimatum to Adams the next time I'm in Bridgeport. I'll get up his defense meanwhile. I do hope that man Rosefield can tell me something. I'll call him the minute I get back to my office tonight."

"We'll give you every fair chance to prove Harry Adams' innocence," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley, rising. "We don't want him punished unless he's guilty, and I think that's only fair."

She led the way upstairs.

"This is the study Harry Adams was sitting in," she said, indicating.

"And could he really see anything through that door?" asked Little Amby doubtfully. "I'll step inside there and close the door, and you step over to that bedroom door and open it as you did that day. Open it now!"

He emerged from the study. "Yes, I could see the figure through the curtain," he said. "So far Adams' story washes. But where is Mr. Karger-Kelley?"

"Phil!"

"Yes, my angel," said Mr. Karger-Kelley, reappearing. "You wish us all to follow through, Mr. Hinkle? No trouble at all, my dear fellow, if it is any assistance."

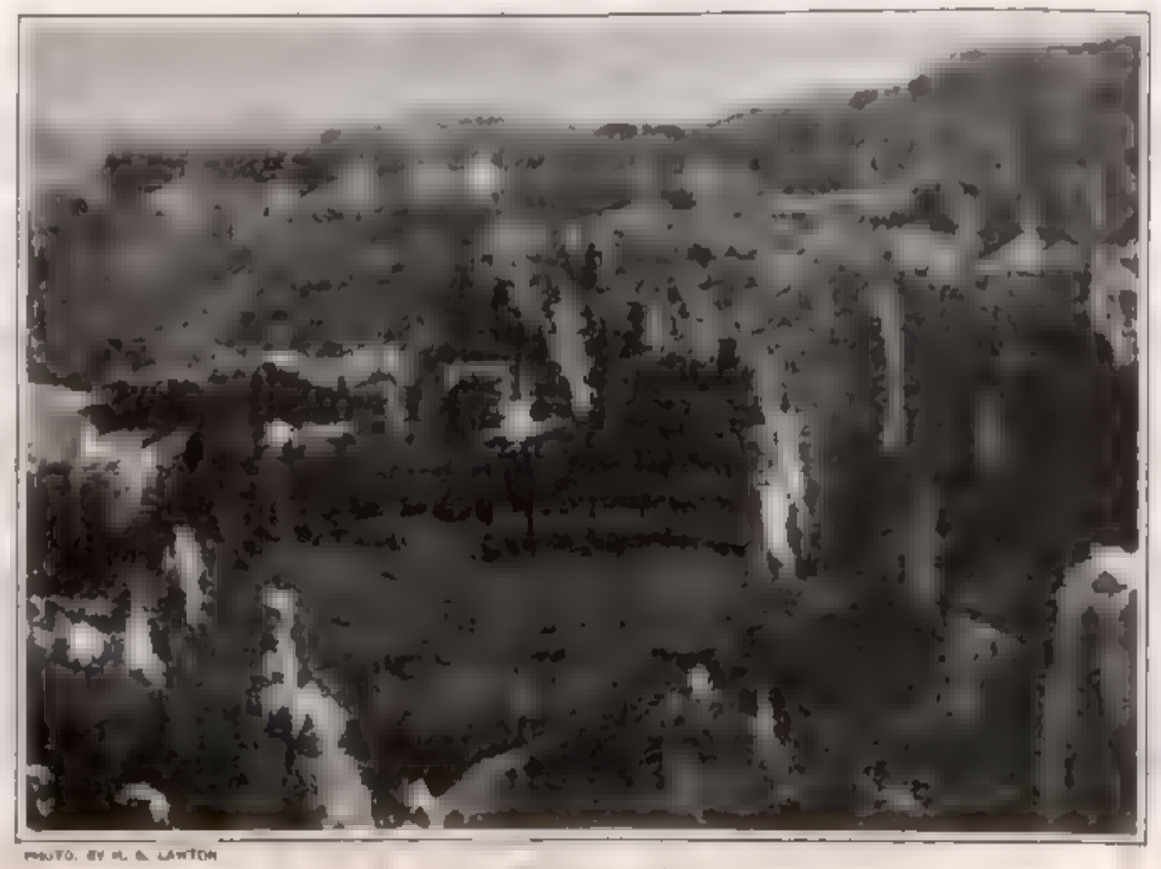
"It will be," said Little Amby. "Cluney, step into that room as you did on the morning Adams found you in the closet."

"Yes, sir," said Cluney rather unwillingly, but coming forward. "It is not my habit to enter rooms so, as Mrs. Karger-Kelley can verify, if I may be free to say it. And indeed, madam, it has made it hard for me with the maids, but I was obliged to speak the truth. I heard the upstairs girl coming, or so I thought, sir, and I whisked into the room to have a sly look at her. I felt it was my duty, sir, and I hope to know my duty and to do it."

"That's precisely what Sir Rayborn Bedell says about you, Cluney," said Little Amby. "The very words he used when I saw him yesterday. He said, 'Cluney is a man who knows his duty and does it.' Go on and whisk, Cluney."

The valet's face went blank, and he shot a look at Little Amby. He turned from him to Mr. Karger-Kelley, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it, and stepped quickly through the doorway and shut the door behind him.

(Continued on Page 113)



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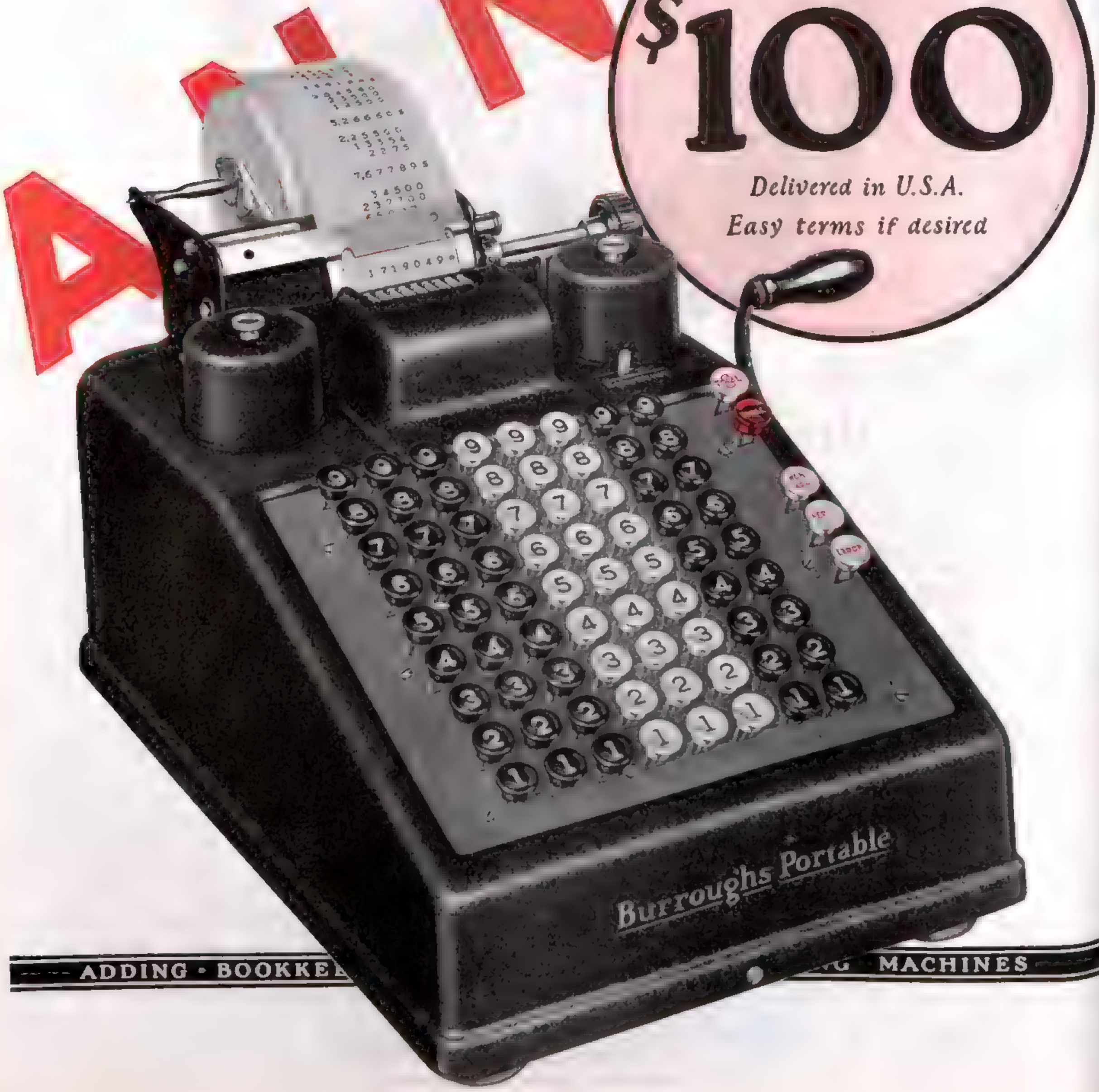

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(Continued from Page 108)

"It must have taken Adams five or ten seconds to cross the hall," said Little Amby methodically. "We'll let that interval elapse, and then we open the door. . . . Hello, Cluney, why aren't you in the closet?"

"I can't see the necessity, sir," said Cluney, pale and watchful. "Pardon me, sir, but I prefer to see what goes on here. You said that I should."

"No harm in that, my boy," said Little Amby easily. "We're at the point where Adams intervenes. We'll omit his part as unproved and come down to that point where you all come upstairs with the insurance man, and Adams hands somebody the key and tells you that the necklace is in the drawer. To whom did he give the key, please?"

"To me, wasn't it, Phil?" asked Mrs. Karger-Kelley uncertainly.

"No, it was to me," said Mr. Karger-Kelley. "And shall I show you exactly what I did then, Mr. Hinkle? It may help you to visualize, as it were."

"By all means," said Little Amby.

"The others were here in the hall," said Mr. Karger-Kelley. "I took the key from Harry, merely asking him where he had it from, walked to the bureau"—suiting the action to the word—"unlocked the drawer, looked inside, felt about inside, and found nothing."

He held the bureau drawer—a small one—up to them.

"And then you looked through the other drawers?"

"Not I, Mr. Hinkle. I was quite too stunned to help. It was so evident that someone had made off with the necklace, that I ——" He shrugged his narrow shoulders and moved to replace the drawer. It stuck, and he bent down to discover the trouble.

He straightened suddenly, with the drawer sill in his hand, and exclaimed dramatically, "By Jove!"

He went to his knees, plunged his arm into the vacancy left by the drawer, and brought it out with the necklace that Harry Adams had lifted from the bureau that unfortunate morning.

"It was lodged back there," he said, amid a chorus of surprised exclamations. "I see just how it happened, and we owe that poor boy a profound apology—we do indeed. He must have pulled out the drawer and thrown the necklace toward the back, in his haste to put it out of Cluney's sight—he seems to have suspected Cluney, very unjustly, I dare say. And he threw the necklace quite over the back of the drawer, and it lodged back there. I'm frank to say, Mr. Hinkle, that we owe Harry Adams a deep apology."

"That's all you do owe him if the thing happened as you say," said Little Amby. "The insurance company may have to settle on different terms, since they were the moving parties in having him arrested and jailed. You'll release the insurance company now, I'm sure?"

"At once," said Mr. Karger-Kelley.

"They'll then withdraw the complaint," said Little Amby. "By the way, Mr. Pease of the insurance company is waiting out in my car, and he'll be very much interested in all this. Let's have him in and tell him what we discovered."

"Call him, Cluney," acceded Mrs. Karger-Kelley.

"And shall I then return, madam?" asked Cluney. "I have some duties to attend to if I may."

"The slave of duty, as always, Cluney," said Little Amby. "You come straight back here, understand?"

"I don't understand your tone, sir, nor fancy it," said Cluney.

"Come back again, Cluney," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley.

He went off.

Pease entered, Cluney following him. The insurance man was told what had been discovered.

"I must say, Mr. Hinkle," he said, turning slowly to Little Amby, "that this is a great surprise, but an entirely welcome one. It was with regret that I insisted on the arrest of that young man, and I'm glad to find that I made a mistake, even if it means some personal embarrassment. May I see the necklace?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pease," said Mrs. Karger-Kelley, handing it to him.

He held it on his hands, looked with increasing severity at its stones, and bore it to the window. He fitted a lapidary's lens into his eye and stared at the necklace with inhuman rigor. He took out the lens and turned to survey the company. His round face had darkened and his drooping black mustache was working up and down. He spoke carefully and precisely:

"We are all at times inclined to be blithering idiots, none more than I. A sense of my inability to discharge my daily tasks has oppressed me at times, never more so than when you told me you had found the necklace in that bureau. It happens that I examined that bureau with care, inside and out, and yet when you told me the necklace was there all the time I said to myself, 'Pease, you blind and blithering idiot!'

"But my good friends, when you throw me a handful of leaded glass, commonly called paste, and worth perhaps fifteen dollars, and say 'Catch, Pease, here's a twenty-five-thousand-dollar necklace!' then my great trust in my own stupidity fails. Mrs. Karger-Kelley, you may do as you please about releasing my company, but I assure you that I was never guilty of writing a ten-thousand-dollar policy on that string of glass beads."

"Glass?" echoed Mrs. Karger-Kelley.

"That's enough from you, Pease," said Mr. Karger-Kelley hotly. "I'll be at the main office of your company in New York with the necklace tomorrow morning. The matter may rest at present."

"Does he say that this is not the real necklace?" said Mrs. Karger-Kelley. "Let me look at it again. . . . Oh, Phil, do you know what I think? I don't think this is the real necklace either. You remember we had a copy of the necklace made? You told me that it was fashionable to wear an imitation if one had the real thing in the bank for safety, and that lots of nice people were doing it, and then we lost the copy about three months ago, remember? Mr. Pease is right, Phil. I wonder how this thing came to turn up just now!"

"I think I can guess," said Mr. Pease, frowning significantly at Little Amby. "Mr. Hinkle asked me to come here with him, promising to produce the stolen necklace. Very thin, Hinkle."

"Why, that's the necklace that was stolen, Pease," grinned the little lawyer. "All the glass you saw there was what you stuck in your eye. But here comes the man now that can settle the argument. Mrs. Karger-Kelley, this is Mr. Rosefield."

The bulk of Tug Gaffney had filled the doorway, giving place to the squat figure of the jeweler.

"How do, lady," said Irving. Without heat or embarrassment, an honest loan shark come for his money plus 12 per cent, he looked about for his borrower. He smiled cheerfully when he saw the shrinking Mr. Karger-Kelley.

"Good afternoon, gentleman," he said. "And how is Mr. Swayne today?"

Mr. Karger-Kelley reacted to the recognition with suddenly revived vigor. He doubled his fist, turned, and struck Cluney with all his might on the lean angle of the jaw.

His might was not a pugilist's but it knocked down the valet.

"I'm done with you anyway, you blackmailing villain!" cried Mr. Karger-Kelley.

"And what did he hit that poor Cluney for?" said Miss Perrin to Harry Adams. "I thought Cluney was a lovely man."

They were in an upstairs table-d'hôte on West Tenth Street, New York. They were sitting down to a victory dinner for two.

"He had been sweating Karger-Kelley for hush money, Alys," said Harry. "He had slipped into that room to cop the necklace, and then he saw it was only paste—trust him to know. Naturally, he left it there for me to burn my fingers on, and then it was an easy guess that Karger-Kelley had palmed it when he opened the drawer that time. See, Alys?"

"No, but go ahead, and maybe I will, Harry. What did Mr. Karger-Kelley take it for?"

"Because the insurance man had come to look at it, and he would see it was paste, and where would Karger-Kelley be then, poor thing? Karger-Kelley had hocked the real necklace for five thousand dollars to play a hot tip on a Wall Street war baby, figuring he would make a winner and take the necklace out, and nobody the wiser; when what does Mrs. Karger-Kelley do but take a notion to increase her insurance, and brings in Mr. Pease. See, Alys?"

His explanation had necessitated putting an arm about her and giving her a demonstrating hug.

"A little," she said. "But go on."

"Well, Alys"—putting his other arm about her argumentatively—"Karger-Kelley was feeling very flat, when somebody hollered, 'Thieves! The necklace is stolen.' And that was news that suited him to a dot. Then I step up like a clever youth and say, 'No, it is in the drawer. Ha-ha!' But Karger-Kelley is perfectly contented to have that necklace stolen, now that somebody gave him the idea, and he opens the drawer and palms the necklace. He is very sorry to get me in Dutch, but it's him or me, and then it's my turn to tell one. See, Alys?"

"A little better," she admitted. "But go ahead, Harry."

His right hand held her two hands imprisoned, and his left hand was turning her chin.

"Mr. Hinkle gets wise as soon as he hears the necklace was hocked two weeks before I appeared on the scene, and he puts a dick onto Karger-Kelley and finds he's been playing the market. And one morning he sees by the papers that Karger-Kelley has made a barrel of real dough in his own poor ignorant way; so Mr. Hinkle, being out for the coin, hurries up to Greenwich to get that barrel before Karger-Kelley can lose it again. Do you get it, Alys?

"He has the hock-shop man calling up the Karger-Kelleys, and Hinkle tells them that he will talk to the hock-shop man when he goes back to the office. And Karger-Kelley sees his out; he will find the necklace again and squash the case against me and release the insurance company, go down and collect his winnings and take the real necklace out of hock, and everything will be hunky-dory. The very thing! So he goes through his palming stunt again and finds the phony necklace.

"Then it's Mr. Hinkle's move; and he swings his trumps. He says, 'Here's your chance to take your wife's necklace out of soak, and you can square me and Harry Adams by handing over the rest of your roll, or we'll throw you in jail so far you will take twenty years to hurry out. Don't try to hold out on us, because we've got the figures on your killing to a thin dime.' He says, 'Far be it from us to compound a felony, but we will sign off our civil damages.'

"So Mr. Rosefield gets his loan plus 12 per cent, Mrs. Karger-Kelley gets her necklace, Karger-Kelley gets fond memories of once having a roll to cheer him while his wife is tongue-lashing him, and Mr. Hinkle and I cut up sixteen thousand dollars. Look at the check, Alys!"

But her eyes were closed. Her head rested on his shoulder and her face was upturned. For the second time in their checkered acquaintance, he saw her lips tremulously rounding.

A waiter appeared from behind a palm. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but the dinner's held up on account ——"

Harry's hand waved dismissingly.

"A holdup?" he said with blissful indifference. "Go catch your own robbers, fellow, and don't bother me. Can't you see I'm busy now?"

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And these often include the small *important* things.

Take tooth brushing for example—this most important job is often neglected by many of us.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to practically *all* of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

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And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

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THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

TRIAL MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 5)

carmined lips. Magnificent silver-fox furs were flung upon her doll-like shoulders, and she twinkled with diamonds and animation. She was one of those unfortunate women who can never forget what they were like twenty years ago. As a girl, Rita had been tremendously admired for her vivacity. And so her vivacity had increased with the years, until now you might have thought that Rita was presenting a deliberately malicious parody of her own youth.

"Wasn't my snow picnic divine?" she was crying. "I do think I know how to give parties! Wasn't my snow picnic decidedly the best party this whole winter, Constance?"

"Oh, decidedly!" Constance smiled gravely at Thorvald Ware.

He caught her smile like a precious gift, and held it on his own lips reverently.

"It was when Mr. Ware first came to stay with us," Rita explained to Adelaide. "I wanted him to meet the young crowd before he'd time to get horribly bored with us—old people."

Now it was she who threw a smile, significant and coaxing, at Thorvald Ware. He received it courteously.

"You don't put yourself in that class, Mrs. Dallett?"

She sighed.

"I was thirty yesterday."

Adelaide and her children exchanged glances. Rita Dallett had been married four times. Even with quite prompt divorces, she must be now, let's see ——

"It isn't years that count, though, really!" cried Rita. "It's emotion! Experience! Don't you think so, Adelaide?"

"My own experience has been so limited," Adelaide murmured.

"I know I look centuries older than I really am," cried Mrs. Dallett vivaciously. "I've been through such a lot! And I feel so intensely! My doctor told me, only the other day, my heart is at least ten years older than it ought to be. But Mr. Ware is making me look perfectly lovely in my portrait. You must come to see it when it's finished, Adelaide."

"Your portrait?" Adelaide repeated blankly.

"Why, yes! I thought of course you knew! That's why Mr. Ware came out to Midland."

Adelaide stared at the big athletic boy in frank amazement.

"Are you a painter?" she asked, not even attempting to conceal her surprise.

He blushed again. "Yes. Why, yes—I am."

"Don't be antique, mummie!" cried Gay. "They don't wear long hair and funny ties any more. Painting's just as respectable now as any other business."

At that, Thorvald Ware crimsoned more darkly than ever. And he gave Gay a look that was positively savage.

"I'm afraid you're right," he said, in a hurt, brusque tone. "Sometimes it is—just a business."

Rita Dallett drew Adelaide aside as soon as possible. She was just dying to talk to someone. Her small, intense face quivered.

"Isn't he too—divine!" she whispered staccato, and squeezed Adelaide's arm. "Blushing like that, and yet so big and manly! He's only twenty-six, and a genius—a real genius—and I discovered him. No one can say I didn't, after my portrait. Oh, it will kill some of the women in this town. Simply kill them!" she gloated.

Then a dreamy look softened her overworked features.

"Oh, Adelaide!" she sighed. "Don't you just love his name—Thorvald? Thor, the Norse god, you know! I just wish you had been at my snow picnic."

"Yes, I wish I had been invited," said Adelaide, somewhat grimly.

"Well, it was only for the younger set," Rita apologized. "We hadn't any chaperons. But what I mean is—if you could have seen Thor out in the wind and the snow. He was just like a viking—I give you my word—a glorious, young, blond viking!"

III

"RITA DALLETT is having her portrait done again," Adelaide informed her husband at the dinner table.

He looked up quickly, smiling, always ready to be amused by Adelaide, whom he considered the cleverest and most entertaining of women. Conrad's hair had turned silver, but this only added to the distinction of his appearance, even made him handsomer. It was most unfair, thought Adelaide, gazing fondly at her husband, that age so often improves men. Even the little lines about his blue eyes were rather nice. Young men's faces look like retouched photographs, all smooth, and meaningless, and eggy.

"How many portraits of Rita does this make?" asked Conrad.

"Ten, I believe. She'll have to build a special gallery."

"Oh, but she doesn't like any of the other nine now," said Gay. "She's going to give them all away to museums, and only keep Thor's."

"Wasn't Rita's husband before the last a painter?" mused Conrad.

"Oh, no, daddy, a singer. But not for very long. Simply his memory, now, makes her shudder!" said Gay. "She told me."

Conrad looked helplessly at his laughing wife.

"Really, Adelaide," he said, "do you think it's quite the thing for Rita Dallett to discuss her marriages with Gay?"

"Is it my fault," asked Adelaide, "if Rita insists on being one of the younger generation, and gives the best parties in town, and never invites me?"

"Or anyone over twenty-five," added Constance. "Rita's a good sort, but I do wish she'd give up being devilish. It's such a bore. At every party she says something about being the chaperon and then gets mad if someone else doesn't say, 'Well, and who's going to chaperon the chaperon?'"

"Besides, daddy," said Gay, "you needn't think Rita's the only one. Everyone tells me things. But not Constance!" she added with satisfaction.

"Thank you, I don't want them to," retorted Constance. "Women's confidences are usually disgusting."

Conrad looked at his wife again.

"Just what sort of people do my daughters know?" he asked with the calmness of despair.

"Oh," laughed Adelaide, "the usual sort—good and bad, mixed. But Constance exaggerates. I'm sure she's never heard anything really disgusting. That's just one of her words."

"I mean," Constance explained, "that women never know when to stop if you once let them begin. And so I never let them. Gay revels in intimacy. I suppose you went upstairs with Sylvie, after her party, and heard all about it?"

"Of course I did," replied Gay stoutly. "Sylvie was just dying to talk, instead of being talked about."

"How is Sylvie?" asked Conrad, and his face contracted in a quick, pained frown that said as plainly as words: "What if it had been one of my girls!"

"Oh, Sylvie's all right," replied Gay cheerfully. "Her father's going to get her a divorce and a diamond bracelet."

"And what's become of her husband?" asked Adelaide.

"Oh, he's gone off to Mexico or Buenos Aires or somewhere. Mr. Thorne gave him a lot of money. He wanted to kill him, but he thought it would be better to pay him, on account of the newspapers."

"And what about poor little Sylvie?" asked Conrad. "Does she still care for this fellow?"

"Oh, no, daddy! She doesn't like him at all now! She never did, really, except just right at the first. She says you ought never to marry anyone you haven't eaten a meal with."

"Well," from Adelaide, "I dare say table manners might be one of the great tests."

"Yes, mummie, and he didn't take a bath every day, either!"

"Really, mother!" protested Constance. "Do you think that child ought to be allowed to talk like that?"

"Who's a child, any more than you are?" cried Gay hotly. "Besides, I'm tired of being a cat's-paw."

"Cat's-paw?"

"Yes—for you—about gossip. You pretend to be so superior, and let me drag it out of other people. I shan't tell you another thing Sylvie said."

"I really don't care to hear anything more about her chauffeur's personal habits," retorted Constance.

"He isn't hers any more. Forget it, can't you?" growled Gay. "Anybody's liable to make at least one mistake in marriage, aren't they?"

Her father and mother raised eyebrows at each other in silent amusement, mixed with dismay. But their one guest—she was the comfortable sort of woman friend who may be asked to a family dinner without an extra man—looked both shocked and grieved, as she usually did when matrimony was discussed.

Marcia Weston was a widow who had refused to remarry; a pleasant, brown-eyed woman, between thirty and forty, who regarded herself as the victim of a great romance. She had married at eighteen, and her young husband had been killed in an accident a year later. Marcia had closed their house at once and gone abroad, and though she came back eventually to live in Midland, she refused not only to rent or sell the house but even to enter it again herself. So there the little house stood, exactly as on the day she had left it, closed, locked, shrouded, a mute tribute to memory and young love. And, in similar fashion, Marcia's heart had remained obdurately sealed. Her sorrow, so bitter and cruel at first, a thing that was once beautiful in its sincerity, had withered and crumbled like dried rose leaves, until only its faint fragrance was left. But Marcia would not admit this, even to herself. She said that she still felt Paul's death as keenly as on the day it occurred. Their love, she thought, had been extraordinary, epochal, one of the great romances of all time. So she modestly placed herself among the immortals, without reflecting that neither the tender Juliet, nor the passionate Francesca, nor the entrancing serpent of the Nile, had survived her lover, and gone serenely on the everyday round of dinners, and bridge, and golf, and mild flirtations at costume balls.

But Marcia was a good amiable sort, a loyal and useful friend, so everyone respected her little pose, and even tried to look sympathetic when she would say—as she always did—"I do believe in happy marriages, though"—with uplifted, pathetic eyes, and in a low pathetic voice, whenever matrimony was discussed.

She said it now: "I do believe in happy marriages, though!"

"You have a perfect example before you," said Conrad, bowing to his wife.

Marcia looked from one to the other with her big, pathetic brown eyes, and it seemed to Adelaide that a look of polite skepticism passed across them.

"Oh, yes, of course!" agreed Marcia. But, of course, it was quite impossible for her to agree that anyone's marriage had been as idyllic as her own.

"She's almost insufferably smug about her great romance," thought Adelaide angrily. "She doesn't know anything at all about life and love beyond the honeymoon. And so she expects everyone else to linger in a state of ecstasy forever. I suppose it's that makes her seem like an old maid."

Then, to her amazement, Adelaide saw Constance's eyes bent on Marcia with the

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look of a rapt, devoted pupil. Constance had never liked Marcia, had laughed at her sentimentality. A cold finger of fear ran down Adelaide's back. The child was truly in love then. For love is apt to reverse our antipathies.

But she did not say anything until they had gone in to have their coffee, and were all settled comfortably around the fire. And then she managed to make her tone very casual, as she asked, "Oh! By the way, where did Rita find her artist?"

"In New York, last October," replied Constance, looking directly into her mother's eyes. "That's where I met Thor, when I was there getting my winter clothes. Rita took me to his studio."

"You?" stammered Adelaide, quite taken aback. "But, Constance, you never mentioned him!"

"Why should I?" asked her daughter calmly, and her calm dark eyes did not waver, but a little amber light stirred deep down in them. "I wasn't in love with him—then," said Constance.

An instant's electric pause, broken by Conrad's troubled voice:

"I don't quite know who it is you're talking about—but, Constance! Did you say ——"

"Yes, dad. I might as well tell you and mother now. I don't mind Marcia."

She gave her newly found friend an almost affectionate glance.

"We're engaged, Thor and I," said Constance.

"Well!" Adelaide rescued her composure with a little laughing gasp. "I only met Mr. Ware this afternoon," she explained to Marcia.

Then she managed to give Constance an admirably detached smile.

"I should never have guessed, dear," she remarked impersonally. "How very secretive young people are now with their love-making!"

"Frank, you mean, mother," amended Constance, looking as if a family discussion would bore her.

Adelaide took the cue. Her manner was quite indifferent.

"I dare say you're right. With so much frank love-making going on, one can hardly distinguish between what's in earnest and what's just play. I wonder, sometimes, if the people involved can, really?"

She lay back in her chair, and turned her rings idly, admiring her own slender fingers. Only by the merest fraction of lifted eyebrow did she warn Conrad to be silent.

Gay, looking bewildered, stirred her coffee round and round without drinking it. When she spoke at last, her voice sounded strangely flat.

"Well, old thing," she said, "of course I knew you were just crazy about Thor, but I didn't know your intentions were honorable."

Constance flared up surprisingly.

"Dad," she cried, "don't let her talk like that! It's so—cheap. A child, trying to be cynical."

"Me?" Gay's tone was sincerely hurt, dismayed. "Why, Constance! I didn't! I'm not—why, say! It was just a joke."

"Kindly don't joke about my affairs," replied her elder sister haughtily, "or interfere with them, either."

Gay's little friendly face closed up tight.

"All right. Count me out of this," she said, and got up and marched out of the room.

This was something quite unusual. Constance and Gay never seriously quarreled. Gay had the extravagant admiration for her elder sister that a little boy often has for his big brother, and her gibes and taunts at Constance were merely playful exercise—a sort of practice sparring to keep in trim for serious feminine battles. When they were babies, Gay had annoyed Constance with her incessant devotion, which was called tagging, of course, by the elder. Constance would push Gay away, or hide from her, and the ready tears would pop out in Gay's round, blue-green eyes. But when Constance condescended to be kind again, the little sister cherished no grudge. Her quick forgiveness, her instant forgetfulness of all wrongs, became proverbial in the nursery. And Constance, of course, being only human, traded on this good humor, began to feel, insensibly, that any sort of treatment was good enough for Gay, who "really didn't mind." Her careless smile, now, said: "Oh, Gay will come back in a minute. It's nothing to bother about."

Adelaide, reading the smile, thought that perhaps Gay had been the worst influence in Constance's life.

Aloud, she said, almost involuntarily, "Oh, Constance! If ever you'd been hated the least little bit, or the least bit badly treated by anyone, I shouldn't be so afraid!"

"Afraid?" Constance arched her level eyebrows. "Of what?"

Marcia's brown eyes, quick and reproachful, implored Adelaide not to say "Marriage." So she said "Life."

IV

WHEN Constance announced casually that Thor was coming over later, Mrs. Weston found an excuse to go home. She paused, however, to squeeze Constance's hand and to reassure the girl against a cold and cynical world, by an eloquent glance from her warm, brown eyes.

Thor arrived at 9:15, rather breathless, laughing, but vexed too.

"This business of being a guest is hell!" he informed Constance, whom he found alone. "Next time I take a portrait order I'll stop at a hotel."

"Well, darling," said Constance, "next time it won't matter where you stop, because I'll be with you."

At the thought, his gray eyes darkened, and he quickly took her in his arms.

She was looking very like a modern bacchante, in her chiffon frock, the color of grape leaves. Her beauty, so youthful and yet so curiously ripe, suggested the richness of harvest and of wine—her velvety eyes, the fruit of her mouth.

"You're too beautiful!" he whispered, almost angrily, and almost angrily the golden viking head was bent to the dark head of the bacchante.

After a moment Thor laughed.

"Funny! Do you realize this is the first time I've ever been in your house?"

"Well, I'd just as soon get engaged in Rita's house as in my own," said Constance. "And it's a good joke on her too! Never letting you out of her clutches."

"Those damn parties!" he groaned. "First night since I've been here there hasn't been one. And tonight Rita wanted me to take her to a movie—one of those burning-love things. Gosh, who wants to see love on a screen!"

"Only the people who haven't got it at home," replied Constance complacently. "I think you're wonderful, Thor, slipping away from Rita. Not many men could."

"Not wonderful," said Thor grimly. "Rude. But I'd have committed murder tonight. Gosh, darling, I had to see you!"

He was about to repeat the gesture which these words usually evoke, when Constance interrupted.

"Oh, Thor, do let's get the tiresome family stuff over with first! And then we can come back here—and talk."

She led the way to the library, where her mother and father were sitting before the fire, trying to look as unconcerned as Constance would have them.

"Well, Thor, here's the Inquisition!" said Constance lightly. "Are you scared? You needn't be, because I've already told them."

Thor looked frankly relieved.

"I'm glad," he confessed. "I didn't know what to say."

"Why!" laughed Constance. "Just 'We're engaged.' What could be simpler?"

"What, indeed?" asked Adelaide, smiling at Thor, and motioning him to sit beside her on the sofa. "You surely didn't think, Mr. Ware, that you had to ask for our consent?"

(Continued on Page 120)

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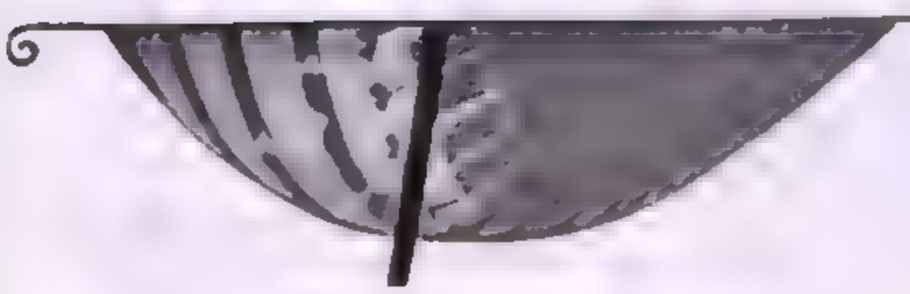

(Continued from Page 118)

"I'll have to admit I did."

His smile parted over beautiful white teeth. Health and strength flowed out from him in an almost visible wave, and Adelaide somewhat ruefully acknowledged his magnetism.

"How do you account for your rather antiquated point of view?" she asked idly, watching him.

"Well, I'm not very up-to-date," he confessed. "You see, I've been sort of out of the world for the last few years."

"But I thought you lived in New York?"

"I do."

"And yet you say out of the world as if you had been on an expedition to the North Pole."

He turned his steady eyes upon her. When he was not stirred, they seemed cold, the color of ice.

"I've been at work," he said, and did not explain.

She liked him for that.

"Of course," she agreed. "One may be as lost in work as at the North Pole. But I thought artists ——"

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Bannester," he interrupted firmly, "I'm awfully tired of hearing about the wild life artists lead."

"Isn't it true, though?" asked Constance. But her eyes said: "It really doesn't matter."

"Sometimes," Thor answered her question. "I found out pretty soon, though, that I had to put most of myself into my painting. Good Lord! If I went on as many parties in New York as here ——"

"Oh, Rita's just been showing off for your benefit," said Constance. "She's got the popular idea about artists."

Thor looked somewhat stern.

"Sorry to disillusion her."

"Oh! Have you?" laughed Adelaide. "Poor Rita!"

"She's got an awful crush on Thor," said Constance complacently.

He blushed furiously.

"Cut that, won't you, Constance?" he begged.

"Well, she tells everyone herself!" said Constance.

"She hasn't told me," replied Thor stiffly.

"Oh, she will! Give her time. Or rather, don't! We must tell her about me first. I know she'll be furious."

Constance seemed pleased at the prospect, but Thorvald Ware looked most uncomfortable.

"How is the portrait coming along?" asked Conrad.

Thor looked more miserable than ever.

"It's pretty rotten," he confessed. "Not that I haven't worked on it like a dog. I've painted the left eye over at least five times. And scraped out the whole head, and begun over again—but it's no use. I ought never to have taken the order."

"But why, Thor?" asked Constance. "Rita's no beauty, but she is paintable. Everyone says so."

"She didn't appeal to me as a subject," said Thor. "And, besides, I'm not strictly a portrait painter. I mean, I can't just take orders, and guarantee to turn out something satisfactory."

"But, after all, if Rita is satisfied?" Adelaide suggested.

"Oh, it's a likeness."

"Well?" from Constance.

"She might as well have ordered a photograph, if that's all she wanted."

"Oh, no, Thor darling! Because you are not a photographer."

He blushed again.

"I wish you wouldn't. Don't you see what an impossible position that puts me in?"

"No," said Constance, "I don't. It isn't your fault if Rita ——"

"But, darn it all, Constance, I don't want people to give me portrait orders because they like me!"

"Why not? Rita has heaps of money. Why shouldn't she help you along?"

His lips set.

"I don't want charity."

"Isn't he cute, though?" said Constance. "You'd think Rita was endowing him for life; and she's only giving him a thousand dollars."

"Only a thousand is still quite a lot of money to me," said Thor.

"Well, I think it's just nothing—for Rita. She's cheating you. She gave that Polish creature ten."

"I haven't a doubt of it. But I wouldn't paint like that fellow for ten times ten."

"Why, Thor," cried Constance, with a little amused, indulgent laugh, "he did everybody! The nicest people!"

"I know," said Thor. "That's his job, not mine. I'm not playing the society-portrait game."

"Why not?" asked Adelaide quietly.

"Because it's a form of slavery," he answered as quietly. "I mean, would be to me. Running after people. Mixing up tea and paint—my idea of what's a good picture, and my sitters' ideas of what they'd like to look like. No, I couldn't do the little-brother-to-the-rich stuff."

"Why did you consent to paint Rita, after all?" Conrad asked.

Thor looked at him soberly.

"Because I had to see Constance!"

She laughed, delighted.

"They always blame it on the woman, don't they, dad? But Thor is too silly. Rita loves her portrait. And we have such heaps of friends—we can always get orders for him, can't we, mother?"

"I'm not sure that I want them, thank you," said Thor.

"You don't think portraits are—are artistic?" Constance asked doubtfully.

"Well," he explained, "of course portraits may be great art. But the point is, if you've got to paint just any face that's stuck at you, and please the whole family into the bargain, and get the buckles on the satin slippers just right—don't you see? That isn't—that's just a sort of manufacturing!"

"Well, what do you like to do?" Adelaide asked.

"I like to do whatever happens to interest me—not orders."

"That is awfully nice of course," said Adelaide, "if you can afford it."

He looked straight at her.

"I can't afford it."

"Oh, dear," cried Adelaide, "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to leave the room, Constance darling, because I am going to be indecent."

"Go ahead," said Constance. "You want to know Thor's income?"

"Yes."

Thor smiled.

"It's—uncertain."

"Oh, I see!"

"You mean, you thought so?"

"Well, naturally, an artist ——"

"Some artists make a great deal of money, but I probably shan't. I don't even know that I care to."

"Worse and worse!" cried Adelaide frankly. "And why this scorn of money?"

"I like money just as well as anybody else," he told her, "but I am not going to make that my object in painting."

"Not even if you should have a wife?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Bannester. No girl I'd want to marry would want me to paint stuff!"

"I know Thor's poor," said Constance haughtily, "and I don't mind. So why should we talk about it?"

Adelaide made no reply. She was looking at Constance's fragile satin slippers, which had cost thirty-five dollars, and the simple little frock, that had been comparatively cheap at one hundred and fifty, not to mention the French stockings at twelve dollars, and other silken trifles.

In the pause, Conrad moved uneasily, and finally said, in a strained, uncomfortable voice, "After all, you're both very young. There's plenty of time—I suppose you mean to wait a year or two and see ——"

"A year or two, daddy!" cried Constance. "Why, no! Nobody has such long engagements now."

"I meant," Conrad explained hastily, "that Mr. Ware, no doubt, is not yet quite ready ——"

"Oh, yes, I am, sir," replied Thor, blushing, but looking Conrad straight in the eye. "I've got a little money saved up, and a place to live anyway. What I mean is, I'm not exactly starving in a garret. I own my studio. And it's a very nice one," he added, with a pardonable degree of householder's pride.

"Nice!" cried Constance. "Why, it's perfectly slick! I've been there. With Rita, you know, mother, I told you. Thor has wonderful taste. You'd be simply crazy about his studio, mother."

"I'm sure I should," said Adelaide, "and I shall expect to be asked to tea the very next time I'm in New York, Mr. Ware."

He looked at Constance, and she replied, with a woman's superior courage and a very mischievous smile, "Oh, no, mother darling! You must come and dine with us instead!"

"With us?" echoed Conrad blankly.

"Yes," replied his daughter. "Thor and I don't see any use waiting, when everything's settled now. And we couldn't bear not seeing each other for months. And, besides, why should Thor have the bother and expense of coming all the way back to Midland?"

Adelaide caught her breath sharply, and for a moment the knuckles of her clenched hand whitened as she pressed it against the chair.

But her voice was cool and even, as she asked, "Well, then, dear, just what are your plans?"

"Why," said Constance, and her tone implied that nothing could be more natural or thoroughly expected, "Thor and I thought we'd just be married right away, so I can go back to New York with him as soon as Rita's portrait's done."

Before Adelaide could stop him, Conrad had cried "No, no, Constance!" in an almost agonized voice. And Constance's face had closed up haughtily. The determined, almost ruthless look Adelaide remembered from childhood came into Constance's eyes.

"Wait a minute, dear," Adelaide said, and went over to Conrad's chair and clutched his hand tight.

"You've got to remember, Con, darling," said Adelaide in a gay, laughing voice, "that we did exactly as we pleased, when we were no older than these two. And look how beautifully it has all turned out!"

She looked at her daughter and at Thor with loving, laughing eyes.

"I made up my mind long ago," she declared, "that neither of my daughters should ever marry without my consent. But I don't mean by that what most parents do. I mean, I shall always give my consent."

"Well, then!" said Constance, as if the whole matter were settled.

"But, Adelaide," remonstrated her husband, "after all—I don't mean we refuse our consent, exactly—but it's only reasonable to suppose that Constance might wait a little—listen to a little advice! Surely, Adelaide," he appealed desperately, "even if you don't object, you must have some advice to give your daughter!"

"None," Adelaide shook her head laughingly, "except about hats."

"Then come on, Thor," said Constance, rising. "I'll leave everything to you, mother. I really don't care how I'm married. Only it will have to be a small wedding, because there isn't very much time. You're planning to leave in about ten days, aren't you, Thor?"

Adelaide did not blink an eyelash.

"How do you expect to get your wedding dress in ten days?" she asked calmly. "You know Madame Angela won't give it to you on such short notice."

"Oh, yes, she will," returned Constance carelessly. "You can make her, mother. You've got a way with you. And I can get the rest of my clothes in New York. I'd prefer that, anyhow."

"Well," said Adelaide, taking a deep breath, "I hardly know whether to envy you your poise, or not, darling. Why, for days before I was married—and I didn't have a white satin frock either—I cried if anyone looked at me."

"Well, that isn't being done any more," replied her daughter. "I don't see why you should cry about being happy, do you, Thor?"

Thorvald Ware, all this time, had been looking most uncomfortable, and even guilty. And now he turned to Conrad and said:

"I don't know what you think of me, sir! I mean you must think that I've got an awful nerve rushing things like this, when you don't know anything about me. I mean ——"

He began to crimson deeply.

"If there's anything you'd like to ask me—I mean ——"

"Don't be absurd, Thor!" cried Constance. "It's no one's affair but our own."

"We quite understand, Thor," said Adelaide coolly, "that it is never the man who rushes things. I'm sure Constance planned it all. Same in my case. Conrad would never have had the courage to elope if I hadn't made him."

"That isn't true," declared Conrad resentfully. "It was entirely my own idea, and I had almost to take you away by force! And in this case Mr. Ware is right. Naturally, I should like to talk things over more fully before we decide ——"

"But, daddy, wake up!" cried Constance, laughing. "It is decided—has been for hours! And what else is there to talk about? What do you want to know about Thor? Where he was born, or something? Why, I don't even know that myself."

Thor smiled at her.

"It isn't a secret," he said. "I was born on a farm in Minnesota."

Conrad looked surprised and interested.

"And how did you get the idea of becoming a painter?"

Thor laughed.

"That's what my own father wanted to know. Made him mad, because I was such a good farm hand. Been different, of course, if I'd been weak or sickly—not fit for anything but art."

A smile stirred the corners of his mouth.

"My mother was all right, though. She's different. Her own father was a preacher and wrote poetry, too—not much good, I guess—Swedish. That explains my name."

"And your father's Swedish, too?" asked Adelaide.

"No, English."

"And that explains your blushes," said Adelaide. "I do love English boys—perfect little devils, and yet blushing and looking like cherubs all the while."

"Well, I certainly hope I don't look like a cherub," said Thor anxiously. "My silly name's bad enough."

"If you're all through the story of your life," remarked Constance, in a very bored tone indeed, "you might come with me, Thor."

"Yes, do run along!" urged Adelaide cheerfully. "If the wedding's to be in ten days, I've got a lot of lists and things to do, and I'd better begin now."

"Shall we tell Rita tonight?" asked Constance, from the doorway.

"Well, now, let me think ——" Adelaide pretended to ponder deeply. Then she looked at her daughter with an admirable effect of ingenuousness.

"Give me until tomorrow," she said. "I'm so muddled now—don't say anything yet to anybody. Then, tomorrow night, we'll make all our plans together. . . . You'll come to dinner, Thor?"

When the young people had gone, Conrad gazed at his wife reproachfully, even tragically.

"Adelaide, my darling, scatter-brained, sentimental child! Do you realize at all what you've done?"

She nodded.

"You surely don't mean to consent to this crazy plan?"

She slowly leaned back in her chair and turned the rings on her pretty fingers.

(Continued on Page 125)

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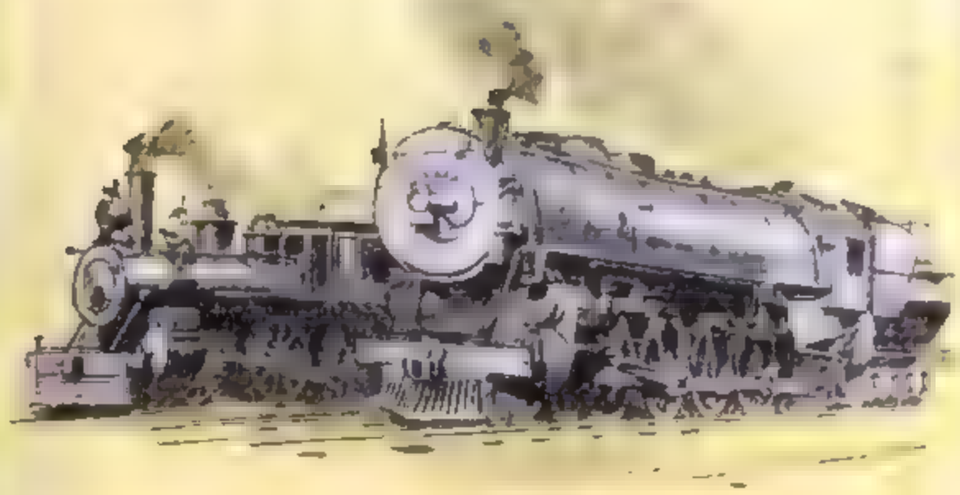

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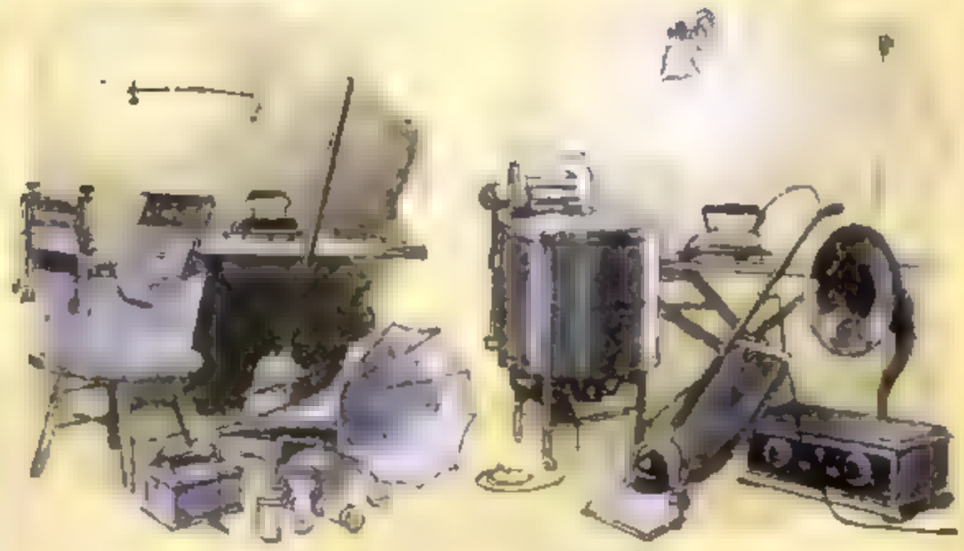

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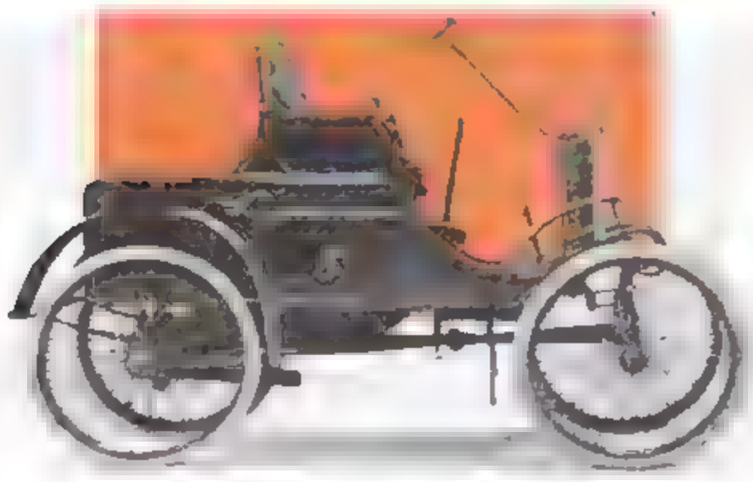
Roadster	510	Coach	645	Landau	765	1 Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	550



When yesterday's experiment becomes today's routine

Assembling section of the Packard Motor Car Company. Note the rail conveyor carrying the cars from one operation to another. Printed forms of Hammermill Bond help to keep this chain of cars moving quickly through the various stages from raw material to finished product.

WHEN the carriage builder was first asked to make an automobile body, the order and the job were unusual. Today they are routine. The first desk to be made with a disappearing typewriter drawer was unusual; so was the first strap to hold a wrist watch, and the first metal pencil. The first of all the routine things we see were once unique, unprecedented.

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To thousands and thousands of firms, printed forms and Hammermill Bond are inseparable. For Hammermill Bond meets just the requirements of forms and letterheads. It is strong and tough; it has a finish that is right for all uses; it comes in twelve colors and white; it runs true to form, so when you order you are sure of what you are getting; it is reasonable in price; *and* it is quickly available—which means that printers know it, like it and can provide it. In fact, many carry it in stock.

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(Continued from Page 120)

"How do you like Thor?" she asked conversationally.

"Very much," Conrad admitted. "A nice manly young chap. But that doesn't mean I want Constance to marry him. Especially in such a great hurry!"

Adelaide looked him straight in the eye.

"I don't want Constance to marry him at all. Ever!" she declared.

"Why?"

"Because she'd spoil his life."

"Because—she'd spoil his life?" Conrad repeated in astonishment. "But, Adelaide, surely it's Constance you're thinking of—not this stranger!"

"Of course it's Constance I'm thinking of!" she cried impatiently.

Then she recovered her laughter.

"At least, if your own life is spoiled," said Adelaide, "you may have the satisfaction of playing the martyr."

V

"BUT I'm only asking you to wait," repeated Conrad, in the stubborn tone of one who knows he is beaten, "a reasonable time! A year ——"

"A year, daddy!" Dismay and incredulous laughter mingled in his daughter's voice.

"Well, six months."

Silence.

"Surely, Constance ——"

"No."

It was the end of a long, trying evening, where the talk had gone round in circles. Everyone saying the same thing over and over, and no one listening; and now everyone was worn out and exasperated, and exactly in the same mental position in which they had started. Constance calm but adamant. Thor reasonable and willing to give way but, of course, abjectly afraid of offending Constance. Gay, who had been admitted to the family conference with her sister's careless permission, sympathetic with everyone in turn. Conrad, getting more and more tragic and emphatic, with relapses into vain shows of parental authority. And Adelaide, cool, tactful, waiting her chance.

She had lain awake all the night before, trying to solve the riddle of how to prevent two people in love from behaving like two people in love. And she had listened all evening, with mingled irony and pity, as Conrad offered the feeble fruits of his own sleepless night. His suggestions ranged from the inevitable fatherly proposal of a trip around the world—with the accompanying fatherly delusion that the parting of young lovers will inevitably destroy their infatuation—to open bribery in the form of sapphire bracelets and pearls. And now the poor man, after arguing himself hoarse, had actually stooped to appeals to filial affection!

"Oh, you poor dear, don't you know the ruthlessness of women?" thought Adelaide, as she compassionately watched Conrad. "You might as well talk to the wind as to that little daughter of yours. For she is in the clutch of the wind now, and the noise of it is so great in her ears that she could not hear you if she would. Duty and obedience may be stone walls for men to cling to, but for women they are only straws in the wind."

"I often think," said Adelaide out loud, "that pity is a man's emotion."

Thor looked at her quickly, as if he understood. But Constance flared up angrily, for the first time that evening lost her nonchalant calm.

"I really don't see why a tragedy has to be made out of my marriage!" she cried. "What's the use of dad's acting like this? As if I were going to be hung or something! Why shouldn't I marry? What have you got against Thor?"

Her flashing eyes defied them to tell her.

"I like Thorvald," her father said wearily, "but you don't know him well enough."

"Of course I do! How absurd!"

"And Thor doesn't know you," Adelaide remarked.

"I think I do," Thor objected quickly.

"It's just a matter of time, then?" Constance asked, with a businesslike manner of getting things settled. "If Thor and I had met a year ago, you'd let us marry now?"

"If you had met," said Adelaide slowly, "a year ago—yes—and under different circumstances."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, you've only been to Thor's studio in New York once, haven't you, Constance?"

"Yes. But what's that got to do with it?"

"A great deal, I think, if you are going to live there."

"I don't see ——"

"Constance, dear, listen! Don't be angry and impatient. Have you any idea, really, of Thor's life?"

"Of his life?"

"The way he lives."

"Why, how absurd! I suppose he lives like everyone else."

"That's just what I mean. You suppose—because you've known Thor here, in your own surroundings, among your own friends—that his life in New York is exactly like your own."

"Well, what if it isn't? What difference would that make?"

"That's just what I want to know," said Adelaide. "If it would make any difference."

"Please don't talk in riddles, mother!"

"I suppose," said Adelaide calmly, "that you do care a little, Constance, about your father's feelings? Satisfying him, I mean, that this isn't just a foolish infatuation, but the real thing?"

"Of course," said Constance, "if ——"

"If you can have your own way at the same time?"

"Well, yes, of course," Constance admitted, smiling.

"I lay awake all night trying to think of a way to please everybody," sighed Adelaide.

"And did you think of anything, Adelaide?" asked Conrad hopefully.

She smiled at him.

"Wait a minute. Let's agree first that, though Constance and Thor are awfully young, and have known each other only an absurdly short time, a long engagement is quite out of the question."

"And why is a long engagement quite out of the question?" demanded Conrad sharply.

"Because," replied Adelaide, "what good would it do? Suppose they did wait a year, or six months, would they know each other any better at the end of that time? It isn't as if Thor lived here, or we in New York. And two or three flying visits back and forth wouldn't be much use. Now, honestly, Con, do you think so?"

"No," he admitted, "I guess not. I don't know how—unless Mr. Ware could stay on here for a while?"

His face brightened at the new idea.

"Could you?" he asked Thor. "I mean do another portrait—Adelaide, or Gay?"

"Thank you, sir," said Thorvald, "but I'd rather not."

"Don't you consider me paintable?" Adelaide asked, though she quite understood Thor's refusal.

"It isn't that," Thor replied quickly. "But I must get back to New York. I have an exhibition coming on, and I want to get some pictures ready. And besides ——"

He turned to Conrad.

"You hadn't an idea of having me paint a portrait until this came up. And so I—well, I'd rather not. But some other time I'd like to do the infant ——"

He smiled at Gay.

"Just for fun," he added. "She isn't pretty, exactly, and of course her little nose and mouth are all out of drawing, but it would be fun to paint Flo-Flo just the same."

"I've told you not to call me Flo-Flo!" cried Abigail furiously. "Do you think I'm a poodle? Besides, I wouldn't waste time posing for you!"

"There's no occasion for being rude, Abigail," reproved her father.

"Then he oughtn't to call me Flo-Flo!"

"Gay is the only member of our family who has no repartee," Adelaide apologized.

"I hate cleverness, if that's what you mean," retorted Gay. "When I've anything to say I say it. Why spend hours thinking up how to say a perfectly simple thing so it will sound subtle?"

"*Touchez*," acknowledged her mother. "Only not hours, dearest. I have a ready tongue. I rarely think."

"I thought so."

"Isn't she delightful?" laughed Adelaide. "As brutal as a schoolboy son. And I love her rough, husky voice—don't you? Though I know, of course, that she does it on purpose. Sometimes, when she thinks no one is noticing, a quite gentle, womanly tone creeps in."

"Don't analyze me!" cried Gay indignantly. "That's just the way you talk about your dogs, mother."

"So I do. But then, darling, I love you almost as much."

"Thanks. I like you pretty nearly as well as Grand Duchess."

"Her mare," Adelaide explained to Thor. "I am flattered. Grand Duchess is an aristocrat and the most awful snob. Can't well-bred horses make you feel *parvenu?* You ride, of course, Thor?"

"Used to—on the farm," he replied. "Can't afford it in New York."

"Ah!" sighed Adelaide. "And that brings us back to the same old problem. Love, as well as morals, may be only a matter of geography, but I am afraid matrimony is an affair of the pocketbook."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, mother!" Constance exclaimed impatiently. "Are you harping on that again? I've told you I don't care!"

And now Gay joined in her sister's defense.

"That's true, mother! Constance really doesn't care about money."

"Oh, my dear," said Adelaide, "the people who don't care about money are always the ones who need it the most."

"Then," said Constance angrily, "it isn't the short time we've known each other? It's only because Thor is poor! How contemptible!"

"It's both," replied Adelaide boldly, "and a hundred other things there's no use telling you."

"You might as well. Go on." Her tone was hard, defiant. It said: "Tell me anything you like, but I shan't believe a word!"

"In my opinion," said Adelaide coolly, "you and Thor are utterly unsuited to each other, in every possible way."

"In your opinion," Constance repeated the words in a freezing tone. "But it's my opinion and Thor's opinion that count."

"Of course," Adelaide agreed cheerfully. "After all, it's your life, not mine, to be spoiled or made happy."

"Well, then?" defiantly.

"Well," Adelaide drew a deep breath, "I've thought of something."

"What is it?"

"You ask that in a tone, Constance, that says you won't agree, no matter what it is."

"Not at all," replied Constance. "If it isn't too impossible."

"I don't ask you for the impossible," Adelaide said then in a new, tender tone. "I've been young myself, and in love too. And I can remember. I don't ask you to wait here for Thor, lonely and wretched, for months, without seeing him. I want you to see each other every day. It's right you should, and it's part of my plan."

"And what is your plan?" Constance asked impatiently. "Just what is it you want us to do, mother?"

"I only want you to find out," said Adelaide, "if your love can stand the test of every day."

"How silly!" cried Constance.

But Conrad asked anxiously, "Well, Adelaide, I don't quite understand how they're to see each other every day when ——"

"It's very simple," Adelaide replied coolly. "They must have a trial marriage."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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OUR BROTHER

(Continued from Page 9)

creature. On her head was a delicate transparent cap from which hung black narrow velvet ribbons. The three little children, two boys and a girl, played on the floor. The spicy steam of well-flavored soup added to the steam of the washing.

"What ails you?" asked Mary.

Startled by her voice, the children looked up from their play, and one by one came nearer to their mother. The tears continued to roll down William's cheeks.

"I had bad news."

Mary looked puzzled; for her nothing could be bad so long as she had this little house and these dear ones in her arms. But Mary had forgotten an old sorrow.

"Samuel Kinzer is dead." Usually the Hersheys spoke English, relapsing into their original tongue only when they wished to discuss matters not fit for the ears of children.

Now, while William spoke in Pennsylvania German, the color and the light went out of Mary's face.

"What?" she cried in a harsh tone.

"He's dead." Though it was entirely contrary to his intention, William, like the undertaker, told his news abruptly. "He shot himself. Also some evil woman." William looked away from Mary's face. "I'm to go in and make arrangements for the funeral."

"Where is he?" asked Mary as though he still lived.

"At the undertaker's." William walked round the room, taking off his coat and overalls, putting on a knitted jacket, then his coat. He was suddenly certain that Mary and Samuel had loved each other, but his considerate spirit inquired no further, whether Samuel's fickle heart had changed or whether Mary had seen in time the danger of union with a spirit unanchored by religion. "I'm going now to see the brethren."

Mary said nothing; but from the depths of her blue eyes looked an anguished spirit, startled for an instant from its composure. It cried out soundlessly: "Let me be! Let me be! If you love me, go for a little while and let me be!"

III

WILLIAM HERSHEY drove slowly along, his mare picking her way from side to side so as to avoid the frozen ruts deeply carved in the dirt road. The hill was steep and she humped her hindquarters, in every motion a protest against this cold and dreary journey. Sometimes she stopped entirely and stood until William bade her gently to proceed.

Usually as William drove down the road, he praised God for the beauties of the fertile land, but now he felt no gladness. Nor did he see anything that was beautiful. The sky was gray, the earth was gray, and many objects in the landscape had sinister associations. In this field, spring had brought to light the body of a man, frozen in a stack of corn where he had taken refuge. On the next farm stood the black ruins of a barn, set on fire after a quarrel. A few miles away, an old man, Job Sharretts, had been mysteriously murdered. William had proved an alibi for the accused. He had been unhappy over his notoriety, but he had done what was right. Now, himself innocent, he was concerned with perhaps a more terrible disaster. Several times he spoke aloud:

"I must think on good things. I must think on the love of God.

"Ah!" he cried at last. "I can pray!"

Almost all the brethren whom he set out to see were sisters. First of all, he came to the house of the Erlenbaughs, where there were a father and mother and four daughters. Sally, the oldest, was his contemporary, and he was acquainted with her affairs from her childhood. His face blanched as he recalled suddenly the reason for her remaining single.

He stood on the doorstep until he heard a laughing shout, "Come in, William!"

In the small kitchen were five women and many commodities. The Erlenbaughs were marketers and the four sisters earned comfortable livings without leaving their home. To a stranger they looked much alike, but they were women of decided differences in character though not of principle.

The commodities were foodstuffs, bowls of flour and sugar and butter to be used in baking, jars of fruit, a basket of nuts, a huge dishpan filled with horse-radish roots. Round the stove were set vessels covered with white cloths in which was rising dough for bread and doughnuts. At four o'clock in the morning Erlenbaugh and the least tired of the women, or the one whose turn it was, or the one who had some other errand in Lanesville, would start out with carefully packed pies and cakes, crocks of sauerkraut, apple butter and smearcase, twenty dressed chickens, pats of butter and cans of lard, besides supplies of all winter vegetables which could be preserved in the deep cellar.

Most of the things were already spoken for by their patrons; no Erlenbaugh products ever went begging.

Stout Mrs. Erlenbaugh, whose pretty name was Lucy, sat at the side of the table, paring apples; stout Minerva, her second daughter, sat near by, picking the kernels from hickory nuts. The hickory nuts, gathered in the woods at the top of the hill, were of extraordinary intricacy of interior structure and extracting them was a work of immeasurable patience; but, extracted, they brought a dollar a pound. Stout Hester rolled pie dough. Stout Lizzie, wrapped in a warm jacket, with a knitted scarf over her head, was about to lift the heavy dishpan and depart for the shed, where the strong odor would torture no one but herself.

Sally had the place by the window, as was suitable for the one who earned the most. She too was stout, and in her round cheeks was no kinship with grief and in her wholesome body no inclination to celibacy. She should have had a dozen children, but, alas, she was not likely to have any. For all her tragedy she was outwardly the most cheerful of the cheerful sisters. She was a manufacturer of rugs; through pieces of burlap large and small she drew narrow strands of cotton or of silk, producing a picture which she designed herself. She was not an artist, but her work had a primitive quaintness and an unintentional and wholly unconscious humor which pleased the eye of the antique hunter, anxious to find a suitable foreground for a grandfather's clock or an old bureau. Her ducks, waddling in solemn procession, were larger than the barn in the near neighborhood; her driver was larger than his galloping steeds, her colors were by preference primary.

Sally earned good wages. The materials cost nothing; the regular patrons of the stall and those who wished to be patrons poured out a wealth of silk and woolen and cotton, and by working steadily she could make two rugs in a week. The first of this week's products hung over the back of a chair in the corner, the other was taking shape under her flying fingers. For each she would receive ten dollars.

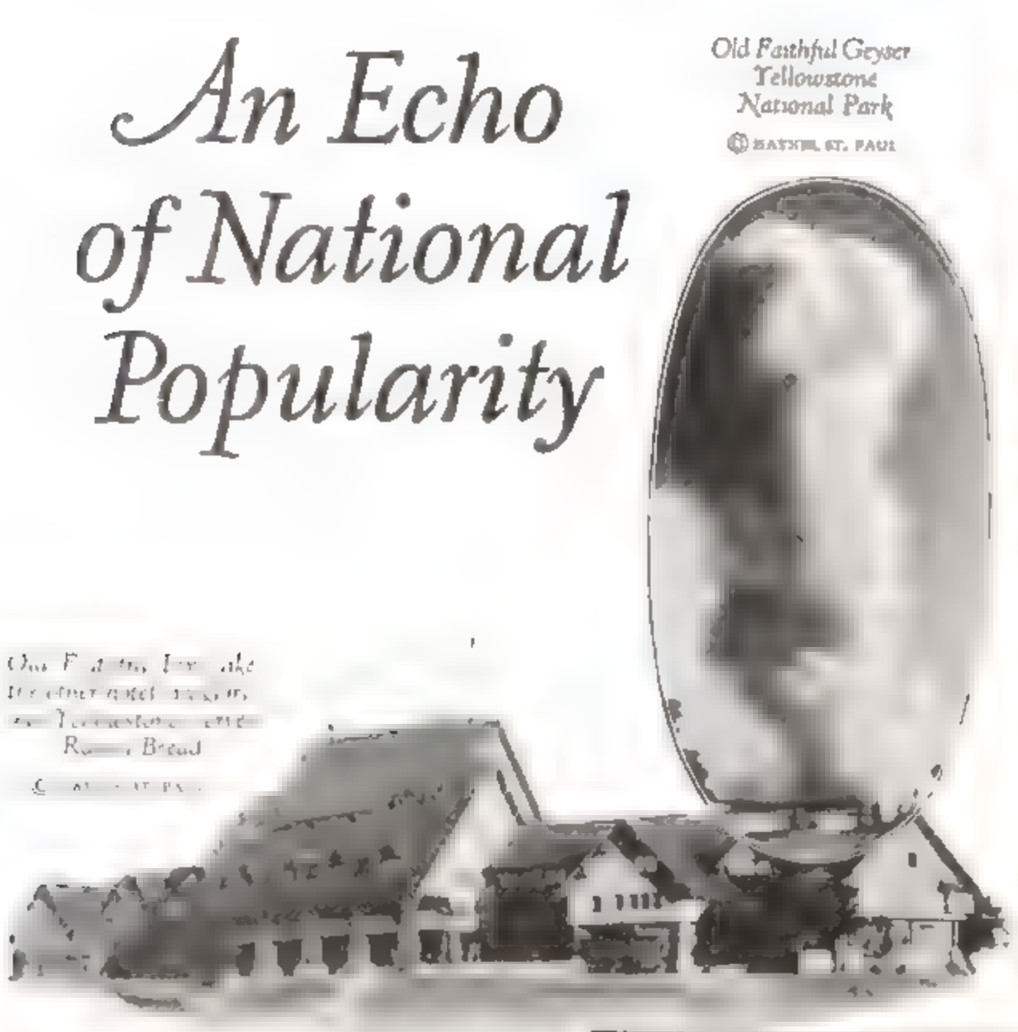
Occasionally she laid one of her products away in her painted chest in the attic. Each of the Erlenbaughs had a painted chest and all were full to the brim. In some moods they laughed at them, in others they remembered them with bitterness. William Hershey was married, Samuel Kinzer was gone away, Eleazer Herr was queer, handsome William Bashore was tied to a wife who had gone back to the world, and there were no other young men in the Erlenbaugh circle.

Sally called out a loud "Well, William!" No one had ever told the Erlenbaughs that shouts were unbecoming, and if they read in Shakspere that a low voice is an excellent

(Continued on Page 128)

Raisin Bread in Vacation Land

An Echo of National Popularity



Old Faithful Geyser Yellowstone National Park

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In sublime settings serving delightful foods, the hotels of Glacier National Park are hard to leave. Above, Many Glacier Hotel

Through the Gates of the Valley, visitors from every state are motored past El Capitan into Yosemite National Park

At Camp Curry, Yosemite visitors "are delightfully surprised" to find Raisin Bread served

Mrs. Ross of Augusta, Maine sits across the table from Miss Simmons of New Orleans; Mr. Jones of Estherville, Iowa sends in his order with Mr. Dean of New York City. At every meal in the hotels of our National Parks the nation's taste in foods is truly registered.

And one thing that more and more people are ordering there is Raisin Bread, the same delight your baker offers you.

A nation's appetite captured!

"No matter where people come from, they seem pleasantly surprised to find Raisin Bread on our tables," says Mrs. Curry, who watches out for your comfort in Yosemite.

"We serve lots of it," says H. A. Noble, General Manager of Glacier Park Hotel Company.

"Very popular here," says W. M. Nichols, Manager of Yellowstone Park Hotels.

If you haven't been serving Raisin Bread at home, start now. Surely your family will enjoy it.

The better bakers make it with Sun-Maid raisins

The better bakers make it with extreme care to please you. They fill it generously with raisins. And the raisins they use are none other than Sun-Maid, the kind you yourself would use.

It comes from their ovens every day, but on Wednesdays they bake it *special*, because Wednesday has become a special day for Raisin Bread in so many homes.

Indeed, if you would join in the national custom of serving it on Wednesdays, the way to be sure of getting it is to give your baker or grocer a standing order.

A SUGGESTION TO CAMPERS

Raisin Bread stays fresh and moist unusually long. And try it toasted over the coals.

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You pay for crank case dilution, any way you figure it. Either you stand the cost of an expensive overhaul job to repair the damage caused by thinned out oil—or you trade in your car and accept a heavy depreciation loss because the motor is badly worn.

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The Skinner System intercepts the unburned gasoline which usually passes down between pistons and cylinder walls to dilute the crank case oil—traps it before it gets by the pistons.

This mixture is deposited in the Skinner Rectifier, where heat from the exhaust gases rectifies the oil. The gasoline passes back to the combustion chambers, while the rectified oil returns to the crank case.

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(Continued from Page 126.

thing it did not seem like a hint for everyday behavior. To be amused was to laugh, and to laugh was to yell.

"*Wie geht's?*" asked Mrs. Erlenbaugh. Seeing William's face, she added another question: "*Was fehlt?*"

William closed the door. The high temperature and the mixture of odors made him a little faint. The women looked at him in surprise.

"I have bad news." William blurted it out, not knowing what else to do, now that they all waited. "Samuel Kinzer is dead."

Mrs. Erlenbaugh laid down her knife and her half apple, Minerva ceased to pick at her hickory nuts and Hester to roll her pie dough. Lizzie stood with her hand on the knob of the door which led into the shed, the great pan resting on her hip. The eyes of all made a quick motion, first toward Sally, then toward William. The extent of their shock was indicated by their silence.

"When?" asked Mrs. Erlenbaugh at last.

"Yesterday."

"Where?"

"I don't know exactly."

"What ailed him?"

"The undertaker came this morning," stammered William, as if that were an answer. "He said, would we have the funeral at the meetinghouse, and I told him I supposed so, of course."

"What ailed him?" asked Mrs. Erlenbaugh.

William stood paralyzed. Sally laid down her coarse needle and her long strand of bright red cloth.

"What ailed him?" she asked.

"He was shot." William spoke brusquely.

"Who shot him?" Sally's voice was spirited, clear, high in tone, but her face was terrible to see.

"He, himself."

Sally read William as an adult reads a child's primer.

"What else is there to it?"

William's courage failed. "I'm going down now," he stammered.

"What else is there to it?" demanded Sally again.

"He shot a woman with him." William's eyes said, "Oh, you poor soul! You poor soul!" There was no doubt here—there had been no dismissal; there had been jilting, plain and cruel.

"So!" Sally rose, her face quivering. "So!"

"Fetch me some apples from the cellar," commanded Mrs. Erlenbaugh, believing that Sally was trying to get out of their sight. Paying no heed, Sally walked past the table, past her mother, to the stairway door and ascending the first step, closed it behind her.

"Let them bury him where they will!" said Minerva with passion.

"I say so too!" cried Lizzie.

"And I!" said Hester.

"He's our brother," said William in a whisper.

Mrs. Erlenbaugh looked at her daughters. "His mother was my company girl. They were our friends from generation to generation. We must do what is right."

"Yes," said William. "That's what I think." He laid his hand on the door—all would of course do what was right. "I'm going next to Stauffer's."

"We could make you a cup of coffee," offered Mrs. Erlenbaugh.

William shook his head. "I must go."

But William did not go. He stood, his broad-brimmed hat still on his head, his hand on the door, listening. On the stairway there was a sound as of someone descending awkwardly or carrying a burden. The others heard also and looked stupidly from where they sat or stood. The door was opened by Sally's foot and she entered with her arms piled with woven rugs. She dropped them on the floor in the corner, and then began to pick them up one by one and lay them on the back of the chair which held the rug for market.

"When we were in trouble, his parents stood by us," said Mrs. Erlenbaugh, gravely, almost sternly. "We'll bring him home and let him lie in peace."

"You have right," said Sally in a smooth sweet voice. "And these will help pay for the funeral."

IV

WILLIAM drove into Lanesville at two o'clock on Monday afternoon. He had called upon the Stauffer sisters and the two Shindledeckers and Elder Briner, and they, added to the Erlenbaughs and himself and his Mary, constituted more than half the membership of the meeting. The Stauffers and the Shindledeckers, two pairs of maiden sisters, wept and agreed with him that Samuel must be brought home.

"But it's hard on you to go out in the world," said Tilly Shindledecker. "I couldn't do it."

William knew Lanesville well, and having stabled his horse, had no difficulty in finding his way to the undertaking establishment. The sky was no brighter, the general appearance of the town no more cheerful. In the square were gathered groups of people who had either come from Meyer's Alley or who, having talked for a few moments, would depart in that direction. Many looked with indignation down Charles Street, where at the door of the undertaking establishment an officer stood on guard.

William walked round the soldiers' monument and down the street. Afraid of no officers or kings, he went up the step and asked to be admitted. Two men who had just been turned away laughed at his presumption. The officer looked at him with respect.

"What business have you here?"

"I came to make arrangements about the body of my brother, Samuel Kinzer."

"He has no brother."

"He's my brother in the eye of God. I'm to make arrangements for the burying of his body."

The officer stepped back to let William enter, the men who had lingered to see him dismissed took up their positions in front of the door. Others halted and the officer shouted at them to move on. They obeyed, but only to walk to the end of the block and then to return. There were soon a hundred persons walking up and down. The office of the Lanesville Tribune was only a little distance away, and Jackson Piper appeared, camera and tripod in hand. Stationing himself across the street on a high step, he smiled—he could get the crowd and the doorway and the officer and William Hershey as he came out.

He held his post alone for only a few minutes. Billy Sieber was in many places, but he was never for more than a few minutes more than a block away from Meyer's Alley or the undertaker's establishment. He too approached, camera in hand.

"Move over, Piper."

The undertaker's establishment was furnished with elegance. In a large room which resembled a chapel, William encountered the proprietor, who came forward and took him solemnly by the hand. The place was very quiet and there was an odor, not unpleasant in itself, but unpleasant in its suggestion, of heavy flowers, woolen cloth, and, vaguely, some perfumed and alcoholic compound.

"You're here." Holding William's hand, the undertaker led him into the next room, which was an office.

"Yes," answered William, "I'm here. It has been decided that we take our brother home. Thursday morning would be a good time for us; our elder is then free."

"Will you select the casket?"

"Yes," answered William. "It is our custom to have everything plain."

In the storeroom were rows of caskets upon shelves, caskets of black and various shades of gray and small caskets of white.

"I would suggest a couch casket," said the undertaker, but without much hope. "The side lets down and the body seems to lie naturally. It is less confining."

"No," said William. "We will have everything plain, in the old fashion."

"Will you look at the body?"

"Yes," answered William slowly.

The undertaker opened the door into another room. Far apart stood two narrow cotlike beds, each covered with a purple pall. The windows were closely shuttered; light came dimly from electric bulbs made to look like candles. The undertaker turned on a brighter light and laid back the velvet cover.

"It is he," said William. He bent over, holding his broad hat tight against his breast. "It is he." He lifted his hand and pressed his quivering lips and the tears began to run from his eyes down into his reddish beard. "He——" William started to speak and ceased; no words could tell what was in his heart.

The undertaker replaced the velvet cover. He had meant to offer to raise the other pall, but by the grace of God refrained.

"If it's all right to the authorities, we can bring the body out Wednesday, and you can have the funeral Thursday."

"Yes," said William. "By tonight it will give a great snow, but by Wednesday the road should be cleared."

Escorted by the undertaker, he passed through the chapel-like room. The officer standing outside heard them coming and opened the door, and like water pouring over the edge of a submerged pail, the crowd surged back. William saw the dull, hungry faces of the throng and the brighter faces of Jackson Piper and Billy Sieber across the street above their ominous black boxes. He lifted his hands to his face, but it was too late. The officer interposed his large body between William and the crowd.

"Take him out the back way," he said to the undertaker.

William walked blindly through the chapel, through the office, through the storeroom, through the room with the dim light, through another room whose furniture he did not see. He was in an instant in an empty alley, the cool gray air on his face.

"Round that corner," directed the undertaker. "Be quick, or they'll be here."

William went quickly, praying as he went. Seeking refuge from the faces of the crowd, refuge from the beautiful face of Samuel Kinzer, refuge from the other body under the velvet cover, refuge from a world sinful and poor and pitiful, he found it in a few reiterated words: "Oh, God help us! Oh, God help us! Oh, God help us!"

V

AT EIGHT o'clock on Thursday morning Jackson Piper came down the steps of the Tribune office. Carrying his camera in its black case, he walked with care. The steps were not easy to descend, covered as they were with snow which was falling so fast that by the time the undertaker's boy had cleared the lower end of the pavement the steps were covered again. The snow which William Hershey had prophesied had not fallen on Monday night, or on Tuesday or Wednesday, but it was falling now and it had been falling since midnight. Before the door waited Jackson's car, which he had driven thither with difficulty. A fellow employe accompanied him to the door.

"You're starting in good time."

"You bet I am!"

"What time is the funeral?"

"Half-past ten."

"Two hours and a half to go a few miles!"

"I'm going to pick up Sieber."

"Why not let him take his own car? Perhaps he'll get stuck and you'll have a scoop."

"Perhaps I'll get stuck and he'll have a scoop. If we're stuck, we're stuck together."

Jackson started his engine. He hated snow; each year with the falling of the first flake he was tempted to abandon his profession. Making an awkward turn, he ran on the trolley track and was in a second facing the opposite direction from that which he wished to go.

"That means round an unbroken block," he muttered.

(Continued on Page 131)

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 128)

Billy Sieber waited in the shelter of a doorway on the square. He, too, carried a camera, and he, too, was inexpressibly loath to go.

"I thought I'd make something extra out of this," he grumbled as he stepped in. "But the Ledger is sending its own man."

"The Inquirer too," said Jackson. "I bet the Reading papers'll have a man down. News must be mighty scarce."

"This is real news," said Billy mockingly. "What does the public care for the World Court or the League of Nations or the murder of a few hundred thousand Armenians if a gentleman shoots a lady and then himself?"

Already Jackson's shoulders ached from the exercise involved in keeping out of trolley tracks and getting round corners. The snow seemed to grow thicker and the sky more gray, but happily there was no wind and the air was still. Jackson turned at last away from the trolley line and into the Lincoln Highway.

"Besides, you don't often get anything with a hero line like this. Lots of contrast and room for dramatics."

"Perhaps." Billy muffled his chin in his coat as though he did not wish to talk. If there was any chance of fine writing it was his and not Jackson's, since he was a native and Jackson an alien. In his overcoat pocket was a tablet on which he had written a preliminary sketch of his article. He had a list of words at the head, among them "sordid," "tragic," "dramatic," "eternal triangle," "eternal peace." At the foot he had other words which he meant to incorporate in the finished draft—"droning voice of the preacher," "wailing hymns," and two phrases at which he looked with pride, "hatred of the sin, but none of the sinner" and "light on the faces of the mourners that never was on sea or land."

Jackson, too, had made preparation; he had prepared a history of William Hershey's sect from what he believed was his knowledge, but which was really his imagination. William's sect had little history except that of the larger body of Mennonites from which it had seceded; what Jackson had prepared was a history of the Dunkers.

He prided himself upon his insight into human nature. It was exceedingly unlikely that so good-looking a man as Samuel Kinzer could have failed to make conquest of the associates of his childhood, and he determined to detect among the mourners the hearts that he had broken. Perhaps he could procure a photograph of the country maidens who had been scorned.

Jackson, too, had his concluding sentence. He was, as he believed himself to be, far more imaginative than Billy, and it ran something like this: "In olden times the bodies of transgressors were cast out into the desert, but in a more merciful age society looks upon offenders with mercy. As the mourners turned slowly away, three black birds, soaring overhead, uttered harsh cries, as though cheated of their prey."

At eight o'clock Jackson and Billy left Lanesville; at nine they reached Greenwood, two miles away. They had said little and neither received the remarks of his companion amiably.

"There's a bad hill ahead," warned Billy.

"If you could drive we might get up," replied Jackson sharply.

"I can drive an automobile. I can't drive your egg beater."

"The egg beater is up," announced Jackson.

"The wind's up too," said Billy. "I don't see why they don't have the plow out. We'll never get there."

"We will get there." Jackson leaned forward as though to propel the car with his own strength. It sailed into the bank and stopped. The door swung open under the impact and something flew out into the road.

"If that's my camera ——" cried Billy.

"It's yours or mine," answered Jackson grimly.

Billy leaped out. "It's mine!"

"Too bad." Jackson grinned; about the use of cameras there was no bargain. "Give us a push; I can't get out of this with the engine alone."

"You let me use your pictures," said Billy grimly. "Otherwise I don't push."

"All right," consented Jackson unwillingly.

At half-past nine another mile had been covered. The windshield was opaque and Billy was compelled against every instinct of his being to step out and wipe it with the only handkerchief he had brought with him.

"There's a car ahead," said Jackson. "I can tell from the ruts."

"Then don't go too fast," mocked Billy. "You might run into it."

At ten o'clock the clouds lifted. "It's going to stop," said Billy.

"It's going to get worse," prophesied Jackson. "Hear the wind?" There was, it was true, an ominous whine.

"Getting out will be nothing to getting back." Jackson began to look frightened. "You'll see!"

"There's a car ahead," said Billy. "There are several cars."

"Perhaps it's the men from Philadelphia."

"There will be mourners from all directions. These people are great for funerals; it's their idea of a truly joyful occasion."

"Their taste differs from mine," said Jackson. "Feel the wind? My glory, the car'll turn over!"

"There's the meetinghouse," said Billy. "There are a half dozen cars in sight."

"Let's hope it won't be long," said Jackson uneasily. "The sooner we get away, the better for us."

"Long!" repeated Billy. "I know how long. Three hours at least!"

The meetinghouse, low and built of stone, was separated from the road by a little yard. Across the road was a substantial stone house. These buildings alone were visible in the white landscape.

"I suppose some of these people live over there," said Jackson.

"Yes," said Billy. "Doubtless they will have a big dinner. We can feed there before we go back."

"Are we invited?"

"I invite you."

Near the gate of the meetinghouse the two men stepped out. The other cars had driven beyond; apparently they, too, had just arrived.

"Do these people have large automobiles?" asked Jackson.

"No," said Billy. "They drive horses. Back there is the shed where they stable them."

"I see," said Jackson, though because of the driving snow he saw but little.

"The Sun man is here with his eyeglasses on a ribbon." Even the short walk from the car to the meetinghouse door made Billy gasp and burned his face crimson. "Hurry in and get a place where you can see—that is, if it isn't full."

"I'll bet it is!" Jackson looked over his shoulder. The man with the eyeglasses was near at hand, and close behind there was another man. Jackson gave his snowy shoes a hurried bang against the step. "Enough reporters to fill the church."

"Call it church then," said Billy under his breath, "and get laughed at."

Jackson opened the door and walked in ahead of his companion. If there was but one point of vantage he was determined to fill it. But he halted in the doorway and stood stock-still.

"Go on!" whispered Billy, shoving him.

"This isn't the place," declared Jackson.

"What you giving us?" Billy advanced and, with painful pressure of shoulder against shoulder, they entered. They had the effect upon those within of bursting into the room. Behind them came hurrying the passengers from the large automobiles.

"What ——" began a voice behind Billy.

"Where ——" began another.

In the silence two groups of human beings faced each other. Round the door stood ten men, some stout, some thin, and all metropolitan in aspect. The Sun man was very tall, his arm, lifting his eyeglass to his eye, was even with the heads of the others.

At the front of the room were three persons—a little man with a reddish beard and two women, both taller than he, one stout and one thin. The man, William Hershey, wore a short-coated black suit; the two women, who were the Shindledecker sisters, wore white transparent caps with hanging ribbons of black, dark dresses whose design could not be seen because of the thick knitted jackets over them, and capacious aprons over all.

William had a dust brush in his hand, and each of the sisters a cloth. There was a fire in the stove; its little hissing was the only sound. All round, visible through many windows, was snow—snow filling the air, piling on the north and west to the window sills, covering all but the tops of the low gravestones. There was no body, there was no preacher, there were no mourners.

The silence lasted an amazing time, then was broken by a dozen questions uttered all at once.

"Where is the body of Samuel Kinzer?"

"Isn't the funeral here?"

"Where will the funeral be?"

A shrill voice in the back row cried out angrily, "Is this a trick?"

The fire snapped; William Hershey and the Shindledeckers looked at one another amazed.

"Who are you?" asked one of the strangers.

"I'm William Hershey. These are Betsey and Tilly Shindledecker from across the street. We're redding up."

One of the strangers sniffed the air audibly. Faintly, but unmistakably and ominously, there penetrated to the consciousness of each an odor, alcoholic, faintly perfumed, a little sickening.

"Redding up after what?"

William took a step forward. His face was white; since Monday he had suffered emotion which had taken pounds from his spare frame. His face was also glorified; in his eyes was the reflection of torchlight, the recollection of tears and wailing, and the recollection also of peace to which the world was a stranger.

"We had here last evening a funeral," he explained clearly. "Our brother, Samuel Kinzer. It was our intention to have it this morning, but we expected this great snow and last evening we got our people together."

"He isn't buried?"

William's eyes sought the white expanse. "Yes," said he. "He lays by his mom and pop. He's safe."

"Did the undertaker know?" asked Billy Sieber furiously. He saw his broken camera, he remembered the hours he had spent upon his composition, he thought with apprehension of the return.

"No," said William. "He brought the body yesterday, that was all. We do other things for ourselves."

William looked from face to face. The two women stood like uncomprehending statues, their mouths open; but William understood, and William, knowing the world, could pity the worldlings. He looked out at the driving snow and back at the confounded faces.

"I'm sorry you made such a mistake," he said quietly. "Now you would best get quickly on your way."

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THE CURVING SHORE

(Continued from Page 37)

for a week of days, and there was a dazzling buoyancy in her eyes this morning that made a man want to be high-keyed even to come near. A back like hers would never get tired.

Deserted streets of Concepcion at midday, and Milt entered under the sign, "The Lazaret, John Lindlahr, Est. 1885." The broken flags of the walk had been drenched with water that morning. Darkish cool within; a middle-aged German polishing glass back of the long bar. Many pictures on the dim walls—harness horses and runners, ships in full and storm rig, faces of wrestlers who grappled and fighters who had walloped one another, before war really began in the world. At either end, noon daylight showed—an old man sitting with his pipe in the back yard, and presently a movement in front—Bud Husong's absurdly short and decorated boots showing under the swinging half door there, and two small white ones close together just behind.

"Why, here's Mr. Conway!" Miss Hempstead said, entering. "You're certainly an artist in finding the interesting places."

Under the swinging door, a moment afterward, appeared a mother dog with a scarred back. She stood doubtfully a second or two, then slid in and straight to Milt, pried her head under his coat between his hand and hip and pressed it there.

"She sees no one else, Mr. Conway."

"We met in the street this morning," Milt said. A big patch of pink hide showed with extra ugliness in the shadows.

"I wonder what happened to her back?" Miss Hempstead asked. "That's the second one today I've seen scarred that way."

"Douch of high life"—from the German behind the bar. "Deakettle."

"You mean they pour boiling water?"

"Dose Mexicans don't have a heart when dey feel like it," he explained.

Miss Hempstead blanched—the girl who Quinlan said would bulldog a steer to preserve her code. In this swift pallor Milt's trained eye perceived that the vivid coloring of a moment ago hadn't been handiwork. They rose. She only came to his shoulder—incredibly lithe and slender. Outside, the mother dog moved away about her own affairs.

"She's got puppies somewhere," Miss Hempstead said.

Without noticing, they had come to the very edge of the barracks. A Mexican soldier held out his rifle crossways on the walk and they had to move to the opposite side of the street

"Doesn't it look attractive in there?" Miss Hempstead wanted to know, peering into the portal from the distance.

"They haven't got you folks placed yet," Bud remarked. "I'll set 'em straight. I was down here last fall ridin' herd on the grapes, and we had some trouble then. The big boss can have anything he wants here in Concepcion, but they don't feel just the same about it in-country a ways."

Milt began to grasp the significance of oily grapes. The twenty laden burros they had come with were only one of a string of pack trains from Yuma—Mat Quinlan establishing a depot preparatory to starting oil operations; a forest of derricks round the town presently, smudged skies; a highway of roaring trucks over the Santa Clara Mountains to the border; chaste Concepcion, a grimy oil town. Milt was inclined to side with San Miguel and the interior.

That evening they watched the burnished shoulder of the Spanish gentleman in the moonlight from their upper veranda at the inn. Low singing and guitars from the plaza below, and a soft-bearing wind from the sea. Concepcion sang La Golondrina and another very foolish song, "*Adios, me parte el alma.*"

"They're always saying and singing *adios*," Miss Hempstead whispered. "They don't go away anywhere, but love to think of languishing partings and hear their voices making believe the *adios* of a lifetime has come."

Most of the soldiers were off duty. From the veranda they watched how the men and maids met and paired and vanished.

"They don't seem ever to find out!" she said suddenly.

"What?"

"That it all means bondage. . . . Not for me. I love freedom too well. I want many friends, but no one to say do this or that!"

She had made him very comfortable with rugs and pillows; a tray of native and northern cigarettes at hand; a jar of fruit juice with the color of Concepcion grapes in it. Milt felt himself getting more and more awake.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't give up my wide world for one man—ever!" she said with deep decision. "I like men, but I'd never move into one man's house to stay."

"Isn't there always a man somewhere waiting to rock a picture like that?" he asked.

She refrained from denial or confession. She wasn't restless; she wasn't easily to be seen through or found out. What it was she wanted, she seemed able to keep to herself without effort. Fanny, Carlotta and the others—he had always seen through—their whole game tiresome after an hour or two.

"What would you do if he came?" he asked.

"I'd get on the first available truck or train and keep going."

"You—run away!"

"At least until I had a chance to think it out."

He laughed to himself. She'd run away if only to stage her surrender.

"*Adois, me parte el alma*"—the words of the foolish song came up to them from the plaza.

"What a place to run to—here to Concepcion!" he said.

"How much nicer to be here—heart-free," she answered.

By common impulse they went down into the plaza and danced with the others under the Spanish gentleman.

"Not like a man—not like a man," played in his brain from the guitars. As they parted on the veranda a while afterward words reached him that didn't help his sleep:

"As we danced, the strangest feeling came over me—that we had something big to work out together!"

Bud Husong was showing a marked masculine pique—altogether too much time on his hands to attend to the affairs of the big boss. Milt was better each day, his head lifting. The force he had formerly shot into selling woolen yarns, colored yarns, was spreading forth into his life for Concepcion days. . . . The town was quite a way back, the curving shore stretched interminably ahead. They were walking southward on the strand at low tide after a swim, and chose a warm hummock with a positive satin sheen to rest on, but began at once to be conscious of a taint in the air. Milt saw they had halted at the mouth of a little canyon, red-necked kites rising and falling from the shadowed brush.

"Dead horse or something. We'd better go," he said.

She responded with unprecedented haste, and he noted something of the same look as in the Lazaret over the mother dog's burns. And this was the girl who swam out in the surf far beyond where he cared to follow.

That afternoon they skirted the dunes among the idling vineyards, reentering the town through a dilapidated lane where a series of fence posts was crowned with cattle skulls. Her shoulder brushed his arm as their steps quickened.

"Why do they do these things?" she asked desperately. "It's as if they liked to play as if they actually cherished these things of death." And yet she was entirely unawed by the soldiers. "I'll never be satisfied until I get into that patio," she had told him, when they had forgotten the barracks again, almost bumping into the rifle of the sentry on post in front.

Very early one morning they started out toward the hills, the mother dog following past the edge of town this day, a thing that hadn't happened before.

"Perhaps she has decided that her puppies are ready to shift for themselves," Ruth said.

It seemed somehow different this morning. They kept on, climbing into their second wind, until they entered a great azure lull. The entire harbor curve was in view and Concepcion lay upon the shore like a bit of plastic art. The air, still fresh with dawn, was clean with the smell of sage, the brown earth strewn with greasewood brush and fuzzes of cactus here and there. Ruth's skin glowed from the effort of the climb. It was as if the music had just stopped, Milt thought, reminded of their dances in the plaza.

Down the slope some distance, the mother dog now began a queer empty barking. The oddity of it was that no such sound had been heard from her before. They tried to study out the cause, but not a movement showed on the distant slope. Just then Milt's glance happened to fall to the sand close to Ruth's foot—a creature there, less than two inches long. It looked stationary and bone-pale. He had never seen the like before, and yet that hooked tail roused some sort of ancient familiarity. Her foot moved and the tail lashed forward venomously. The trick was how to make way with the thing without her seeing it. Anyone so knocked out by a burned dog or a few ox skulls ——

"I see the fishing boats are coming in," he remarked, and bent to swipe the crablike affair with a limp magazine. It was still there—had merely settled and hooked to the sand.

"The fishing boats are going out," she laughed. "And that was very kind of you, but I'm not afraid of scorpions—only of human cruelty. See its eyes—no head whatever—just a bridge for its glasses!"

Now a climax of barking called their eyes beyond, and quite as if materialized, a Mexican with a rifle arose on the slope below them, waving his broad hat. Others appeared, and from a hollow far to the right a horse's head showed, a man climbing into the saddle. Milt turned and met Ruth's eyes. Quiet—not a blur of fear—a trace of humor, even.

"We've forgotten," was all she said.

He started to mutter about his blame for their being so far from town, but her eyes held his the fraction of a second longer. A world in it, no details. Milt felt he was being weighed in a fashion that had nothing to do with pounds.

"We're both to blame—no further words about that!"

Seven men, counting the one on horseback—faces they hadn't seen before, armed men, but not in soldier dress.

"I haven't even a jackknife," he whispered.

"We'll do as they say."

They rose to meet the Mexicans standing. Clumsily, the party gathered close, evidently not yet knowing whether to be courteous or rough, their eyes turning to the man on the pony—a slim young Mexican, very dark, with clean-cut chin and eyes deeply shadowed under the drooping rim of his great hat. Señor Pájaro, the others called him. He spoke casually words Milt didn't understand, but his gesture was unmistakable for them to turn inland and keep going Now they felt the hands of the men pushing them upslope, and back of them, outside the circle, the mother dog kept up her incessant barking. Milt missed the movement of the man in the saddle, but from his side he heard the cry, "Oh, don't!" as a shot sounded.

A flicker of white smoke over the pony's neck vanished, but the smile of the young Mexican stayed. "Oh, don't!" seemed still in the air about Milt's ears, all the more poignant since the barking had stopped. Ruth had crumpled for a second, but straightened at once, though both her hands held tightly to his arm. The face upturned to him had a deathly look, but still the trace of a smile.

"Don't say anything—don't say anything!" she repeated. "It will be all right. Only it was so—unexpected!"

Milt was in a sudden fog of fury, but above all that, a kind of bright wonder at the way she pulled herself together.

"Don't be afraid for me!" she went on pleadingly. "We mustn't let anything like that hamper us."

They were over the range of hills, the sea cut off from behind. The young Mexican—El Pájaro, they heard him spoken of by the others, when not directly addressed—turned often in the saddle, not deigning to look at them, but to scan the back trail. He drank from his canteen, without offering them water. They plodded on under the heightening sun until the forenoon glared. Any high humor connected with the episode had gone out with the shot. Milt was inclined to feel ugly toward the mounted Mexican, but more toward himself for having disobeyed Quinlan's warning with Ruth along. The rest was astonishment at the qualities she showed—asking no favors, expecting no protection—quite like another man. Not a word from her about water as they walked—silence between them on all that had to do with drink. He found this tacit taboo hard to keep himself, with thoughts of Johnny Lindlahr's cool Lazaret, and the like, crowding in.

The day seemed endless already, yet it was not yet noon when, over a last hill, they saw whitewashed 'dobe buildings in the hollow below, several corrals surrounding, with a few horses and cattle. Boys and men hurried forth to join their captors before the edge of town was reached—a sense of elation in the air, much congratulatory "señoring" to the young Mexican who had brought them in.

"El Pájaro! El Pájaro!" the people called.

"It means 'The Bird,'" Ruth whispered.

"This can't be San Miguel," Milt said.

"No, it's only a pueblo. I've heard San Miguel is twenty-two miles from Concepcion. We couldn't have come more than ten or twelve, but don't you—don't you hope we're not going farther today?" Her voice was husky with thirst.

In the single sandy street they met the scoffing laughter of children and covert glances from the women in the unglazed windows. El Pájaro had not dismounted. Three or four others joined him on ponies and away they rode inland at a gallop. Milt and Ruth were shoved by the men who remained under a low broad lintel, across a littered earthen floor to an inner room, the door of which had sagged upon its hinges, scraping the clay floor. It closed upon them heavily at last.

The place was dry, but strewn with dusty straw, bits of tin, paper, rope, glass. At one end, toward the peak of the low roof, was a triangular opening, where the single glimpse of sky showed. A second lesser door led to a small court, but its high walls and locked gate cut off most of the light.

"I think it's their way of dealing with my uncle," Ruth said after a time.

"Kidnaping you to deal with him?"

"Us."

The main door was being pushed again from outside. A canteen was thrust in, dripping, heavy. A grapy smell reached

(Continued on Page 137)

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

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"Doc Richards sold me on them. He's used Millers ever since he gave up the old horse and buggy for making calls. Says he feels safe on Millers and that he can't take chances in his business. That was good enough for me."

© The Miller Rubber Co., of N. Y.

KROEHLER

Living Room

The Famous Kroehler Hidden Qualities

Guaranteed Spring Steel Understructure

Seat-supporting springs are large wide coils of Premier quality, high tempered steel. They rest upon and are interlocked with a strong, yet flexible, spring steel understructure. This is sturdy quality construction—vastly superior to ordinary web construction because it is positively permanent and will not sag or tear loose from the frame.

Spring Edges

Double-stuffed and closely stitched. Heavy sheeting over springs.

Hardwood Frames

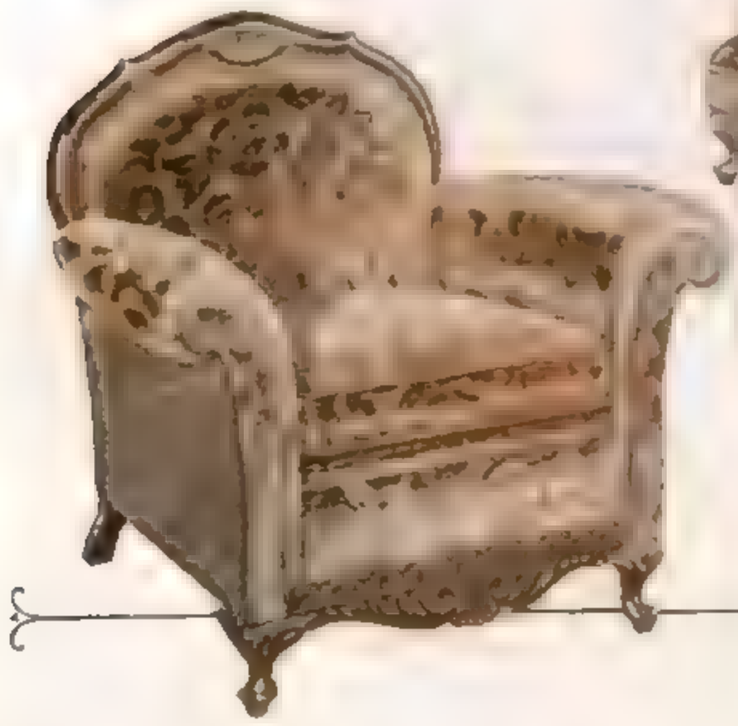
Thoroughly seasoned, kiln-dried, strongly braced, glued, doweled and corner blocked.

Cushions

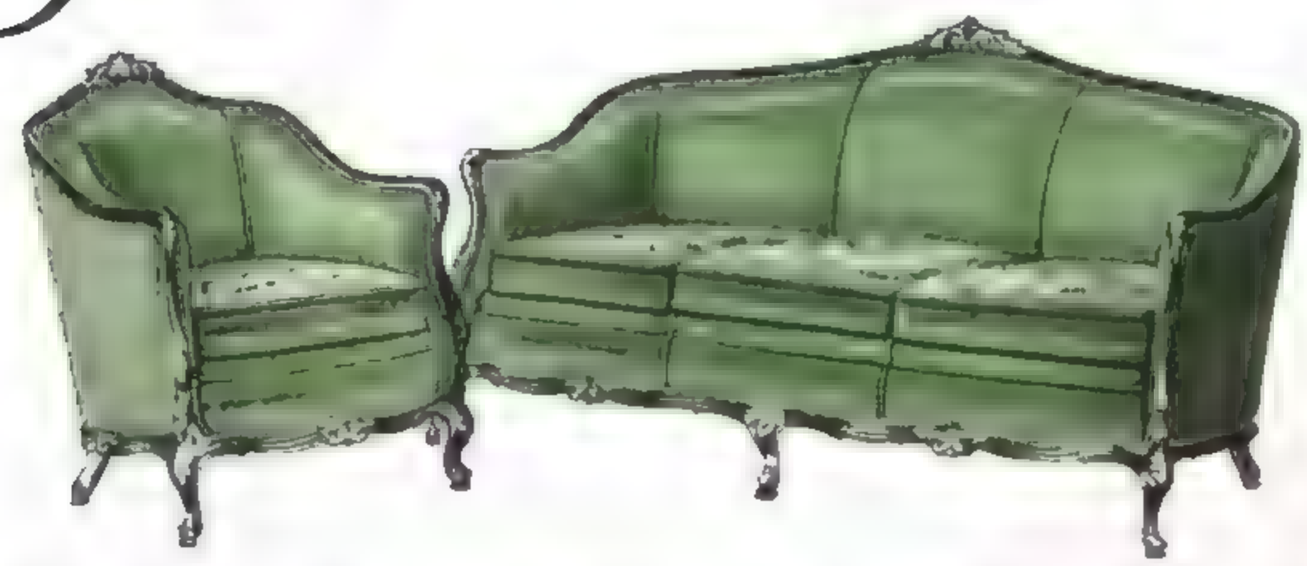
Luxuriously comfortable, spring-filled loose cushions, padded with clean white felted cotton. Closely assembled, interlocking spring construction. Retains its shape and never becomes unsightly.

Filling Materials

Germ-cured vegetable fibre filling (moss, flax and cotton), clean and sanitary.



LER Furniture



Judge This Fine Furniture by Highest Standards — Then Consider the Moderate Prices

CALL TO MIND the most beautiful upholstered living room furniture you have ever seen—artistic, individual lines; rich, colorful coverings; deep, luxurious upholstering—the furniture you have always wanted for your living room. Keep all thought of price in the background. Think only in terms of beauty and quality.

Then stop in at your local dealer's. Compare the beauty, the distinctive lines, the quality of the Kroehler Living Room Furniture he is now displaying. See how closely it matches the high standards of your ideal.

You will find that Kroehler-made is comparable in quality and beauty only with the finest custom-built furniture—the kind you would love to own and be proud to display to your friends.

Now look at the price tags. A wonderful surprise awaits you. The high prices you expect to find are not there. For Kroehler Living Room Furniture is made in the largest exclusive upholstered-furniture factories in the world. Scientific methods and vast production have reduced the cost of manufacture to a remarkably low point. And the result is this distinctive, QUALITY furniture at prices which represent a true and lasting economy.

If you are one who believes it pays to buy something good, something that will last, you have further reason to select a Kroehler-made suite. For this famous upholstered furniture is guaranteed QUALITY through and through. Due to wonderful inside construction which assures great strength and endurance, a Kroehler overstuffed suite will stay shapely and comfortable for many years. Read some of the *Hidden Qualities* listed on the opposite page.

So why not satisfy your desire for a lovely living room suite *now?* Your dealer will offer you a profusion of latest ideas in design from which to choose—both overstuffed and period. And from the wealth of rich fabrics, you may select a covering of silk damask, tapestry, mohair, jacquard velours, Chase Velmo, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

If you require additional sleeping room, do not forget the Famous Kroehler Davenport Bed, known the nation over as "The Invisible Bedroom." It is offered singly or en suite. A handsome davenport and an incomparable bed in one piece.

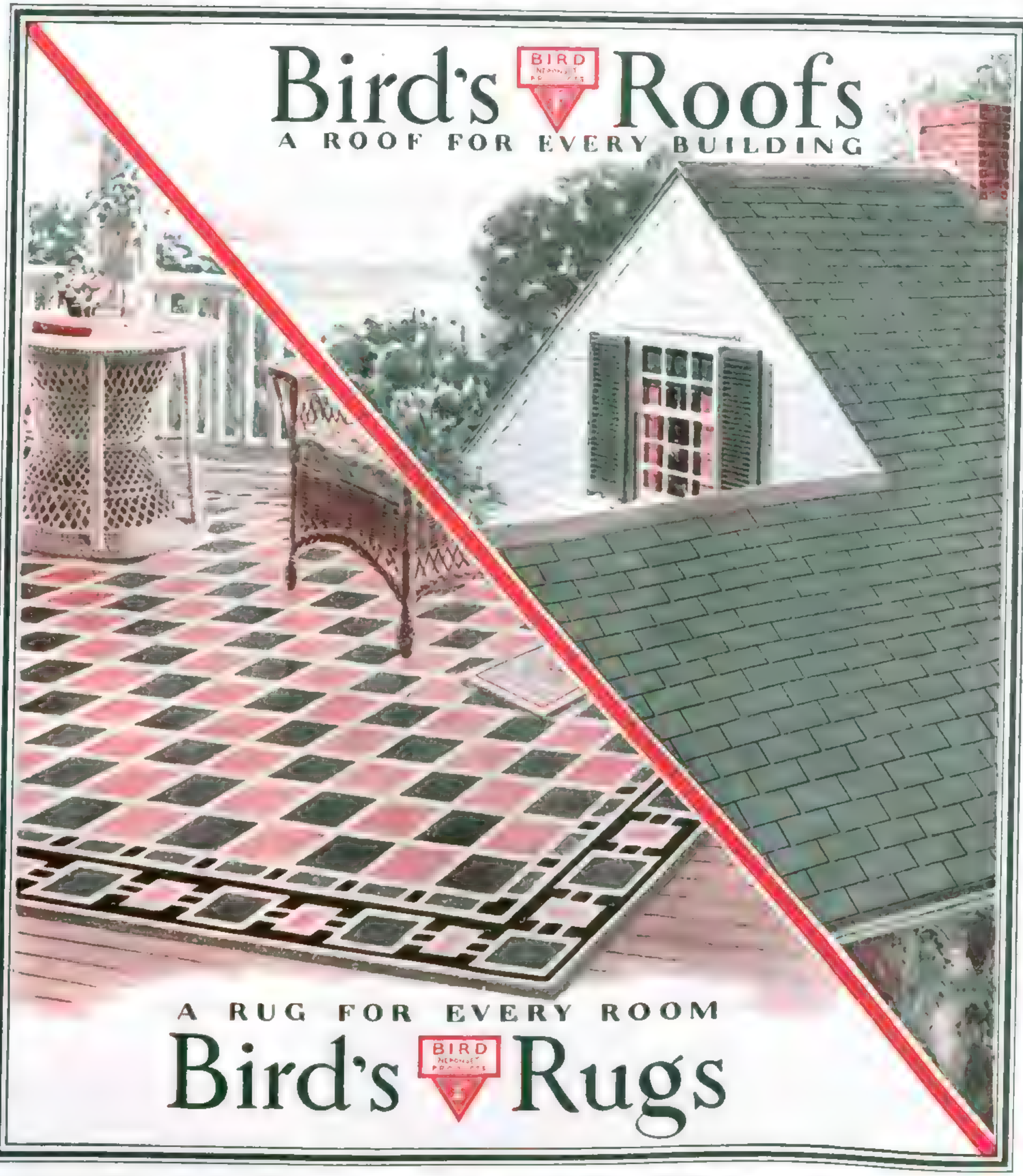
In buying your upholstered furniture make it a point to see the Kroehler name plate on every piece. That is the best way to be sure of the quality which makes the moderate prices of Kroehler products so much worth while. Most dealers will gladly make convenient terms.

If you do not know where to see Kroehler Davenport Beds and Upholstered Furniture, write us for the name of a dealer near you. We will include a free copy of "The Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," which contains many helpful hints on the correct placing of furniture in rooms of different shapes and sizes. It is beautifully printed in colors.

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. *Factories at* Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Dallas, Texas; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif. *Canadian Factory,* Stratford, Ontario.

Bird's Roofs

A ROOF FOR EVERY BUILDING



A RUG FOR EVERY ROOM

Bird's Rugs

THRIFT products, made for the millions of men and women who wish to furnish and safeguard their homes economically.

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Established 1795

EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Manufacturers of Asphalt Shingles, Slate Surfaced Roll Roofings Rugs and Floor Coverings Corrugated and Solid Fibre Cases CHICAGO · NEW YORK *Warehouses in principal cities*

BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are made of wear- and water-resisting materials with 130 years of manufacturing experience behind them.

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 132)

Milt's nostrils as he passed it to the girl. Ruth took a few hurried swallows.

"It's part wine," she said. "It's cool. Take a good drink and then I'll have some more."

They were standing near the smaller door when one of the village dogs started barking. Milt met a pitiful look; her hands raised to him, but only for a second. After that they sat together, propped against the wall, watching the triangle of sky. It was siesta time. More and more, in this dusky place, he became aware of the effects of their unparalleled forenoon.

"If only that dog would stop barking," Ruth said drowsily at last.

Milt sat very still for a long time.

"Captured," he thought whimsically. A slow smile formed on his lips at length, the need of sleep vanishing in his own case. Her head had actually sagged a little. One of the best things he had done formerly, as he supposed, was to see through people of her age and sex, but it hadn't even occurred to him to doubt that a real doze had stolen a march upon this one at his side. Her breathing was evenly delicate. She didn't impose, even in sleep. . . . Something new in the world—her code of companionship. . . . Certainly a filthy hole for her to be penned up in, the little court no better, with feathers and a chicken head or two. . . . Hardly fair of her to fall asleep like this though.

"Captured," he muttered, as if the word had been hovering on his lips all the time while that slow smile held.

The barking of the dog sounded nearer. Ruth stirred restlessly, her words rapid, almost inaudible. "Woolen yarns—colored yarns——" Now she raised up slowly in the shadows. A curious vacant feeling, he knew, to feel himself sitting clear again.

"Oh, I thought I was being caught in skeins and skeins!" he heard, in the queer tones of a child not fully awake.

A sound of shots out in the hills; another scatter of rifle fire, nearer. Milt was cramped from sitting against the wall.

"Do you suppose they've come for us—the soldiers of Concepcion?" asked the voice at his side.

Occasional isolated shots for ten minutes or more, then they heard footsteps in the outer room; the sagging door was thrust heavily in. The slick hair of Bud Husong was the first thing Milt saw, then the uniforms of several Concepcion soldiers crowding about among the townspeople.

"Hello, Conway," said Bud, the tone snapping cold. His eyes darted past Milt into the shadows where the girl stood. "Come on, Miss Hempstead, I've fixed to get you out of this."

She took a step toward him, hand out, with uncertain movement. Milt found himself drawing back.

"Sorry, Conway," Bud added blandly, "but I haven't got you clear yet. It's a squeak as it is. I don't like the feel of this hole. They're up to something—most of the menfolks gone. Told 'em I'd cut the town in ribbons if they didn't give her up."

"You certainly worked fast," Milt said.

"You two would have been on the road to San Miguel in another half hour if I hadn't. It would have taken a young army to get you back from there."

"You mean they are willing to let me go?" Ruth began.

"That's all I could fix so far."

"Go with him quickly!"—from Milt.

"But, you know—it couldn't be like that."

Both men formed a question, but Bud spoke his first: "What do you mean, Miss Hempstead?"

"I couldn't go and leave one who was taken with me."

"You won't go—with me?"

"No."

Realizations fused in Milt's brain—that Ruth must leave; that he must stay; that to be alone with her the way she looked now would be too much to ask of any world. It was actually an ordeal to take his eyes from her; but doing so, he found the face of Bud Husong not six inches from his own—stirring unpleasantness to be so close to Bud's mouth, as the whisper came out:

"You poor son—of a ribbon-counter clerk!" And Bud clumped out on his very short high-heeled boots.

"Why, he thinks I fixed it—for you to stay!" Milt breathed incredulously.

"Don't pay any attention!"

They were alone, but the moment had changed.

"You should have gone! You must go with him now!" he began. "It was my fault to let you get out in the hills this morning." Though her hand restrained, he went to the door.

"It's no use. I'm going to stay until we both go!"

"But—oh, Bud!" he called, and turned to her hotly. "You're too much for me! I can't play up to your game!" He heard the Mexicans outside repeating his call, but no answer from Bud Husong. "What would there be to explain—in case of accident—to you?" he demanded.

"Why should we explain anything?"

He was pinned by her eyes again and the sense that there was a marvelous carving between them; that all words—his and hers—were foolish chips flying away.

"But you—don't you see he's right? I am a ribbon-counter clerk in all this shooting-Mex stuff!"

"He's just a boy! Don't spoil it, please. I've got to do it as it seems to me." She came close. "Why, all my life I've been asking for a chance to prove that a woman has her own kind of courage and the right to use it!"

The big door screeched again on the clay. Bud stood there with an altered showdown look.

"I'm on to their game now. They've got a party coming from San Miguel! Come on—yes, both of you—and you can't come too quick!"

He almost ran from them, leaving the door open. Outside, they found him standing at the head of his own pony and holding another, which he had commandeered in the pueblo for Ruth. Fifteen soldiers had come with him from Concepcion—little men muttering with eagerness to start back.

Milt took his place among them. He couldn't make himself believe this was all one day, the sun scarcely tipping to afternoon, as they passed forth into the burning light of the hills again.

"Step out!" Bud urged. "They'll be after us from San Miguel."

Sweating minutes, the little Mexican soldiers often breaking into a run to keep up. Ruth, riding at Bud's side, turned back with uncertain look. Milt beckoned her forward. He was utterly lacking in personal resentment toward the man on the toppy white pony ahead. As for himself, he was like a boy who had dangerously messed things, and here was a man come to set him straight. This man had sensed their danger and followed with an outfit from Concepcion; he had bluffed the pueblo to turn them loose and was now seriously reckoning the possibility of pursuit from San Miguel. No joke about that last either. Less than thirty minutes out in the hills, Bud turned in the saddle, reporting a party after them.

"They're mounted—a lot of 'em. We're going to catch hell, pronto!"

All Milt saw so far was dust; but minutes afterward, as he ran in the midst of the gasping Mexican soldiers, the first long shots were loosed over them from behind. Bud reined up, turning to Ruth.

"You're to keep on going—that's all I ask of you, miss." He wheeled to Milt, a cold glint in his eyes. "Now's your chance, mister," he said with his peculiar smile. "We're going to have a party right here—not your style. I'm going to let you save your hide—with the woman!" He stepped down from his white top horse and held out the bridle rein. "You won't have to ride. All you'll have to do is to hang onto Ted's pommel and follow her home!"

The little party of Mexicans had halted, but began to break in the crush of the fire from behind. Bud jerked round, to see that Ruth hadn't obeyed.

"Jump aboard, *hombre!*" he added furiously to Milt. "Maybe she'll go with you!"

One thing Milt knew clearly—that he couldn't see himself in that silver-mounted saddle, booting a reluctant pony toward Concepcion, not even with Ruth Hempstead at his side.

"No, Bud, that's a one-man horse," he said.

Between them sounded Ruth's voice: "We'll all stay together!"

Bud's angered face turned to the sky—a wordless curse. He swung his leg over the saddle and bent down to Milt: "You've got her goin', but Quinlan will kill you, if I don't live to!"

He roweled the white one and galloped down slope, herding back the fleeing Mexicans as if they had been sheep, then stretched his party out in a ragged line to make a stand.

"Don't fire yet, asses!" he yelled in mixed Mexican. "Wait till you get something to shoot at!"

The frightened little men of Concepcion huddled down behind clumps of greasewood, hands fumbling at their rifle locks. It was utterly new to Milt as the violence of a collision in the street—the shock of the bullets flying close by.

"You'd better get down from your horse," he said carefully to Ruth. "Lie down flat."

She obeyed, but was yanked over the ground by the bridle rein of her pony, which kept jerking away, stamping his front feet as the slugs whistled close.

Bud raced the white one along his ragged line, yelling, "Pick 'em out! Don't waste your rounds!" Then he spurred in close to where Milt was on his knees, empty-handed, looking up.

His mouth opened as he leaned down, but whatever Bud meant to say concentrated in one word, half a cough, "Plugged!"

He had lost a stirrup, both hands holding fast to the pommel, his back taking a limp curve foreign to any horseman. Now queerly, in the din, a little sentence heard awhile back came to life in Milt's brain, "He's just a boy!" Also there was a kind of inner core of silence that he entered right then, forgetting the shots in the air. He moved close to the white pony—held up his arms. Bud plumped down into them like an old friend. Milt carried his burden to Ruth's pony and lifted it across the flanks back of the saddle, holding the figure in place as he turned to the girl, putting everything he had in the words:

"Won't you—do this thing for me? Won't you take him out of this and leave me to bring in the men?"

Her head bowed. "Hold fast to me!" she called to Bud, gaining the saddle in front of him. Her heels pressed, and the man left standing behind on the sand saw the figure of Bud Husong waver and right itself, the words somehow flung back:

"I'm doing what you ask, because you —— But, oh, please come quickly!"

Bud's white pony followed them, empty saddle, head held high, to keep from tramping his bridle rein.

"To bring in the men," he had said—a smile in that. The little soldiers of Concepcion were fanning in a generally seaward direction, bringing themselves in as if it were the Lord's business. Only one that sat up and waved drunkenly to him, then flopped back. Milt bent over him—ashen eyelids, fallen jaw.

"Plugged!" he muttered, picking up the rifle and starting to run.

Alone—he had all Sonora to himself. The hammering of horses always closer, bullets kicking up the sand about, didn't break the illusion. Sometimes it was a fox he felt like, sometimes a stag or a woolen bunny; then again as if he were one man left in the world, dangling alone under the blinding sun. A deep lasting laugh back of everything—that she had done what he asked. His throat was cracking, the words gasped, "Woolen yarns, colored yarns," not because he had given five years of his life to them, but because they had been on

$2000 Reward
For This Man's Name

He is the man who kicks about blades not being as good as they used to be, yet when you ask him why he doesn't strop them says "Why bother to strop my blades when new ones are so cheap?"

He has heard a thousand times that a *Twinplex Stropper* will improve a new blade 100% and will keep it keener than new for weeks at a time, and yet he keeps right on spending time and money buying new blades—and then kicks about them.

Costs Nothing to Try

What is a good name for this fellow? Name him and win a big cash prize. Costs nothing to try. Take one of your *new unused* blades to a Twinplex dealer, and let him strop it for you. He will be glad to do this free and will give you an entry blank. After that it's up to you.

Ask Your Dealer or Write Us

If your dealer cannot strop a new blade for you, send us his name and one of your *new* blades, properly protected. We will strop and return it with entry blank, free.

If you prefer to save yourself this bother, we will send you a New blade stropped on Twinplex, an entry blank and a ten shave sample of the wonderful new Twinplex Shaving Cream, all for 10¢. Name your razor when writing.

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Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

91% of the builders we questioned, said damp plaster was the most frequent cause of warped doors

Ordinary doors warp when exposed to different temperatures on each side . bathrooms . closets kitchens

Ordinary French doors are prone to warp, as they have no heavy cross rails. Laminex contruction remedies this . prevents warping

1900 builders tell why common doors give trouble

WE ASKED leading builders in numerous cities to tell their experiences with door-troubles . . warping, shrinking, swelling.

The extraordinary number of responses showed that common doors give plenty of trouble. Frequent causes named were: Damp plaster.. uneven temperature on each side of door, such as bathroom, hall, closet and front doors . . unloading in damp places . . damp warehouses.

All such conditions affect ordinary doors. Science shows that wood contains tiny cells, or *tracheids*. These cannot change in length, but with heat, cold and moisture they shrink and swell in width, causing warping. It is this characteristic of wood that the Laminex process overcomes.

In Laminex doors, the upright stiles and cross rails are built on a core of interlocking blocks with the grain crossed in adjoining sections. All parts, including the plywood panels, are welded with Laminex waterproof cement and placed under tremendous hydraulic pressure for 24 hours.

The famous soaking test as originated by Prof. Bror L. Grondal, proving that Laminex is unaffected by moisture. Under this sensational test, no Laminex door has ever warped or come apart.

Look for brand name and replacement guarantee label. Popular designs stocked by millwork and lumber merchants. Send for literature and sample of Laminex wood to test.

Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane. Foreign: Woco Door Co., London; E. J Van de Ven, Paris; Paul Solari & Co., Genoa.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

her lips, coming up from sleep. . . . Scorpion and fishing boats—dancing under the moon—"skeins and skeins ——" His head veered about to find one rifle wavering to fix itself upon him across the neck of the nearest galloping horse.

"What did I ever do to that fellow?" his mind queried.

The bullet crashed by, no nearer than many another. That was the instant he first heard the shouting down slope toward Concepcion.

"All over," he muttered. "They've got round in front"—only he couldn't quite understand. Those coming up were on foot, and his pursuers behind had halted. He sat down in growing cold surprise—the violence of death held off—or was he done for and didn't know it? They were running over him—not horses from in-country, but men in uniforms up-slope.

Ruth Hempstead's voice—his suspicion deepened that he was out of his head—when her pony from the pueblo cleared from the dust.

Her hands touched his throat and shoulders. His eyes fell away from her penetrating look.

"Oh, I say, why did you come back?"—his voice still breathless.

"I turned back with the rescue party. The others took care of Bud. Tell me, are you hurt—where?"

"Don't know that I am, only that was some running for a yarn vender."

A minute or two afterward he began to get it straight that Concepcion had sent out a second party of soldiers from the barracks. Evidently this fresh outfit had put to flight the horsemen from San Miguel, for numbers of them were coming back toward them now, two prisoners in their midst. One—they saw him at the same moment—El Pájaro, limping and so dwindled and commonplace, down from his horse. Ruth listened to the excited talk of the soldiers for a moment.

"They say they caught him because his horse was shot from under," she reported. "They say he's an old enemy of Concepcion. Oh, I hope ——"

She said no more. They took turns riding, one horse between them, over the lessening hills toward the tumbling bells of Concepcion. The miracle of it was that it was still day when they reached the streets. Milt would have turned at once into Lindlahr's Lazaret, but the time had come for the portal of the barracks to open. Many women and children of the town were already gathered in the stone-paved patio, a further aggressive movement from San Miguel not being considered impossible that day.

A sort of celebration was being staged in the patio—a big wooden frame raised in the center—but the two did not tarry there, asking to be taken at once to Bud Husong. A soldier led them through a cell corridor and into a grassy court, where the slick-haired one lay propped on a cot in the shadows. That peculiar smile formed, and Milt quickly grabbed the hand which stirred to lift. They had to bend to hear:

"Your style's different, mister, but I got to liking it toward the last."

"I liked yours all the time," said Milt.

Bud had another remark to make: "I wasn't leavin' you in that hole when I spoke of taking her out. It was my idea of showing you up."

They left soon to let him rest, Milt walking ahead as they passed out through the corridor of cells. Still daylight in the patio. His eyes squinted—something ugly about the big wooden frame above the heads of the people—a noose, a figure brought to the noose

"El Pájaro! El Pájaro!"

It all but bowled Milt over—the moment of the scorpion again, only raised to the limit. He swung about and blocked her way.

"I wanted to tell you how fine you were," he said vaguely. "Oh, fine—the way you did what I asked out in the hills!"

Then he was looking into her staring-wide eyes, her figure pressed against his arm, and her words:

"It's The Bird—what are they doing to him?"

"Only one of Sonora's little ways," he said, shoving her back. The moan that answered was smothered in his arms.

"It isn't fair—it isn't fair!" he heard, as she ran into one of the dark empty cells. For a moment she sat in front of him in stony silence before forming the words one by one: "Don't you see, I can stand anything but their cruelty to each other?" Then she keeled.

Somewhat afterward one of the soldiers hurried in, having some English: "It is true, señor, he was given a chance to stand against the wall, but chose ——" Milt beckoned him out with one hand.

"I sure don't understand his taste," he muttered seconds afterward.

Still there was something unmistakably soothing about that nightfall stealing in, even before Ruth's head raised a little.

"I've done all that I said I wouldn't," she began slowly. "I have faltered, I have fainted, I have obeyed! What shall I do next?"

"Teach me to play up to your stuff," he answered, "but first I'd stay where you are a while longer and rest."

PHOTO. FROM BRISTOL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Laurel Creek in Unaka National Forest, Near Bristol, Tennessee

See what perspiration acids do to silk stockings—

"Mum" neutralizes the acids of perspiration as well as the odor—

For over twenty years the women of America—and men too—have been grateful to "Mum", the snow-white deodorant cream that neutralizes the unpleasant odor of perspiration—without interfering with healthful perspiration itself.

And now here is a new and valuable use for "Mum". Used on the foot, "Mum" completely neutralizes the *acids* of perspiration—so destructive to silk stockings and to the linings and leathers of shoes.

You know that perspiration itself is necessary to good health, but perspiration contains *acids*, among them the strong malodorous valerianic acid, which eat into fabrics—weakening them and paving the way for rapid wear and tear.

Probably you, too, are one of the thousands of women who tub their silk hosiery after a day's wear, trying to ward off the effects of perspiration. But tubbing doesn't prevent the acids from working a full day in the stocking.

"Mum" is the word!

Nothing can stop this all-day acid action, *once it is started*. What is needed is something to neutralize the acids *as they occur*—to keep them from getting a start.

"Mum" is the word!

Simply apply "Mum", the snow-white deodorant and neutralizing cream, to the foot—like a vanishing cream. Then throughout the day and evening "Mum" will *neutralize* the destructive acid action of perspiration, and give to silk hosiery the long life that it is meant to have. And more than that—with the feet and stockings kept sweet, no perspiration acid can seep into and destroy the leather and lining of the shoes. "Mum" also greatly soothes and comforts the feet and renders them free from unpleasant odor.

"Mum" is entirely safe. Women have used it for years to prevent perspiration odor. Physicians recommend its use with the sanitary napkin. A full description of the uses of "Mum" comes with each jar.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at your drug or department store. Or send Trial Offer Coupon.

Read what these manufacturers say—

"If the acid were to be neutralized without stopping healthy perspiration, it would increase the wear of the hosiery to a considerable extent."

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY

"There is no doubt that perspiration does impair the wearing qualities of leather."

HANAN & SONS

"If anything can be devised that would neutralize the acids of the foot without stopping the healthy perspiration, it would certainly mean increased wear in hosiery."

VAN RAALTE COMPANY

"Mum"

neutralizes the acids and odors of perspiration

Trial Offer Coupon

Mum Mfg. Co., 1126 Chestnut St., Philadelphia June 5, 1926

I enclose _____ for size of "Mum" checked.

☐ "Mum" 50c postpaid ☐ "Mum" 25c postpaid ☐ **Trial size**, 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing a generous trial size of "Mum."

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

Dealer's Address _____

THE CRISIS IN RUBBER

(Continued from Page 13)

much lower at the time of delivery, but he cannot profit by it. The tire consumer does not always understand this. When he reads that rubber is down he assumes that his tires must be immediately cheaper. The tire that he buys for his car that day, however, was made out of crude bought months ago, often at a much higher figure.

Still another detail should be emphasized. So swift was the advance in rubber consumption that the American manufacturer was unable to forecast his needs. Motor-car saturation is still an unknown quantity. The increase in the use of the balloon tire helped to upset whatever previous calculations had been made. I make this statement because the British, in order to justify restriction, have maintained that high prices were due to the failure of the Yankee manufacturer to estimate his requirements accurately.

To go back to the depression, as soon as prices went on the toboggan, the British planters formulated a plan for voluntary restriction of output. For a time it succeeded, but in 1921 certain growers withdrew from the scheme. The movement for government intervention then developed, with the result that the Stevenson Act was put into effect in November, 1922. The measure got its name from the fact that the chairman of the committee appointed by the British Secretary of State for the Colonies to investigate rubber conditions was Sir James, now Lord, Stevenson.

In the previous article the Stevenson plan was explained in detail. A brief résumé of it is essential here to show how and why it contributed to the crisis still so fresh in the public mind.

The object of restriction was to stabilize the price of crude rubber at thirty-six cents a pound, which was believed to be fair because it would not only give a reasonable profit but stimulate the planting of additional acreage. Keep this "fair" price in mind henceforth, because it is the key to the upheaval that followed.

Restriction has not belied its name, but the only thing it has restricted is exports of crude rubber. The price ran away from all original expectation, and here lay the rub, or rather the squeeze.

Inelastic Rubber

In order to establish the basis for export, the framers of the act took a standard production based on the twelve months ending October, 1920, which was regarded as a normal year. Allowance was made for young trees coming into bearing. During the first quarter of the operation of the scheme each producer was permitted to export only 60 per cent of his standard production. If he exceeded this he was required to pay what amounted to a prohibitive duty, which meant that all planters kept within the limit.

Any increase in exports depends upon the price of rubber. If, during any quarter, the London spot averages between thirty and thirty-six cents a pound, the exportable percentage during the following quarter at the minimum rate of duty is increased 5 per cent. If the price is thirty-six cents or more, the prescribed percentage is increased 10 per cent. The plan eventually brought exports up to 100 per cent by February first of this year.

The professed purpose of restriction was to work off surplus stock automatically and stabilize the price. It has done the exact reverse in the latter case. The failure of release to follow immediately after price advance no matter how high, and a shrinkage of stocks which brought about a famine and a skyrocket market, revealed the inelasticity of the plan. The primary fault therefore is that exports are not released rapidly enough to cope with increasing demand. It is this obvious inelasticity to which the American manufacturer has taken the greatest exception.

Three factors kept the restriction of rubber exports from boosting the price materially at once. One was the accumulation of large rubber stocks throughout the world; a second was the immediate evasion of the law through smuggling; while the third lay in the increase in the production of rubber in nonrestricted territories, especially the Dutch colonies. The British Government tried to induce the Dutch to join them in restriction, but failed to sell the hard-boiled Hollanders on the proposition. Thus they knew from the start that their restrictive style was bound to be cramped from this quarter. As a consequence, Dutch native rubber—that is, rubber grown by the natives on small patches of ground—increased with remarkable speed, until it reached an output of more than 80,000 tons in 1925. It is therefore a serious competitor of the British-grown article.

High Tide in Mincing Lane

Despite all the factors that operate against the complete functioning of the Stevenson scheme, the British have been able to keep not less than 150,000 tons of crude out of the market. This curtailment of export, together with the unexpected demands of the American consumer due to the phenomenal production of motor cars, the advance in the use of trucks and busses, and the growth of balloon tires, which use one-third more crude than high-pressure tires, caused the market to get out of bounds. It was a clear case of artificial shortage created by legislative act, an uneconomic and therefore unsound procedure. As a matter of fact, it was nothing less than a combination in restraint of trade enforced by government decree.

In justice to the British it must be said that there was no intentional gouge in mind at any time. The planters honestly believed that they were facing disaster, and saw restriction, backed by the Government, as the only way out. What they did not perhaps comprehend at the beginning was the fact that the failure of release to follow immediately after price advance—and this is the crux of the matter—would lead to a shortage of stocks that would bring about the inevitable speculation. The price frenzy which put the spotlight squarely upon rubber was partly due to speculators in spot crude, who cornered available supplies and sold out while the going was good.

This brings us to the big rubber boom which made 1925 historic in the annals of the business. Every person who reads the newspapers will recall that, beginning with May and continuing until the end of December, the raw product, because of the sensational advance in price, competed with Mussolini and other news makers for the front page. It was the unexpected American demand for crude due to the causes that I have indicated, together with the shrinkage of world stocks which were depleted by restriction, that brought about the crisis.

First the matter of price. Up to the beginning of last year crude rubber did not get beyond thirty-seven cents, which was a trifle above the "fair" rate set by restriction. In the spring of 1925 it began to advance, until in July it touched $1.21 a pound. By this time stocks had been depleted, manufacturers were becoming alarmed over the supply and the speculators were busy. A period of hectic buying started. Until the close of the year the price never got below seventy cents. In December it reached $1.10. The average for 1925 was 72.6 cents a pound, which is twice the "fair" rate.

Just what this advance cost the American manufacturer is shown by a glance at the value of our rubber imports from July, 1925, up to April 1, 1926. During this period of nine months their total value at the market price was $484,924,274. The same quantity of rubber at the estimated "fair" price of thirty-six cents a pound would have been $260,724,155. The excess of the market price over the alleged "fair" rate therefore was $224,200,119.

The price movement, together with the more or less frenzied buying, precipitated a real bull rubber market in London. The nerve center was Mincing Lane, which bears the same relation to rubber that Wall Street does to securities in New York. Here the bulk of trading in spot and futures is done. It is a narrow, winding, unpretentious highway leading off Eastcheap, and was a familiar thoroughfare back in the days of Pepys, who writes about it in his famous diary. To look at it, you would never suspect that the dingy old buildings which house the leading brokers in rubber, many of whom buy for American consumers, are the background of an industry that has come to be one of John Bull's principal financial props and where hundreds of millions of dollars are turned over every year.

At Number 7 are the headquarters of the Rubber Trade Association of London, which includes producers, brokers and dealers. The rubber growers have their own association as well. In a small room on the ground floor, where the only equipment is batteries of telephones, the price of rubber is made and unmade. Every afternoon the executive committee of the association sits at 4:30 o'clock and issues the price bulletin based on the last sales. Much of the business is transacted out in the streets. During the hours of buying it hums with talk and is like the old curb market that once flourished in Broad Street in New York. At the height of the boom so wild was the excitement you would have thought there was no more rubber in the world, as one broker put it to me.

The tumult in the market place was reflected in rubber-share transactions. For once the public was in good, and thousands of individuals and families found themselves enriched. This grew out of the fact that for years securities in rubber plantations have been a favorite British investment. It was a long buy, to be sure, but those who held on to their shares reaped a golden harvest. Most Americans are unfamiliar with this phase of the boom, the common impression being that only the rubber producers and brokers landed the pickings.

Two-Shilling Rubber Shares

You get some idea of what happened with rubber stocks when I say that whereas in September, 1922, two months before restriction was imposed, the shares of eighty-three British companies with estates in Malaya stood at 91 per cent of par, they had risen to 333 per cent of par in December, 1925. In terms of money, it meant an increase in market value of nearly $1,500,000,000.

Investors value rubber shares on the principle of what is called market capitalization. This is arrived at by dividing the issued capital by the number of acres of rubber owned by the company, the result being what is called a par capitalization, and then multiplying this figure by the market price of the share.

To simplify this explanation let us take the hypothetical case of a company with an issued capital of £100,000 in one-pound shares, possessing an estate of 2000 acres of rubber whose shares are quoted on the stock exchange at two pounds, which means a premium of 100 per cent. The par capitalization works out at £50 an acre—£100,000 divided by 2000—and the market capitalization at £100 per acre—that is, £50 multiplied by two, the price of the shares. Of course not all rubber shares are valued on the same plane because of the varying qualifications of the individual plantations with regard to development, yield and production costs. Roughly speaking, the market capitalization of the shares most actively quoted in London early this year averaged £120 an acre, the range varying from well below £100 an acre to more than £250 an acre for the finest estates. These figures represent a recession over the inflated values of 1925.

A characteristic feature of British rubber shares is that some have a par value of two shillings, which is about fifty cents. These two-shilling shares rose to phenomenal heights, one having touched thirty-six shillings—exactly eighteen times its par value. This, however, was scarcely a patch on the 1910 boom, when a two-shilling share touched eighty shillings, or forty times its par value.

On the other hand, a well-known stock with a par value of twenty shillings—that is, one pound—which went only to forty-five in 1910, reached sixty-six shillings threepence in 1925.

In interpreting market values it is only fair to remember that some of the companies in which there have been such spectacular rises in the market price of shares have a low capitalization per acre, because some of the profits have been spent in extending the planted areas without increasing the issued capital.

Bounding Rubber Stocks

To give a detailed statement of the advance in rubber shares last year would be to present the picture of swift advance all along the line. Perhaps the most remarkable increase was in a standard security which was forty shillings fourpence at the beginning of the year and whose high was nearly 121. Its par value was twenty shillings. Another twenty-shilling share that started off the year at seventy-eight shillings ninepence rose to 153.

The dividend yield was correspondingly large. Some companies paid as high as 30 per cent, while 20 per cent was an ordinary occurrence. In addition, many extra dividends were paid. Altogether the shareholder was full brother to the grower—often they were one and the same person—in boom benefits.

Needless to say, the rubber brokers had their hands full during the last three months of 1925. Their office forces worked day and night to handle the avalanche of orders of buying and selling. The British public is no exception in the matter of rushing in to buy when prices are highest.

One brokerage house handled 2,000,000 shares for 2000 different customers in the course of a single day. It was able to do this because the staff worked in relays, eating their meals on the premises and snatching a few hours' sleep in rooms at a near-by hotel. This firm, by the way, has retired from active business, having piled up profits of more than $5,000,000 in four years.

Having seen the results, both expected and unexpected, of restriction, we can now examine it in the light of recent experience. There are two sharply defined points of view. The British naturally defend the plan, while Americans take the opposite stand. We will take the prorestriction side first.

I asked H. Eric Miller, spokesman of the Rubber Growers' Association and himself the London representative of the largest group of Middle East plantations, to state the British case. After describing the transition from wild rubber to the plantation product and the British share in the pioneering, he said:

"The big impulse to expand the plantations came in 1910, when the demand for rubber outstripped the available supplies, which at that time were mainly drawn from wild rubber trees, the world production then being less than 100,000 tons per annum. The average price before 1910 was rarely less than one dollar a pound, and during that year we had a spectacular rise to more than three dollars a pound, with the result that very large sums of British capital were attracted to rubber planting.

(Continued on Page 145)

1 *Refreshing Spray for Lawn and Garden*

2 *Coarse Jet (left) for Trees—Fine Mist (right) on Seeded Beds*

3 *Coarse Spray from both nozzles on Trees and Shrubs*

4 *Coarse Spray (stationary position) nozzles adjusted to sprinkle long strip*

Standard Rain King
$3.50
Denver and West, $3.75

All four sprinkling variations pictured are produced by one Standard Rain King, as shown above

The Rain King Sprinkler throws every known kind of Stream

Solid Jets, Gentle Spray, Drenching Downpour, Rainbow Mist— in Circles or in any Direction you set it

Giant Rain King
$12.50
Denver and West, $14.50

The sprinkler de luxe that plays like a gorgeous fountain; with long sweeping spirals [illegible] if stationary, with [illegible] from solid jet to [illegible] fine mist. Four arms give it twice the [illegible] capacity. Adjustable nozzles operate on same principle as standard Rain King. Adjustable to be set at any distance and distance—water to all sized circles from 2 to 70 feet up to [illegible], according to pressure.

HERE is innovation in a Sprinkler that throws water farther, on the same pressure, than any other in existence.

And no matter what kind of vegetation to be watered—grass, flowers, shrubs or trees—no matter what shape your lawn, garden or parkways—this Rain King Sprinkler with its adjustable nozzles will throw the kind of stream or spray you want, in the places you want it. Simply adjust the nozzles and turn a set wheel.

The Rain King can be set to water in any sized circle from the largest to the smallest, or in long narrow strips, and hard-to-reach angles.

It can be set to throw two different streams at once, a jet on trees and a spray on grass, or a spray on shrubs and a mist-cloud on flowers or seeded beds.

The government has granted Rain King full patent protection because there has never been an invention like it. You can set it to sprinkle your parkways bordering the walks without over-shooting the grass and wetting pedestrians.

Brass nozzles, bronze bearings, simple, strong, and as balanced as a smooth-running flywheel—Rain King will weather the hardest kind of usage—you can't wear it out in a lifetime.

Any man who takes a pride in his place will want the Rain King for its ornamental value alone.

Tell the nearest dealer in hardware or seeds to deliver this new-day sprinkler at once. If no dealer is handy, send price to us and we'll forward you the Rain King post paid.

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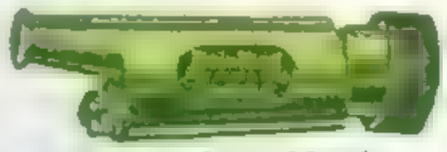
2-Purpose Rain King, $2.00
Denver and West, $2.50

A [illegible] spray and a hose nozzle [illegible]. A [illegible] makes the transformation. As a nozzle it's adjustable to throw a solid stream or any degree of spray.



Rain King Hose Nozzle

From Solid Stream to Spray to complete Shut-Off by a quarter turn. Unlike anything you've ever seen. Throws more water a greater distance than any hose nozzle known. Wear proof, rust proof, guaranteed forever. At your dealer's or [illegible]. Remit to us if he can't supply you, $1.50.

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was ever made
to fit a woman's hand

let the shadow of the coal shovel *ever come between you*

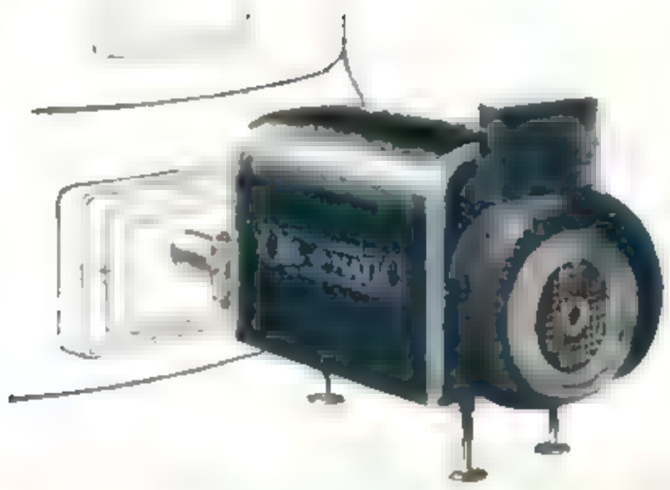
THE thoughtful husband does not delude himself that pretty gifts take the place of modern conveniences.

Only by relief from the irksome tasks about the house can any wife enjoy the leisure so necessary to loveliness and charm.

Heat as carefree as light

To keep her brow smooth, her hands soft, provide a form of oil heat as carefree as the light that floods the room. For the peace of mind that comes from never having to think of the furnace, reflects itself daily in her lightheartedness.

When she is tempted to take the wheel and drive to her heart's content, there is no inner voice reminding her to hurry back. Oil-O-Matic may be depended on to maintain an even temperature. It is fruitless to depend on a hired man. For you cannot hire anyone to do for you what Oil-O-Matic will do.



Everything stays so clean

Your wife's excellence in housekeeping will be acknowledged by all. Her curtains will always appear freshly starched and laundered. Yet they will not have been taken down once during the heating season. When she pulls down a shade, she knows it will be the same rich tone from end to end. The delicately tinted walls will remain so, even back of the pictures.

Dusting will be necessary only half as often. Yet the lustrous surface of the piano will glisten in the sunlight. The hum of the vacuum cleaner will be heard less often. Good maids cannot be hired away from such homes.

She will glory in a basement lifted out of the cellar class. The extra space provided by Oil-O-Matic opens up infinite possibilities for fixing up an attractive room where once were bin and ash cans.

Comfort is beyond price

Each morning you wake in luxurious comfort. The faithful Oil-O-Matic below stairs has anticipated your rising. The temperature is just the degree you enjoy. Throughout the day and as far into the night as you wish, the same degree of balminess is steadfastly maintained. So guests may forget the lateness of the hour in the warmth of your hospitality.

Perhaps your greatest enjoyment of oilomatic heat will be during the bleak, raw days of early fall and late spring. The only hint Oil-O-Matic requires is a slight drop in temperature. Any moment heat is desired, you have it before you realize that you need it. So far as household comfort is concerned there is no such thing as a sudden cold snap.

This evenness of temperature prevents draughts and exposure. Freedom from colds follows as one of the marked benefits.

No reason now for delay

Happily, these advantages of oil heat may be yours for practically the same amount that you would spend to heat your house *without complete automatic service!* And you may have your Oil-O-Matic installed for only a nominal sum and extend the balance over a whole year.

The oilomatician in your community is a graduate of the Williams Institute of Heat Research. So all installations are made in accordance with the best practices advocated by the factory engineers and the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Why Oil-O-Matic is so well adapted to function in every good type of heating plant, in any size house or building, is told in an interesting booklet offered below. It explains the advantages of the four natural laws of oil combustion, why no part of the burner is inside the firebox and the economy of using fuel oil. "Heating Homes With Oil" will be sent you with a plan for ideal arrangement of basement space, free and postpaid if you clip and mail the coupon at once.

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(Continued from Page 140)

"It takes a rubber tree five to six years from planting out to reach a sufficient size for tapping, and about ten years for it to reach full yielding capacity, so that the effect of the exceptionally heavy plantings in 1910–11–12 would be most definitely felt in the shape of largely increased supplies of rubber in the years 1920 to 1922 and onward.

"Everyone who reads this will remember the world slump of 1920. The rubber industry, including the tire manufacturers in the United States, was particularly hard hit by the fall in rubber prices from fifty-five cents to sixteen cents a pound. A factor which added very materially to the difficulties of the situation then was the development of the cord tire, which stood up to four times the mileage of its predecessor, the fabric tire.

"Although the problems arising out of the world slump were gradually straightened out, the demand for rubber continued to be checked because of the much greater mileage given by cord tires. Whilst the owner of an automobile was getting the full benefit of the unduly low price of rubber and of the improved type of tire, the producers of the crude rubber were faced with a prolonged crisis. The extended plantations were capable of producing far more rubber than the world then wanted, and the price by economic pressure was forced down and kept below the average cost of production.

"In this industry, as in all others, self-preservation is the paramount instinct; and the lower the price rubber fetched in the market, the more people tried to produce and sell in order to make ends meet. But you can go on selling your produce at a loss only so long as you have other financial resources to put into the melting pot.

"The average cost of planting, equipping and bringing into bearing each acre of a rubber plantation is $300 in cash; and allowing for the six-year wait during which you can get no revenue at all, the true cost is nearer $450 an acre. Naturally no one would abandon such a costly plantation without a struggle, and some idea of the values at stake may be gathered from the fact that more than 4,250,000 acres have been planted with rubber in the East Indies during the last twenty years, representing nearly $2,000,000,000. The struggle for survival was manfully faced, and efforts to stop the rot by curtailing the production of unwanted rubber were made on a voluntary basis by the organized European-owned plantations. However, the tide was too overwhelming. Some 40 per cent of the acreage planted with rubber in the East is owned by native holders, who were on the verge of starvation, and large numbers of the work people on the larger plantations had to be discharged. Distress was acute in all ranks of the industry and many holdings were abandoned."

Supply and Demand on Rails

"About three-quarters of the total acreage involved was in British ownership or in British-protected territory, and the governments concerned could not look on unmoved, particularly in Malaya, where, apart from tin mining, the rubber industry is the mainstay of the population. After protracted and careful inquiry into the whole situation on the part of special government committees, headed by the Stevenson Committee at the Colonial Office in London, it was decided that the governments must help the industry to save itself by regulating exports under what is known as the Stevenson scheme.

"That scheme was simplicity itself, being nothing more or less than the law of supply and demand put on rails. World stocks of crude rubber were colossal at the time the scheme commenced to operate, November 1, 1922. Exports were therefore cut down to 60 per cent of each producer's normal capacity; but the interests of manufacturers and consumers were amply safeguarded, as the scheme provided for exports automatically to increase 5 per cent every three months if the market price for rubber was maintained at the low living-wage rate of thirty cents gold a pound, whilst a 10 per cent increase in exports was automatically to be allowed every three months if the price averaged thirty-six cents gold.

"In order that the scheme might be better understood in the United States, the Rubber Association of America asked our Rubber Growers' Association to send delegates over to explain its working, and Sir Stanley Bois, Mr. P. J. Burgess and I made the journey early in 1923. Our attitude was summed up in a report in these words: 'It appeared to them—the delegates—that adequate supplies will be available for the needs of the industry if the average price of standard-quality smoked-sheet rubber is maintained at thirty-six cents a pound London landed terms'—that being the figure which would bring out 10 per cent additional releases every three months.

"The overburden of surplus stocks, together with increased production from the Dutch East Indies, where only the British estates conformed voluntarily to the regulation of exports, kept the supply of rubber well in excess of the world's requirements; and although we had a price of thirty-seven cents in January, 1923, when stocks were at their highest, producers had to struggle on under adversity, and faced a market price of only eighteen cents a pound in May, 1924. Many people in England believe that the market was deliberately depressed by American interests with the object of breaking the Stevenson scheme and creating conditions which would enable them to pick up the rubber plantations at wreckage prices."

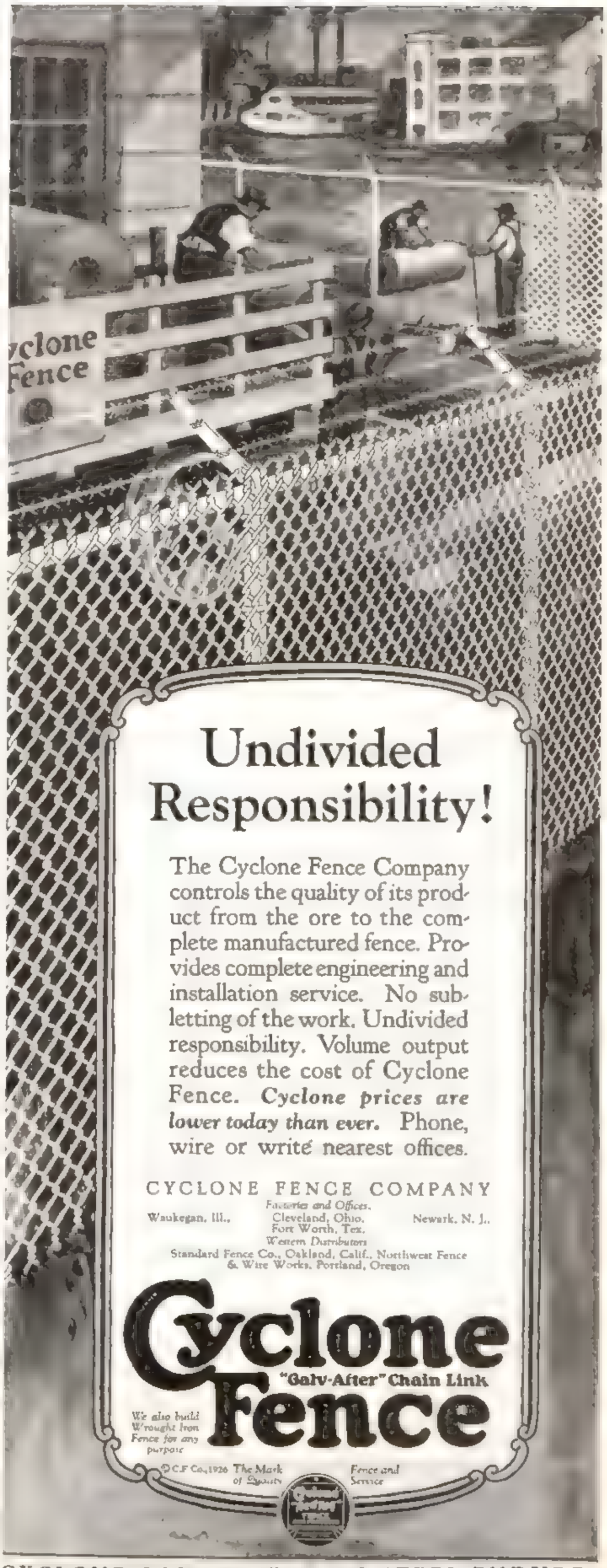
Is Tire Mileage Too Cheap?

"I do not myself share that opinion, because I know that in 1924 the watchword issued by the United States banking institutions to the industries of your country was, 'Go steady, keep inventories down, and don't load up with forward commitments.' This policy applied very particularly to the tire-manufacturing industry, because it was financially still weak after the heavy losses sustained in the world slump of 1920, followed by intensive competition for business. All the same, it is true of rubber as of most things, that if you won't buy them when they are plentiful you may find yourself short of stock.

"Automobile owners do not realize that tire mileage for years has been far and away the cheapest commodity sold to the consuming public. I know of no other article of widespread consumption which has sold for so long a time at below fair cost. The public is not to blame, as it does not take long to get accustomed to a particular price level. If, however, the world goes on paying too little for any commodity, retribution is inevitable in the shape of curtailment in supplies and very often a smart rise in price. The tropical countries in the East Indies where plantation rubber is grown are a long way from New York, and farther still from Akron, and the troubles and distress of the producer of rubber are not seen or appreciated by residents of the United States. Only one or two of the rubber manufacturers of America have had the courage and enterprise to take a hand in the production of what is their principal raw material. They know that the distress which I have described is not exaggerated.

"What happens when the price of wheat is too low, or the price of cotton or corn or anything else you can think of? Farmers reduce at next sowing time the acreage they cultivate with any crop which is being marketed at a loss. With annual crops you get in that way a fairly rapid readjustment of supply to demand. The same is true of manufactured goods. If the market is glutted, new production will inevitably be curtailed. People accept that as perfectly natural and call it the operation of the law of supply and demand.

"What was done for rubber required exceptional measures, because rubber is not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produced as an annual crop, but by the extraction of the latex from the bark of trees which have been planted and nurtured at heavy outlay during many years before they are mature enough for regular tapping. Abandonment of estates involves the rapid encroachment of tropical undergrowth smothering the plantations, and in the principal areas covered by the estates there is no alternative means of livelihood to which the work people can turn. Looking back over the past few years, no critic with an elementary knowledge of what this industry means can say otherwise than that the governments of Malaya and Ceylon, supported by our own government, rendered an invaluable service to every automobilist and potential user of rubber in the world by deciding, when the issue could no longer be shirked, that radical measures were necessary to preserve the industry in tolerable working order.

"The price of thirty to thirty-six cents, which they fixed as the figure which should govern automatic increases in exports, has been recognized as the lowest figure which would keep the industry going. If manufacturers had not lulled themselves into the belief that rubber could be had indefinitely at less than a fair price, there would never have been any spectacular rise such as was witnessed during the second half of 1925. As all of you know, in your own Volstead Act, legislation, once enacted, cannot be lightly repealed; and our government has gone out of its way by granting a special release of exports effective February first, thus allowing the full 100 per cent of normal capacity instead of 95 per cent, which would have otherwise been the rate this quarter. This notice was sent out in the early part of December and the price situation has been relieved, mainly at British expense, to the tune of fifty cents a pound on spot rubber and twenty-five cents a pound on forward positions. I venture to think that this action is almost without parallel, and is not merely a gesture of friendliness but the unselfish act of a friend. We have yet to hear of your tariff being lowered because it hits us too hard. I do not pretend that our action will prove otherwise than right. Rubber producers do not stand to benefit in the long run if the price of their commodity stands at so high a figure as materially to curtail the use of it."

Plenty of Room for Us

"Tire mileage at the present price of rubber, however, costs the consumer less than one-quarter of what it cost before the war, and the long period of depression from which the producers of rubber have just emerged will have to be compensated. This depression inevitably checked the planting of new areas from 1921 to 1924; and when I tell you that in 1915 the world used only 150,000 tons of rubber, whilst in 1925 the total amounted to no less than 560,000 tons, with an average increase during the past fifteen years of 13 per cent per annum, you must be prepared for rubber to be at a relatively high level of price until new sources of supply can be brought into bearing. Existing estates are planting additional areas where land is available for the purpose, and new estates are being started.

"There is plenty of room for American capital in the development of additional sources of supply, and it is about time that investors on your side learned at first hand some of the difficulties involved in the production of rubber in the tropics, outside which it will not thrive. A waiting period of seven to eight years, during which no dividends can possibly be looked for, tends to cool off even the warmest enthusiast. When you make your choice as to the countries in which you will invest your money in rubber growing, take my advice and be circumspect. I have been associated with the rubber-plantation industry for more than twenty years myself, and the sum of my experience is that you cannot produce rubber like one does flivvers.

"During all the agitation in America, the one bright spot has been the way in which some of your congressmen and most of your leading bankers have challenged and helped to refute distorted versions of the British action, which was taken solely for the purpose of safeguarding the rubber-growing industry, on which the world depends for its supplies of a most essential raw material. They quite rightly decline to see abuse leveled at the people who had the pluck and the foresight years ago to start growing on a vast scale what now proves to be a necessity of life, while you, who are the principal consumers, almost entirely neglected to take a hand in providing for yourselves.

"Somehow I believe that most of you, when you think all this over, may say to yourselves, 'It's not a bad thing, after all, that the British still have one or two lines we have got to buy from them; otherwise we would be even better off than we are already, and would that do us real good?'"

The Yankee Answer

Opposed to this attitude is the Yankee contention best set forth in the following statement prepared for me by J. C. Weston, president of the Rubber Association of America, Inc.:

"The American rubber manufacturing industry has been and is now opposed to the Stevenson scheme or any other scheme for the control of the export and, in effect, the production of crude rubber from the British-controlled rubber-growing territories in the Far East for these major reasons:

"First, it represents interference with the law of supply and demand, which, since the beginning of trade, has proved to be the real leaven for artificial or abnormal conditions. Therefore, it is believed that restriction is an economically unsound expedient which ultimately will prove to be disadvantageous to all concerned. Further, at the time of the enactment of the legislation, the increase in consumption of crude rubber indicated clearly that the natural remedy was rapidly approaching.

"Second, there was lack of adequate provision for keeping the operation and effect of the scheme under control. In spite of unofficial British assurance in 1923 to the contrary, the developments of 1925 in connection with the supply and price of crude rubber have proved that there was not enough flexibility in the scheme to overcome an artificial shortage of crude rubber or to counteract the activities of speculative interests.

"Third, nominally the United States is not discriminated against in favor of other countries, not excepting even Great Britain, in the operation of the scheme. However, due to the fact that the United States consumes about 75 per cent of the crude rubber used by the world, the operation of the scheme resulted in placing by far the greater measure of the burdens created by restriction on the rubber manufacturing industry and the public here. Particularly is this true because in no other country on the globe has the automobile—which accounts for 80 per cent of the United States rubber consumption—become such an absolutely indispensable factor of civilization and industry as it has in this country. We must have automotive transportation in increasing measure, and that means we must have tires and crude rubber in the same proportion. In other countries, where the automobile is not yet so thoroughly established, greater use can be made of the older methods of transportation, thereby lessening the seriousness of the rubber problem. Thus it is believed that the United States is compelled to bear substantially the whole burden of the evils and disadvantages resulting from restriction.

"In addition to the objections referring specifically to the scheme, our manufacturers feel that there is just cause for complaint against the methods under which the scheme has been operated for the following reasons:

"When advices reached the United States in late October, 1922, that the scheme

(Continued on Page 149

The dampened departure of the Tuesday Bridge Club convinced Rockwell Guppy that he must get Electric Garden Hose

If you think too much of your time, money and temper to waste them struggling with quick-leaking hose, be sure you get Electric.

There's season after season of leakless service in Electric Garden Hose because it cannot kink. Kinks break hose down. Make cracks that grow into leaks and reduce it to uselessness. But kinks can't touch Electric Hose because it is made differently.

It is seamless all the way through and built up to give supple strength. Layers of live rubber are reinforced with sinewy jackets of braided seine cord. Outer wear is locked out by the tough, ribbed-rubber tread. The whole structure is vulcanized into a solid, resilient hose that cannot come apart—that stays sound and tight under punishment that soon wrecks common hose.

When you get Electric, you are getting the finest product of hose specialists. The guarantee of the world's largest makers of braided hose—manufacturers of fine hose, and nothing but hose, for over twenty-five years—is back of every foot you buy.

Go to your hardware dealer, plumber, seedsman or rubber goods store today and get genuine Electric with the name moulded in. If your dealer does not carry it, write us and we'll arrange to have you supplied.

Blackfin Garden Hose

Blackfin is a lighter, lower-priced hose that's made the same way as Electric. It, too, is non-kink and is a mighty serviceable hose. For maximum service and longest life we recommend Electric Garden Hose. But if you want a lighter weight, popular-priced hose, get Blackfin. You can't beat it for the money. The ⅝-inch size costs 16 cents per foot at all good hose dealers'.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO., Wilmington, Delaware

Hose specialists—makers of water, garden, pneumatic, rock drill, air, steam and spray hose, and industrial hose for every purpose.

The NEW STUTZ with SAFETY CHASSIS

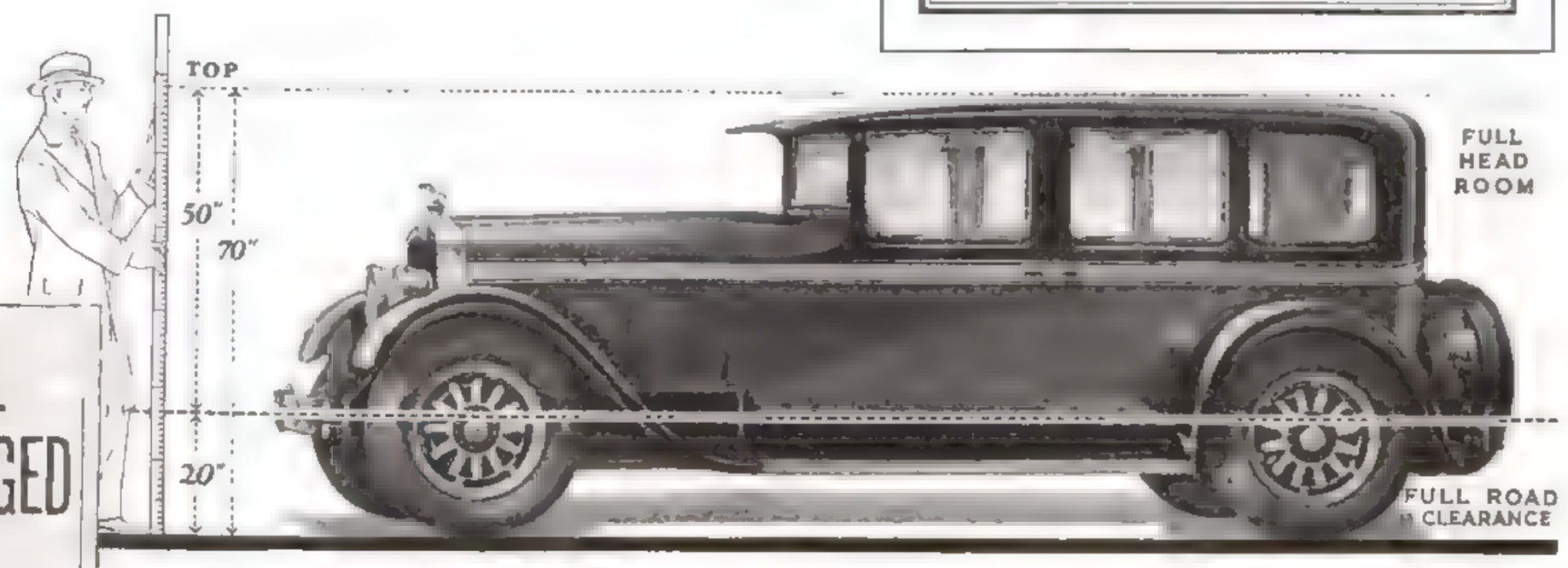
Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive



SAFETY CONTROL OF AUTOS URGED

Philadelphian Tells Conference Manufacturers Have Responsibility to Patrons

By a Staff Correspondent

Washington, March 23.—Establishment of a board of safety control composed of automobile manufacturers or their representatives was urged upon delegates to the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety at the opening session here today by Fred W. Johnson, director of the Citizens Safety Committee of Philadelphia.

Automobile manufacturers have a direct responsibility to their patrons in the matter of highway safety work, Mr. Johnson asserted, and every motor-car owner and driver has a right to expect the machine he buys is mechanically safe.

"It is a serious question whether manufacturers in the past have given adequate thought to the element of safety in the cars they have sold to the general public," said Mr. Johnson's communication submitted to Secretary Hoover, chairman of the conference.

"Over a period of years our motor-car manufacturers have stressed everything but safety features and every effort has been made by individual manufacturers to stimulate purchasing by speed tests.

STUTZ SAFETY CHASSIS

Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.

The automobile that anticipated this movement for safer cars

WHEN The NEW STUTZ was first presented to the public in January it was announced as the car with the *Safety Chassis.*

Back of this announcement was, first of all, a realization by Stutz executives of the need for cars of greater *in-built safety* in order to meet modern conditions of motor-crowded streets and roads.

This meant a fundamental re-designing of the current type of car; in fact, the creation of a distinctly new type—not merely the applying of a few protective devices.

That is why the worm-drive rear axle was, for the first time, adopted in an American car for the purpose of securing a much lowered center of gravity.

The floor boards of The NEW STUTZ are five inches to eight inches nearer the ground than conventional chassis design permits, achieved without lessening road clearance or headroom.

This radically lowered center of gravity necessarily imparts to The NEW STUTZ a stability and resistance to overturning far beyond anything heretofore known in a private passenger automobile.

A motor of phenomenally quick and alert acceleration was designed; a motor with great power so instantly responsive as to bring the car out of "tight places" with a truly astonishing "nimbleness".

A hydrostatic four-wheel braking-system of a new but thoroughly proven principle, developed and built by Timken, was adopted. Instant deceleration was thus achieved, with the braking energy more perfectly equalized than ever before thought possible.

Further adding to the safety of The NEW STUTZ Safety Chassis, its engineers designed what is admittedly the strongest and most rigid frame ever put in a private passenger automobile.

Integral with the frame, they incorporated steel running-boards, actually "side-bumpers". These, with steel bumpers front and rear, form a veritable armor-belt of steel about the car.

The Stutz body engineers contributed a safety body in keeping with the Safety Chassis. Steel was brought into the body construction, and slender, clear-vision front corner posts designed for the driver's aid. Safety glass was put into the windshield.

And so The NEW STUTZ anticipated the inevitable demand for safer automobiles now so commendably urged upon motor car manufacturers and the motoring public by Director Johnson of Philadelphia in his recommendations to Secretary Hoover.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc. *Indianapolis*

The gift that renews itself each day for many years

As the gift for graduation or the wedding anniversary, nothing is more frequently chosen than a good watch. And nothing could be more appropriate.

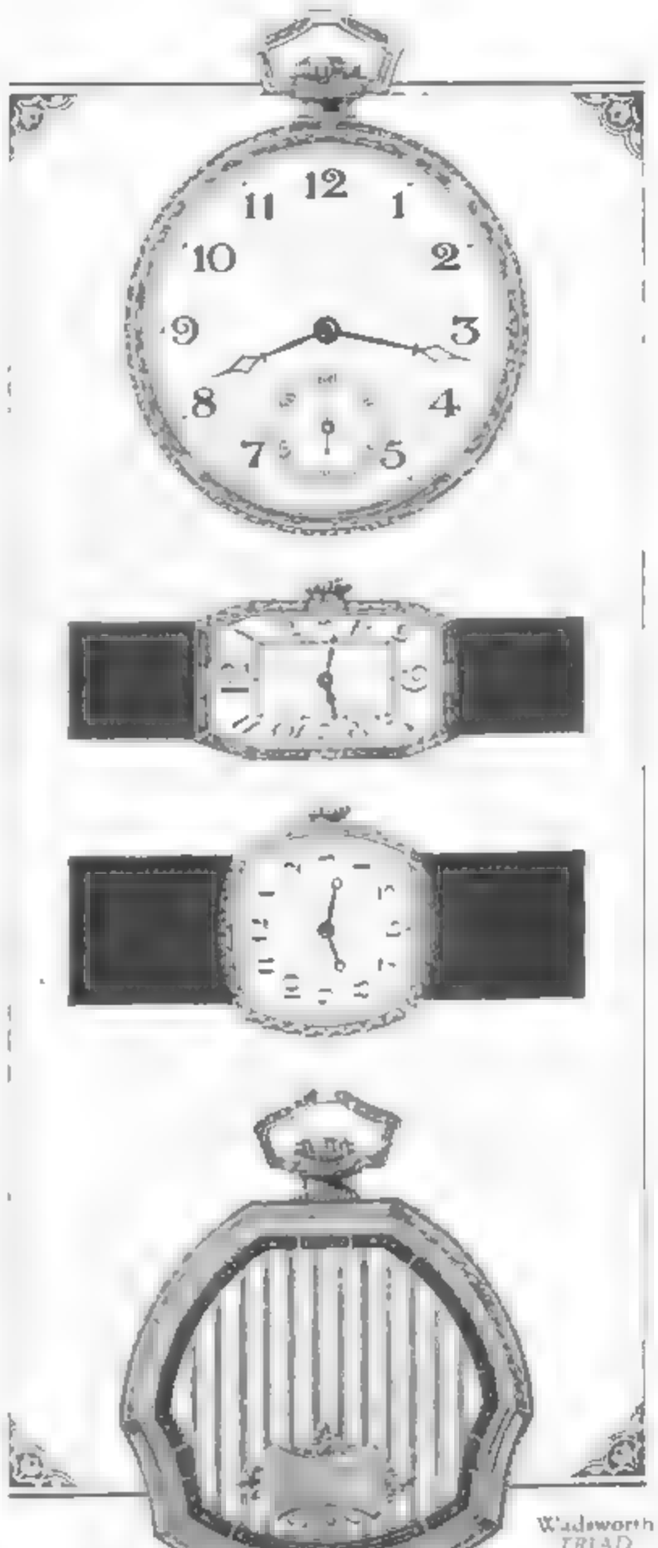
It is an article of enduring worth, a lasting reminder to its wearer of the occasion on which it was given.

It is an article of daily usefulness, consulted many times a day each day for many years. It is the one gift that constantly renews itself throughout a long lifetime of service.

The watch you select as a gift should be a dependable timepiece, of course. But you wish it also to give pleasure by its beauty.

You wish a gift like this to be so artistically sound in design that years of changing styles can never affect the pride with which it will be worn.

See that it comes in a case by Wadsworth, for thirty-five years the acknowledged style leaders in the dress of fine watches.



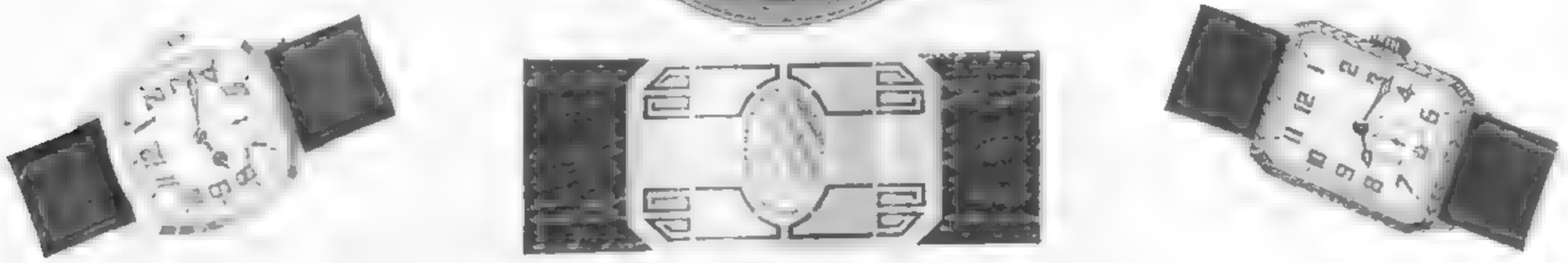
Among the many Wadsworth creations you will find a case sure to give pleasure, at a price quite within your means.

And the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to the protection of the intricate mechanism within.

Wadsworth Cases are available with all the leading watch movements. Hence the movement your jeweler recommends will probably be dressed in a Wadsworth Case.

But to make sure for your own satisfaction, ask to see the mark "Wadsworth Quality" before you make your purchase.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky. Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



The new Wadsworth Belt Buckle

Designed by the same artists, fashioned by the same skilful craftsmen, made of the same beautiful and lasting materials as Wadsworth Watch Cases. At your jeweler's, in a pleasing variety of designs. Gold filled $9 to $12; sets, $15 to $20. Sterling silver $2.50 to $7; sets, $5 to $12

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 146

might become a law, our manufacturers vigorously registered their belief that it was unnecessary and therefore unsound. In fact, quite a few of the substantial leaders in the industry were reluctant to believe that such an arrangement would be enacted as a law, and when such action took place a few days later it was a great shock to our industry. Our negotiations with the crude-rubber-growing interests through the medium of the Rubber Growers' Association of London early in 1923 brought forth the statement that the price levels of the scheme, that is, approximately thirty and thirty-six cents—which controlled the amount of releases each quarter—offered only a fair profit at the first level, particularly in consideration of the costs at that time, and, at the second and higher level, only the additional profit necessary to stimulate new planting which the British grower realized must take place if the world supply were to be kept on a basis necessary to meet the increasing consumption in the next few years.

"The controlling price levels established by the Stevenson scheme undoubtedly seemed high to American manufacturers, particularly for the reason that they represented a sharp advance over the prevailing market prices, even though they were substantially below prices prevailing normally prior to the depression period. However, it must be admitted that the low level—sixteen cents a pound—of the depressed period was undoubtedly much under the cost of production and it could not be expected that such prices would continue.

"American manufacturers, of course, could not approve the Stevenson-scheme price levels, not only on account of a varied opinion with respect to a fair estimate of the costs but because of the firm belief that the law of supply and demand should establish prices. Also, the great measures of apprehension regarding future supply undoubtedly influenced many manufacturers to believe that the price situation was of lesser importance.

"Our negotiations, however, did not bring about a change in the Stevenson scheme either with respect to its termination or the injection of a greater measure of flexibility which the American manufacturers believed absolutely necessary to avoid the fluctuation and high price levels which would be a natural concomitant of a speculative movement.

"We did receive from representatives of the growers quite unofficial but substantial assurances of the belief that the restriction authorities would not permit the scheme to operate so as to prevent relief in event of a speculative or runaway market, and undoubtedly a large number of manufacturers built their business on a considerable measure of faith in these assurances."

Why Keep the Lid On?

"However, when the need for such modification of the scheme developed early in 1925, and continued throughout the year, the changes necessary to deal with the situation existing at that time were not made; and the speculative elements had a glorious holiday, as was indicated by the high-price level of July, 1925, of $1.21 a pound.

"In the late fall of 1925 the British restriction authorities announced that on February 1, 1926, 100 per cent of the standard production provided by the scheme would be released, which represented 5 per cent in addition to the normal release, when the price in the preceding quarter averaged thirty-six cents or above. However, this 100 per cent release does not represent complete suspension of the operation of restriction, and it is the commonly accepted belief that full production will give approximately an additional 15 per cent.

"It cannot be said that the British have not been kept informed regarding the progress of crude-rubber consumption in the United States, as rather complete statistics respecting the progress of our industry, particularly crude-rubber consumption, have been furnished to the Rubber Growers' Association of London, and at other times to the British Government through their embassy at Washington, and also through other agencies.

"It should be clearly understood that the United States not only suffers through the speculative manipulation of the rubber markets and the consequent rapid rise in prices but wide fluctuation and the lack of stability arising from these conditions have prevented the full development of many new articles in which rubber is a substantial ingredient, and greatly retarded the production of others of proved value to the American public. It is doubtful if there are many raw materials which are so essential to civilization. This can best be realized by considering the fact that nearly 30,000 articles rendering essential service contain rubber as a major and necessary ingredient. Hence the great danger that comes from injecting artificial or regulatory schemes into such a vital situation.

"At this writing, the attitude of the American manufacturing industry toward the Stevenson scheme is the same as it has been from its inception. It is represented by a strong belief that the scheme should be abolished and that the law of supply and demand should be allowed to function. It is our firm belief that the steady and substantial growth of the rubber manufacturing industry in this and other countries may be confidently relied upon to keep the crude-rubber industry in a healthy and prosperous condition on an average, and that conditions resulting from such restrictive measures as the Stevenson scheme handicap the rubber manufacturing industry and will inevitably be detrimental to the crude-rubber interests."

A Poor Parallel

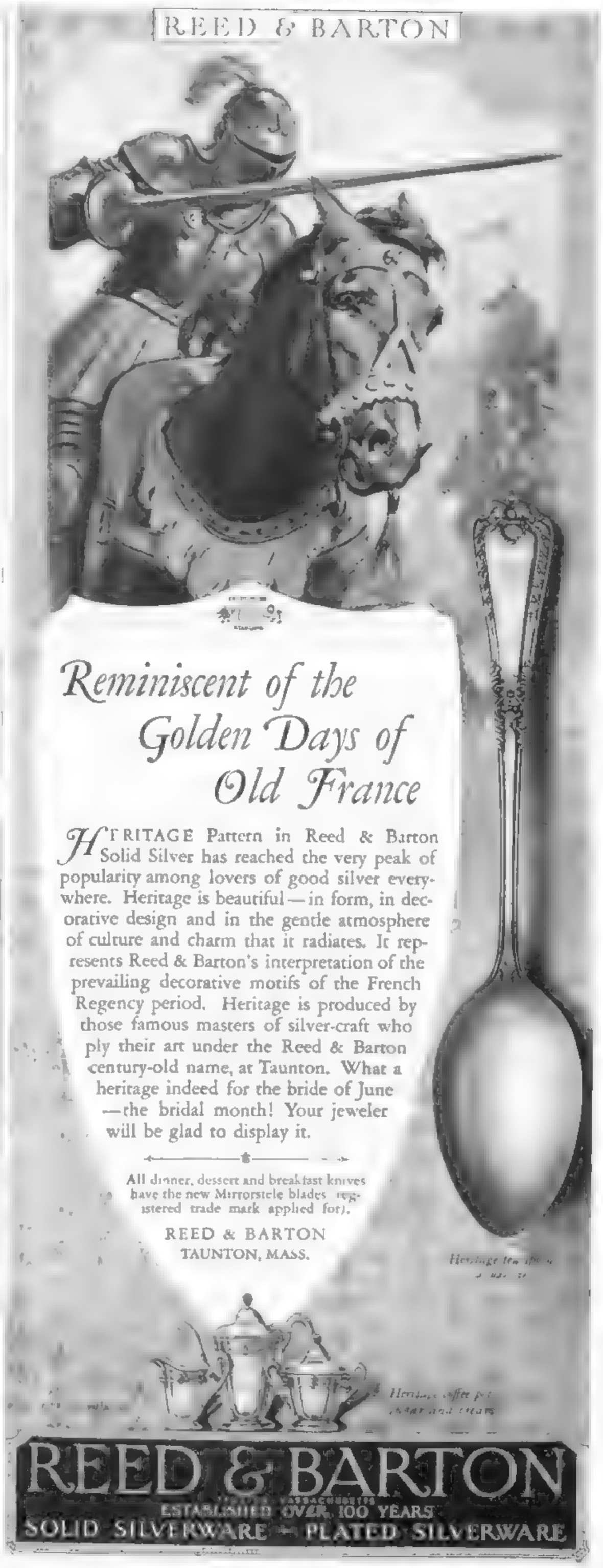
Though Mr. Weston's statement fully covers the American case, further facts may be brought out in substantiation. As with depreciated currency, there is no general objection to price levels as long as they are stationary. It is violent fluctuation that works the harm. Therefore American tire manufacturers affirm that a difference of thirty-five cents a pound for crude within a comparatively short period, especially in view of the necessity of keeping a four months' supply on hand, wipes out profit.

The fundamental objection, however, to restriction, on this side of the Atlantic, was that no matter how much above the established fair price—that is, thirty-six cents—the quotations average the maximum release provided for was only 10 per cent. The only exception made so far was on February first last, when an additional 5 per cent was allowed. If there had been any degree of elasticity in release during the boom, there would never have been such an orgy of high prices.

One more disclosure before we leave the issue of restriction. Practically every British rubber grower with whom I talked immediately said, "Why do you object to rubber control, when your Government stepped in and regulated agricultural products?"

This attempt to parallel the cautions issued by the Department of Agriculture to American wheat farmers in 1919 and the British Government's rubber restriction scheme is based on ignorance of the facts. What actually happened was this:

Under war stimulus, and for the purpose of feeding Great Britain and her Allies, the wheat acreage of the United States by 1919 had been increased to 76,000,000 acres, as compared with 50,000,000 acres in 1913. The warning of the Department of Agriculture to reduce this area by 14 per cent was in no sense compulsory, and our farmers were under no obligation to follow the advice if they did not choose to do so. Moreover, the suggested reduction would still have left our wheat area some 14,000,000 acres in excess of 1913. The results of the suggested restriction in no way endangered the world wheat supply, because both Australian and Argentine wheat farmers, who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Reminiscent of the Golden Days of Old France
HERITAGE Pattern in Reed & Barton Solid Silver has reached the very peak of popularity among lovers of good silver everywhere. Heritage is beautiful—in form, in decorative design and in the gentle atmosphere of culture and charm that it radiates. It represents Reed & Barton's interpretation of the prevailing decorative motifs of the French Regency period. Heritage is produced by those famous masters of silver-craft who ply their art under the Reed & Barton century-old name, at Taunton. What a heritage indeed for the bride of June—the bridal month! Your jeweler will be glad to display it.
All dinner, dessert and breakfast knives have the new Mirrorstele blades (registered trade mark applied for).
REED & BARTON
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REED & BARTON
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

Midnight at an air mail field—a thunderstorm in full play. Pencils of light sweeping the darkness to pick up the incoming plane.

On clean electrical contacts may depend the lives of the pilots, for a dead motor in flight means a perilous landing on unknown ground—and perhaps a fatal crash.

NICHOLSON Files are naturally chosen to do important jobs—the Tungsten Point files to clean electrical contacts. The mechanics know them all to be durable, keen cutting and absolutely dependable.

Throughout industry NICHOLSON Files are also used, and for hundreds of purposes in the home. Get them at your hardware dealer's and send for our booklet *"Files and What They Will Do for You,"* which will be mailed to you on request.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

~a File for Every Purpose

had been unable to market their production during the later years of the war owing to shortage of tonnage, held burdensome accumulated stocks.

While a voluntary reduction of some 14,000,000 acres of wheat from 1919 was effected in our 1920 crop, the area harvested in 1920 was more than 11,000,000 acres in excess of prewar; some 13,500,000 in 1921 and almost 12,500,000 excess in 1922. The benefit accrued mainly to Australia and the Argentine, while our wheat farmers, during the two ensuing years, passed through as severe a crisis as any experienced by British rubber growers. Although pressure was brought to bear for governmental aid, not so much as a subsidy was granted. The only official assistance rendered by the United States Government was to broaden the scope of our banking facilities, making additional credit accommodations available for American agriculturists along sound financial lines.

This action was in no way comparable to that resulting in the adoption of the Stevenson plan, which not only officially countenanced but also officially enforced the restriction of exports and the restriction of production.

In Publicity's Glare

Moreover, those who cite the action of the United States Department of Agriculture in 1919 as an example of governmental restriction apparently lose sight of the fact that the United States, at the urgent suggestion of Secretary Hoover, had announced its intention to decontrol wheat, which it did, with the result that the price of wheat in the United States declined from $3.16 a bushel in December, 1919, to $1.77 in December, 1920, and to $1.25 by December, 1923. Thus British consumers benefited at the expense of the American farmer.

During this period the United States spent well over $100,000,000 to feed starving European areas. Under Mr. Hoover's direction millions of starving children throughout Europe were saved. Wholly aside from the humanitarian aspect, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the stabilizing influence of these relief measures reacted as much—if not more—to the advantage of Great Britain as to our own benefit.

Any discussion of the larger problem of restriction inspires a pertinent comment on the present relation of Great Britain to world economic affairs. If you analyze the reasons for her one-time international commercial prestige, you find that it began after the Napoleonic Wars and was reared on iron, steel and coal. Now that this supremacy is seriously menaced in many quarters, she is turning to tropical products, notably rubber, to retrieve her power. Thus rubber has not only become a vital industrial bulwark but helps to safeguard the balance sheet, especially as to war debts.

There is still another phase. In the old days Britain depended upon individual initiative for a courageous pioneering that planted her men and her money wherever the trade winds blew. Today, due to the slow growth of socialism and the decay of the ancient social order, she is beginning to take refuge behind governmental action, of which her action in rubber is only one instance. In other words, individualism is being sapped by the inroads of communal effort and there is a negation of all the old standards.

Though there seems to be no escape from restriction, since the British have announced that the Stevenson plan is to remain in effect indefinitely, various factors have been at work to bring down the price of rubber. This deflation is full of significance, because it is another evidence of the power of publicity.

In December last the price of spot rubber in New York went to $1.10 a pound. On the day I write this paragraph, which is April twenty-third, the quotation is forty-eight cents. There has been a steady decline since the first of this year, the January low being 68.5 cents; February, 51; March, 53; and up to the middle of April, 47.5 cents.

Rubber shares also have dropped. By February first that high premium of 333 per cent of par had gone down to 273 per cent The market value still represented an increase of more than $1,000,000,000 over that of 1922.

The contributory causes are illuminating. First take publicity. The offensive against all government controls of essential commodities, of which rubber is only one, launched by Secretary Hoover last October focused interest on the evil. The American automobilist who had bought his tires without any previous knowledge of the cost of crude, suddenly sat up and took notice, with the result that an era of conservation began.

According to a survey made by the Department of Commerce, the reduction in tire consumption during the four months after the agitation began was 36 per cent, as compared with consumption in the corresponding period before. Though seasonal conditions were a factor, there is no doubt that motorists became and continue to be economical.

It is further emphasized by the fact that during the last three months the use of tire-repair materials increased approximately 42 per cent, and this economy has been going on ever since. The stocks of casings and inner tubes in the stores of the dealers were larger on April 1, 1926, than on the same date last year. On the other hand, gasoline-consumption figures indicate that the miles run by automobiles have not decreased, an indication that there has been real and effective conservation in tire use through timely repairs, more careful driving and improved manufacturing processes.

This consumer resistance is only part of the larger program of conservation that restriction and high prices of crude rubber have brought about. The second weapon perhaps the most important, because it is permanent—is in the increasing use of reclaimed rubber.

New Tires for Old

The average automobile owner gives little thought to his abandoned tire once it goes to the scrap heap. These scrap heaps, however, have become gold mines, because they are beginning to cut down our importation of crude. Manufacturers have reached the point where not a single tire, no matter how battered, gets away. Last January I saw 3,000,000 old tires and tubes—literally acres of them—collected at one point. They were capable of producing more than 18,000,000 pounds of rubber.

That tire manufacturers are keenly alive to the value of reclamation is shown by the increase in output. In 1923 we produced only 54,000 long tons of reclaimed rubber. A long ton is 2240 pounds. In 1925 the output was 142,000 long tons. By October 1, 1926, it is estimated, the producing capacity will be 238,000 long tons.

Whether it is doubtful economy to use more than 10 or 15 per cent of the reclaimed article is a matter of controversy among tire manufacturers. The larger fact is that salvaged rubber is becoming more and more an asset in combating the high price of crude. In rubber goods other than tires, a very much larger percentage can be employed.

The third agency that has helped to bring down prices is the accumulation of visible stocks in the United States and the United Kingdom. In July, 1925, they reached the low figure of 88,714 tons, with only 4000 tons in England, the chief reservoir. It was just about this time that the price began to soar. Since November, 1925, there has been a steady growth in supply, until there were 188,175 tons at the end of last March.

These three factors are already at work. A fourth is in the making and it bodes no good for British rubber control. It lies in a plan now being discussed by American manufacturers to syndicate their buying. They raise the point that if the British,

through governmental control, can practically bring about the creation of a single seller, then the logical way to meet the issue is to have a single buyer.

The advantages of a great national buying pool are obvious. Unity of purchase would keep a normal supply of rubber flowing into the country. In the event of sharp advance, a sufficient amount of crude could be dumped on the market to equalize the situation. By having large liquid capital reserves in the shape of a huge revolving fund, the whole industry could be kept on an even keel. Such a combination would not be in restraint of trade. On the contrary it would be an agency for the constructive bulwarking of an activity that reaches every citizen regardless of his social or fiscal status.

Between the combined reaction of the consumer and the manufacturer, there is every indication that American consumption of crude in 1926 will probably not much exceed that of 1925, when it aggregated 390,000 tons. The total world consumption for 1926 is estimated at 560,000 tons, while the crop will probably be about 630,000 tons. Thus an addition to world stocks will be shown for the first time in nearly five years. The excess of consumption over production during 1922–23–24–25 grew out of restriction and rapidly increasing absorption of crude. Due, however, to the small amount of new planting done in recent years, and to the increasing use of busses and trucks in the United States, and motor vehicles everywhere, a shortage is not unlikely.

If there is a slump in demand because of the increasing use of reclaimed, the conservation program that I have outlined and a possible decline in general business, there is nothing to prevent the British Colonial Office from again cutting down exports so that we shall once more find ourselves between the devil and the deep blue sea. That this is no idle speculation is evidenced by the announcement made in London on April twenty-sixth that if the price should go below forty-two cents a pound during the three months beginning May first, exports will be restricted to 80 per cent of the standard production.

In the end, the one best bet of the United States is to grow its own rubber. The publicity evoked by the results of restriction has aroused the country to its costly dependence on alien sources of supply. Just what we are trying to do in this respect, and are able to do, will be set forth in detail in a subsequent article, which will deal with our declaration of independence in all essential commodities. Meanwhile we shall have to plug along as best we can, always at the risk of a repetition of the conditions that made 1925 a jazz year in the industry.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with alien commodity control. The next will be devoted to coffee, potash, nitrates and other essentials.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 40)

And furious smoke for an hour or more;
Oh, could I only quit and stray
Over the hills and far away!

My wife knits, with an absent look
Fixed on a page of her fashion book.

Back to the grind I go again,
Batter the keys till half-past ten,
Then gnaw my pipe and clutch my hair
And rush outdoors for a breath of air.

When I return, my dear wife sits
And knits and knits and knits and knits.

The evening comes, and a blessed hush
Follows the long day's fevered rush;
All in, I slump in my easy-chair,
My nerves all shot; but over there ——

Placid as ever, my dear wife sits
And knits and knits and knits and knits.

How do they do it? I wish I knew!
Knitting and knitting the whole day through,
Knitting at night when the clock strikes ten;
Up in the morning and knitting again;
One day like this and a mere man—well,
He'd be locked up in a padded cell.

Patience of Job? You can bet your life
Job had nothing on my dear wife.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Our Lady Nicotine

ONE cannot help wondering how the elder dramatists wrote tragedy and comedy before the cigarette came into fashion. Take the cigarettes out of the average modern play and the action is ruined. Think how little would be left of that widely praised comedy of manners, She Did and She Didn't, if no tobacco was at hand. A sample of it follows:

SYLVESTER *(enters, l. e., tapping a cigarette on his wrist)*: And so, Helene, I have found you. *(He lights the cigarette.)*

HELENE *(shrugs her beautiful shoulders and reaches for a cigarette)*: And so you have found me. *(She lights the cigarette.)*

SYLVESTER *(flicking the ashes from his cigarette)*: And what have you to say for yourself?

HELENE *(takes a deep inhale and exhales slowly)*: What indeed?

SYLVESTER *(tosses cigarette in the fireplace)*: You have not answered my question. *(Takes fresh cigarette from his emerald-studded case.)*

HELENE *(tosses her cigarette into a brass bowl)*: What right have you to interrogate me?

SYLVESTER *(lights cigarette and studies the glowing tip)*: Every right in the world. *(Flicks ashes from cigarette.)*

HELENE *toys with a fresh cigarette)*: S-S-S-Sylvester, your manner is insulting. *(Lights cigarette and exhales through her dainty nose.)*

SYLVESTER *(smoking calmly)*: As one who has held you in my arms—*(pauses to inhale)* I should think ——

HELENE *(lights another cigarette and smokes both at once)*: Oh, that was only a petting party. *(She lights third cigarette and gives it to her trained poodle.)*

SYLVESTER *(throws his cigarette into the goldfish bowl and laughs as it hisses)*: In that case, woman, I bid you farewell. *(He lights a cigarette and exits, l. e.)*

HELENE *smokes steadily as the curtain falls.*

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

In the Broadcasting Manner

IF YOU enjoy a picture show
Sit down at once, with pen in hand;
Let those who did the "fillum" know
That you consider it "just grand."
Think how the poor producers wait
For letters that they never get;
Write to them that their work is great,
And they'll, of course, do better yet.

If you have liked the preacher's prayer,
Sit down and write without delay;
Your note will banish all his care,
And cause his spirit to be gay.
There's little joy in praying well
If not a thing eventuates,
So tell him he has rung the bell;
Send in the word for which he waits.

Don't give the butcher cause to feel
That he's a victim of neglect;
When you receive a hunk of veal
In quality and weight correct,
Dash off some cheerful little thing
To help him onward to his goal;
Let your appreciation bring
Delight to his artistic soul

—*S. E. Kiser.*

The Benjamin Franklin extends to you a personal travel service

IF YOU are planning to visit Philadelphia this summer by rail, water, or motor highway we invite you to write us for routes, et cetera.

Give us your point of departure, stating also points at which you wish to stop-over either coming or going, or, if your trip will extend beyond Philadelphia, let us know your final destination in addition to all stop-over points.

Intended date of departure, together with duration of entire round trip and of each stop-over en route should be included.

All desired information will gladly be mailed to you without any charge for the service. Please address Travel Department.

While you are in Philadelphia you are promised here at the Benjamin Franklin: Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs and thought upon your comfort, always; that is the motto of this house.

Horace Leland Wiggins
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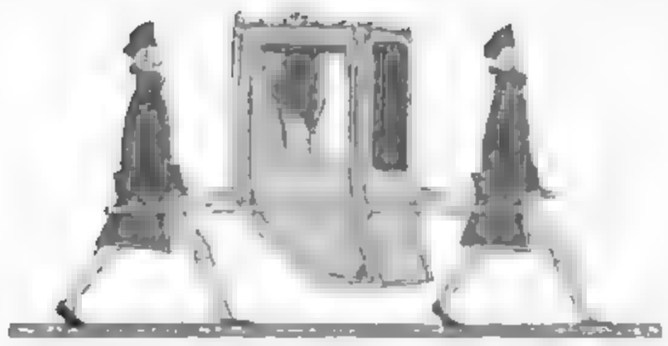
THE PROGRESS OF COACHWORK

THE LANDAU SEDAN



One of the earliest Sedans, an enclosed chair carried on poles. It derives its name from Sedan, France, where it was first adopted in Western Europe.

THE evolution of transportation vehicles is as rich in interest and speculation as the evolution of the human race. One can study and know the needs and desires of any age by studying the transportation facilities in use and the styles in vogue during that period.

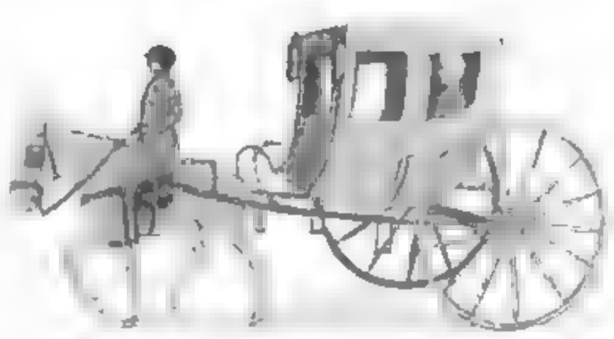
Back of every motor car body type that skims the highways today, there is a genealogy, a history of adaptations and changes and revisions to the changing needs of a people. The ox-drawn carts of India, the jinrikshas of Japan, the prairie schooners of early American days all represent the type of coachwork most adaptable to the needs of their period.

The Landau Sedan, one of the smartest body types of the current day, is a combination of the landau, which has a history of its own, and the sedan, which takes its name from a closed chair developed in Sedan, France. Artificers of the town of Landau, Germany, lay claim to the distinguished Landau, whereas others credit this regal coach to one Landow, an English coach maker of an earlier century.

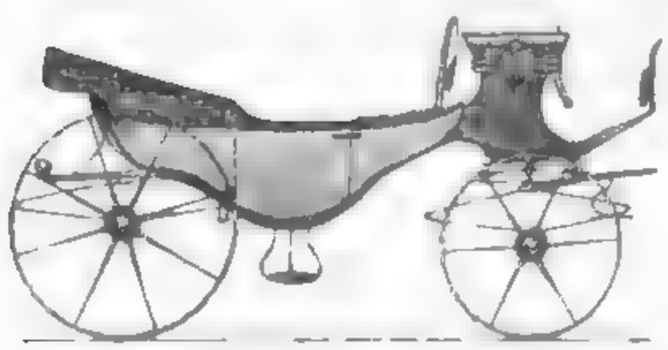
However, its exact origin appears of less importance than its destiny, and this body type has already achieved the favor in the public mind to which it was originally destined because it presents a grace and beauty of line and a symmetrical harmony scarcely approached in any other conveyance. Yet there are the comfort and privacy which have always been in demand by those who want transportation in its finer sense.

* * * *

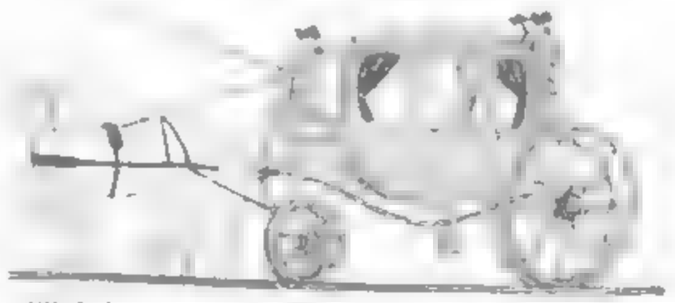
The Landau Sedan, as built by Hayes-Hunt, is an advanced interpretation of the modern day need and desire for luxurious transportation, and no other body type is more exemplary of the Hayes-Hunt ideal — Beauty, Service and Comfort. The bodies on Star Cars of today are an outstanding example of the beauty and harmony of line which Hayes-Hunt craftsmen are contributing to the motor car industry.



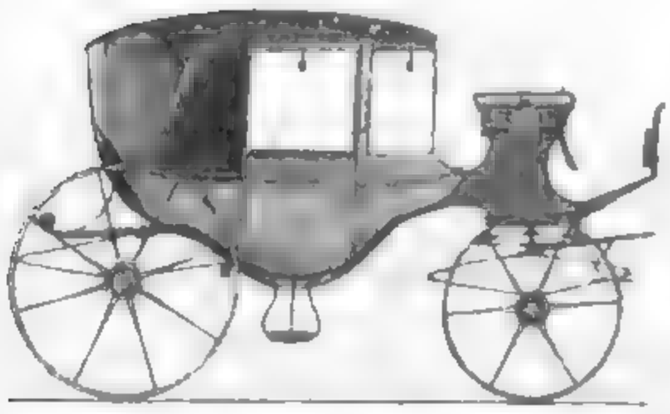
A Sedan chair mounted on wheels, one of the first adaptations of this popular body type to a more rapid means of personal transportation.



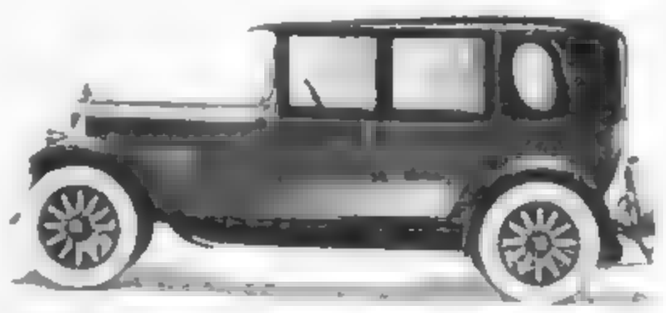
When the *élégantes* of an earlier century traveled abroad no finer vehicle could be shown to admiring crowds than the graceful open Landau.



With lackeys in front and rear the lady of high estate journeyed through town and countryside in her *four wheel* Sedan drawn by a prancing pair.



And when inclement weather threatened the gay bonnets and silk ruffles, milady summoned her coachman to bring forth her enclosed Landau



While today the comforts and refinements of coachwork, perfected through the centuries, are available to all, on fast moving, powerful motor cars.

HAYES-HUNT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

Beauty, Service and Comfort

BODY BY HAYES HUNT CORPORATION

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

SUPREMACY in POWER

Rated horsepower in a motor is only an index to its power possibilities. It is the power that is delivered to the rear wheels that makes the difference between motor cars. The Star Four and Six are designed for maximum power efficiency. Road tests prove that they have it, beyond any competing cars.

SUPREMACY in QUALITY

Quality in a motor car is beneath the paint — it is built in — into the chassis and into the body. Star car bodies, built by Hayes-Hunt, are universally recognized as the highest quality coachwork in the low-priced field. The Star chassis compares in every single unit with cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

NEW STAR SIX

CHASSIS	$650
TOURING	725
COUPE	820
COACH	880
SPORT DE LUXE ROADSTER	910
LANDAU SEDAN	975

IMPROVED STAR FOUR

COM. CHASSIS	$470
ROADSTER	540
TOURING	540
COUPSTER	610
COACH	695
SEDAN	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

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SUPREMACY in VALUE

Plants.
Elizabeth, N. J., Lansing, Mich
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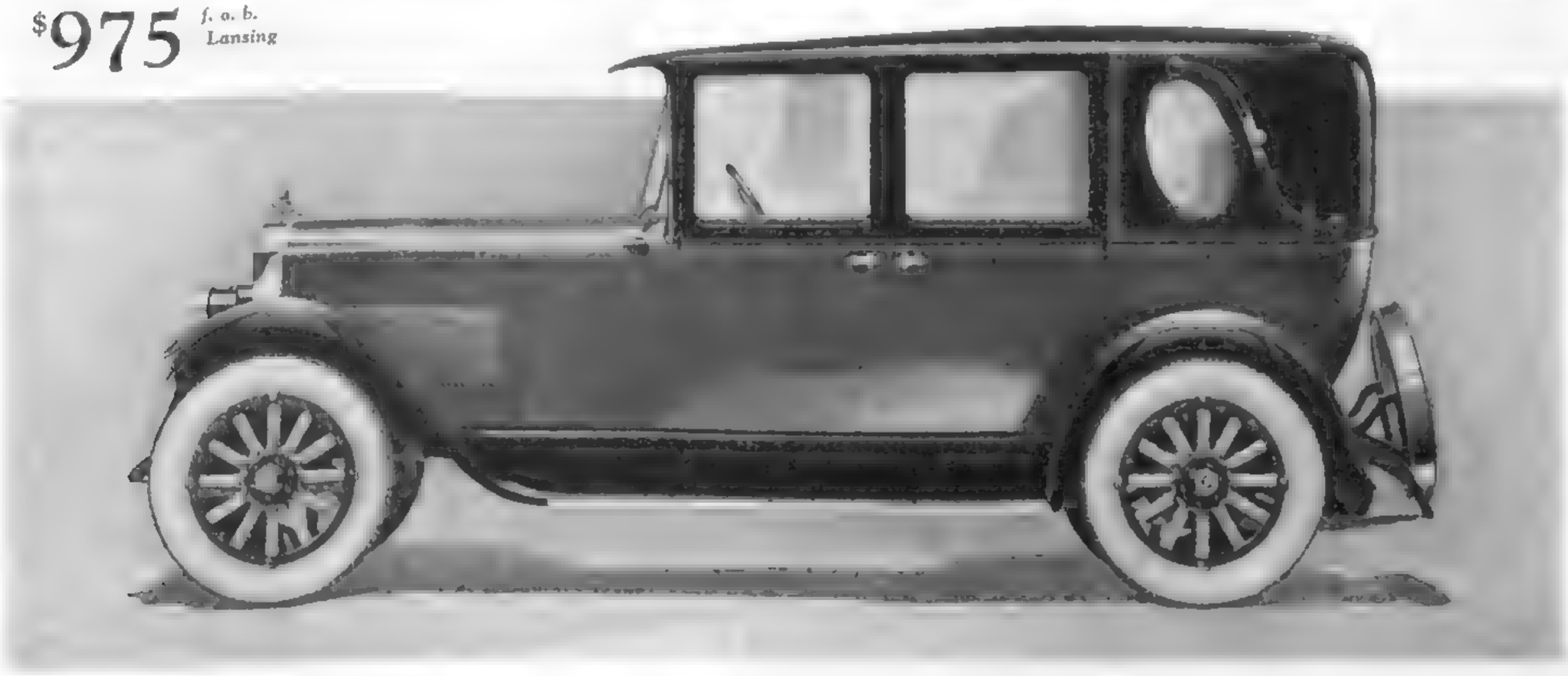
Power and Quality Supremacy of Star Cars would make supremacy in value even at much higher prices. Yet the Star line offers the world's lowest priced Six and the world's most economical Four. Any Star Car dealer will gladly demonstrate the Power, Quality, and Value Supremacy of the Star Four or Six.

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico

NEW STAR SIX
Landau Sedan
$975 *f. o. b. Lansing*



NORTHEASTER

A *Real* Magnetic Horn

"New Car?"

"Nope. Same one with its face lifted—a little fresh paint and a NORTHEASTER.

"And believe me this new Horn sure has a voice. You've got to show me where you can match it for anywhere near the money."

The Horn That Lasts

The NORTHEASTER with its vibrant, distinctive tone is the last word in high-frequency magnetic horns. It is built with the characteristic NORTH EAST ruggedness that has made NORTH EAST *the standard for dependability and long life* in the automotive equipment field for over fifteen years.

NORTH EAST
AUTOMOTIVE STARTING LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT
FRACTIONAL HP MOTORS HORNS SPEEDOMETERS
ROCHESTER · ATLANTA · CHICAGO · DETROIT · NEW YORK · KANSAS CITY · SAN FRANCISCO · PARIS · LONDON · TORONTO

THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALCOOLY

(Continued from Page 39)

Dissonant intervals, loaded with kick-ups.
And a wash-boiler solo, suggestive of polo,
Played by mad tinsmiths afflicted with hiccups.

He saw a large placard, red-lettered to say,
Paul Whiteman's Orchestra Here for Today.
A glance from the balcony—oh, what a view!
Floorful of dancers with bodies askew.
Elbows disjointed, toes inward pointed,
Acting like Balaam's wild nephews and nieces,
Shaking themselves into very small pieces.
Blaa-blaa!
Taa-ta-raa!
Bam!
Slam!
Then a sweet little instrument gave a melodic
Toot, with a promise of something methodic,
When *Jar!*
In the midst of a bar,
Suddenly chopped,
It stopped.

Oh what a blow to our senator gentle,
Musical-minded and temperamental!
Wet was his eye, dry was his sigh,
As he turned to his desk and his purpose so high.
Though the music went pitty-pat, spitting and hitting
The edge of his brain where the nerve ends were splitting,
Chilling, disarming him,
Subtly alarming him,
Nevertheless, by its spell it was charming him.
Yet stern was his face, without flinch, without quiver,
As he turned to the speech he was pledged to deliver.

The Modernist Influence in After-Dinner Speaking

The banquet room was crowded—
What banquet room is not?
Beneath an arch of roses
The famous guest was sot.

Preliminary speeches
Were memorized or read—
All you who've been to banquets
Will know just what was said.

And then the grave toastmaster,
Expressing calm delight,
Remarked, and none denied it,
"We have with us tonight."

And added, "Who among us
Of any creed or sex
Knows not the gift forensic
Of famous Brother X,

"Whose oratory classic,
Rich, dignified and grim,
Endears him to the household
And makes us proud of him?"

This being the signal, the senator rose.
High were his eyebrows and high was his nose.
Yet men of the press were the first ones to guess
That something had happened, was working a change,
Making the senator frightfully strange.
When he came to his feet both his elbows and knees
Jigged to a rhythmic St. Vitus disease.
Wasn't it queer? Though cheer followed cheer,
All he could hear
Was that Paul Whiteman band in his musical ear!

Both his coat and his throat seemed to throb like a boat
To the magical note of some mystic tin pan.
As he shimmied his heft, kicking twice to the left
And thus his now famous oration began:
"Oo! Oo! *Bam!*
A-baby bulloo, a-baby bulloo-eyes,
Whacha gonna doo, poodle-oo,
When the boo—boo—boogie man gets yoo-oo
In the Constitution—ution, which we ought to defend
As well as a——
a——
a——
a-mend?
All those horrid, torrid, florid, pain-in-the-forehead,
Foreign nations,
Acting *Bad!*
Make me doo-dad mad—mad.
Doo-doo-doo, twiddle-doo, twiddle-doo—
With a Yankee doodle-doo, ain't it true too?
Bang! Bang!
Lion in the zoo after *Who? You!*
But the honey—honey bunnie, when you see 'em actin' funny
Doncha lend 'em money——
For that only foreign loanly sort o' look,
Get the hook. Yell, crook!
Every day is pay day; catch 'em in their heyday—
Doncha bungle. Make 'em pungle up. *Up!*
And it wouldn't do no harm, do no harm—harm
When they're sore
As a boil,
And they roil
And they roar
Then we'll ask 'em to disarm.
Bzzzzzzzt *$! WOW!
I'm as happy as a cricket. At-a-ticket——"

Of the rest of his speech there's no record extant,
For it seems that the audience caught the infection
And the next that they knew they were up, two by two,
Doing the Charleston in every direction.
They skipped and skeedaddled, knee-knocked and straddled
While the senator, still to his argument saddled,
Razzed it, jazzed it, Gatti-Casazzed it.
Until, when the dawn through the curtains shone gray,
He hoarsely proclaimed, "And in closing, I'll say,"
His hearers, wild, clamoring up to his chair,
Clasped his faint hand with the cry, "Put 'er there!"
And they vowed in their lives they had ne'er been addressed
By a statesman whose views were so clearly expressed.

But when he was safe on the Pullman next day
The senator, sober as latter October,
Thought of his case in his logical way:
"If modernist methods are taking their part
In music and poetry, drama and art,
Why can't syncopation
Improve the oration,
Thus giving much-needed thrills to my nation?
Suppose in the Senate I tried for a while
A short filibust in the Paul Whiteman style—
What effect would it make? Would it go, would it take?
At least"—here his look was as sly as a snake—
"I'll bet twenty cents it would keep 'em awake!"

284 *The Book of Hosiery*

A MAN'S lucky number, with no gamble in it, is this remarkable number 284, one of the most satisfying "he-man's socks" that even Phoenix has ever built.

It has style to marvel at, and a color choice that is one of the season's talked-about things. It is long-mileage hosiery, made of tenacious strands of pure Japanese silk, with an extra mileage foot, including the clever *tipt-toe* and *tipt-heel*, supplying important reinforcements where most needed.

Ask your Phoenix retailer for number 284, which sells everywhere for 75 cents a pair, and eliminate all hosiery gamble.

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Announces new models with

Direct Subtraction

Every Sundstrand machine represents the highest combination of inventive genius, skillful workmanship and enduring quality that is possible to embody in the construction of an adding machine. No amount of labor or money is spared to maintain this standard.

Model 8000
$100

For Adding—Listing—Multiplying. Adding Capacity 999,999.99, Automatic Shift Multiplication, One Hand Control, Speedy 10 Key Keyboard, Automatic Sub-Totals. Totals printed in Red.

1758
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New Model 8020
$125

For Adding — Listing — Subtracting — Multiplying. Capacity 999,999.99. Same Feature Equipment as Model 8000 but with *DIRECT SUBTRACTION.*

8157
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Direct Subtraction!

New Model 8024
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Same Features as Model 8020 but records actual figures of Credit (Negative) balance with Credit Balance Symbol.

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Without expense or obligation on my part kindly send me detailed information about the "New Sundstrand"

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Firm _____

Street _____

Town _____

THE CREAM OF HEARTS

Continued from Page 11

death, that interest might be liquidated within a stated time or the business continued if the heirs or assignees wanted. Mr. Jayne, it would be clear as clear. And look, if it collapsed, your investment could be recovered before any division of the partnership assets."

That he recognized was true. With Miss Banks, he was safe enough. Besides that, he wanted to keep some connection with her. He was old and there was very little actually personal and pleasant in his existence.

"One of us could sign all the obligations," she continued, "and I'd get the necessary state and city licenses." And she would draw an incidental salary, he added. The interest on his capital investment, she cried. Suddenly John Jayne began to laugh. He laughed until it was apparent that he was weak. Tears ran over his spare cheeks and his body shook. He started to choke and Miss Banks hurriedly brought him a glass of water. She regarded him anxiously.

"I was thinking," he gasped—"I was thinking of my son Arthur. If he ever found out! The Jaynes and a beauty parlor! Selling a what-you-might-call-it. A face cream. A sort of cream of hearts."

The whole truth was that Mrs. Arthur Jayne was decidedly nervous. There were two reasons for this—one Arthur, and the other the fact that she was taking her first beauty treatment. She sat in a small room beautifully decorated in tones of dull gold, with a towel about her shoulders and her hair bound back from the lotions and creams succeeding each other on her face. At present Miss Mona, who had her in charge, was paddling her throat with a quick succession of small sharp blows which interrupted her breathing.

"You must tell me if the treatment seems severe," Miss Mona remarked. "Sometimes it does the first time." Mrs. Jayne brought herself to say that it was just a little hard. While this was going on, her face was stiff with a preparation called the Soul of the Palm. It seemed there was an essence in palm trees immensely beneficial to the special pores of the face. It wasn't a pore cleanser; no, indeed; nor was it the liquid stimulant Juvelena that followed. No, it was a mask of Soul of the Palm and it preceded those others, a preparation for them. Ann Jayne's cheeks felt as though they had been changed into a hot wood. She was extremely uncomfortable and hoped the result would justify the trouble, even the risk, she had taken.

"I said to my aunt, 'It's no picture fit for you,' and she answered she'd like to know why not." Miss Mona was speaking. "She's that young! Eighty-one! Why, she outlived her son easy when he died, and he lived to be fifty-eight. His widow went back to Iowa and I said to my aunt, her mother-in-law, 'Iowa's where she belongs. It's for the best. Nothing suits her here,' I said. 'Nothing you do for her is right.' But Aunt Ettie said we wasn't to judge her. She's always like that. The grandest Christian. I can't tell you how often that woman left the gas stove burning and Aunt Ettie would just turn it out. Not a severe word from her

"There, it's time to wipe off the Soul of the Palm. Always wipe with an upward circular motion. That brings the fullness away from the chin and holds the skin around the eyes and at the temples. The Soul of the Palm should be applied once a day, during the night treatment. The Pore Cleanser is absolutely essential next. It enters into and cleans the pores. The pores are little holes in the skin used for breathing, and if they are stopped up the skin can't breathe and assumes a muddy look to it." Miss Mona removed the essence of the palm with an upward circular movement and vigorously applied the Pore Cleanser.

"Do all I can," she continued, "I can't keep Aunt Etta in bed in the morning. I tell her, 'Aunt Etta, it's no use for you to get up when I go. Just you stay in bed and let me fix you a pretty tray.' But do you think she'd do it? Why, she's up before I am, and the coffee on. 'Time enough when I'm old,' she tells me. And her over eighty now. And so I said to her, 'Well, I told you not to go. I said you wouldn't like it.' What the world was coming to she didn't see. Her brother Fred was different. He was a gas-plant engineer and traveled everywhere. I always thought he took liquor, but we mustn't judge him, Aunt Etta said. Whenever I saw him he was dressed pretty gay. Made a lot of money, but couldn't keep it. I doubt if he sent his sister ten dollars in his life. He's gone too now. He was traveling in the West and felt dreadful bad on the train and had to be taken off."

After the Soul of the Palm, the Pore Cleanser stung sharply. Miss Mona was relentless. Mrs. Arthur Jayne hoped again that she would be sufficiently repaid. Her presence at a Banks Beauty Center was far more significant than it appeared. In reality, it was an act of revolt against Arthur. At last she had felt that if she didn't do something to preserve her personality it would be lost forever. She had been married twenty-three years and this was the first independent breath she had drawn. After all, it wasn't so terrible. She was simply having an elaborate massage. It was natural for her to want to look as fresh as possible. There was a very great deal that Arthur didn't understand. But it was useless to try to change him.

Anyhow, there was no actual reason why he should know about it. Why should he? she demanded of herself. At the same time she was nervous. Never before since her marriage had she moved without consulting him, or at least following what she realized would be his wish. She was forced to admit that the result of this had been disastrous. Canda showed her that every day. Canda frankly regarded her father as something out of a museum. She paid no attention whatever to his commands, and more often than not she laughed at him. She came in whenever she pleased at night and calmly lied to him afterward. Ann admitted to herself that she didn't know whether Canda brought her more worry than pleasure or more pleasure than worry. Like Arthur, she was a little afraid of her. Canda had asserted that her father was a hick and Ann secretly wondered what she thought of her.

Miss Mona said: "The Pore Cleanser comes off with a firm upward pressure and you have the application of Juvelena. It should be used every day in the morning treatment." The Juvelena was rather pleasantly scented. "But none of this will help the face without the paddling. That is the foundation of the treatment. The circulation of the blood is very important," Miss Mona asserted. "I am not going to give you the egg mask. The palm lotion will be enough at present and we'll take the ice at once." The Juvelena was mild, but the ice was like the scraping of a knife.

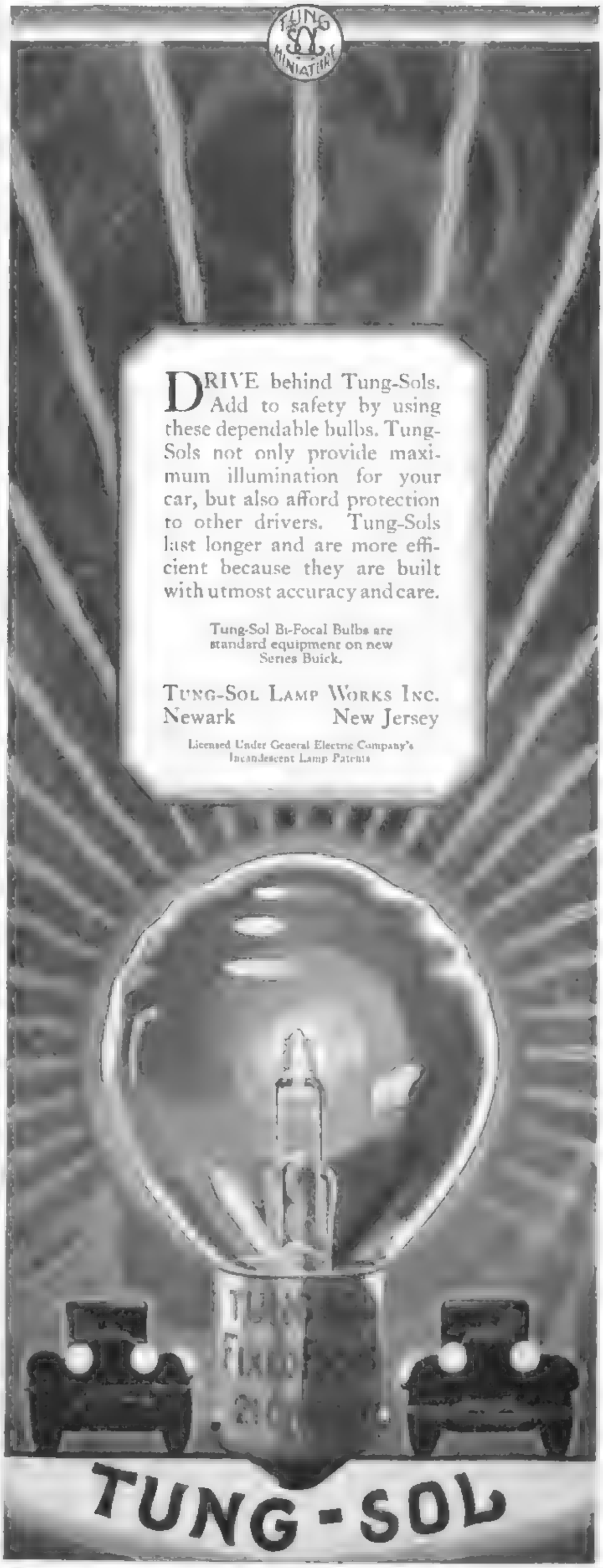
"What is this for?" Mrs. Jayne asked.

Miss Mona smiled. "It gives the firmness," she explained. "It closes the pores and tones the whole skin. And now a quick light rub with Celestella. That imparts brilliancy to the complexion and we'll finish with the Cream of Hearts. Miss Banks' treatment always includes that. It's her most valuable preparation. We always advise the use of it for both morning and evening."

There was a knock on the door and Miss Mona admitted a small woman in an effective plain hat and a loose coat of chinchilla tied with points of black ribbon.

"Oh!" Miss Mona exclaimed. "Here is Miss Banks herself." She was plainly flustered by that supremely important appearance.

"But I am not Miss Banks for you, Mrs. Jayne. You know me as Mrs. Osbert Latta. I had to come in just for a second and say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DRIVE behind Tung-Sols. Add to safety by using these dependable bulbs. Tung-Sols not only provide maximum illumination for your car, but also afford protection to other drivers. Tung-Sols last longer and are more efficient because they are built with utmost accuracy and care.
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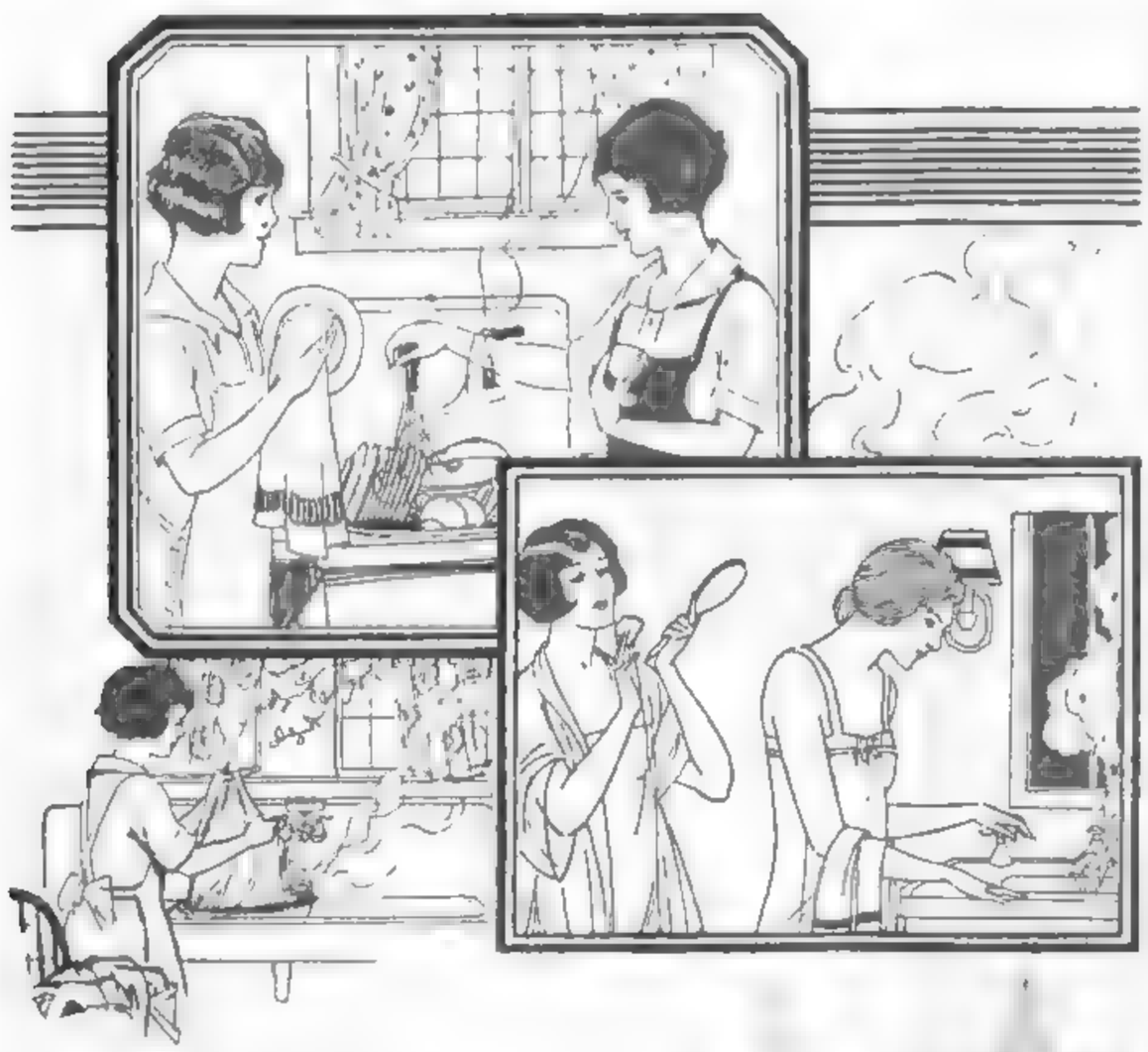
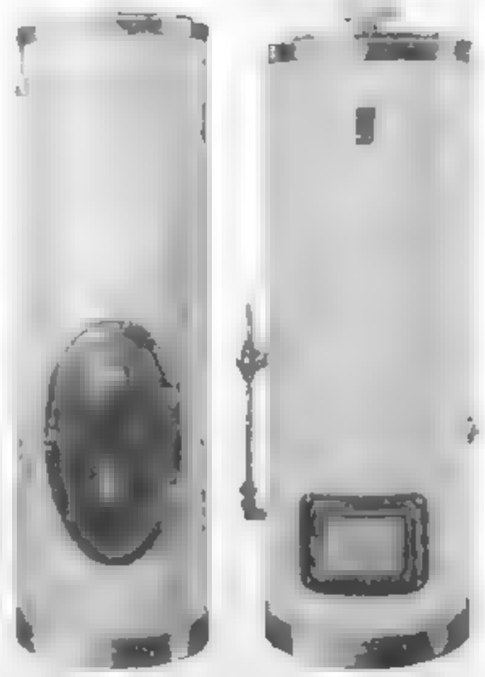


Plenty of Hot Water at lowest cost

You are assured this convenience day and night, for a few cents a day for fuel, when you have an Ideal ARCO Tank.

The Arco Tank is built like an immense Thermos bottle, to hold water hot. The Automatic Thermostat Control maintains just the degree of temperature you desire.

Arco Tanks can be placed in the kitchen or basement and in winter can be connected with the heating plant and used as a hot water storage tank.



Coal Burning Arco Tank

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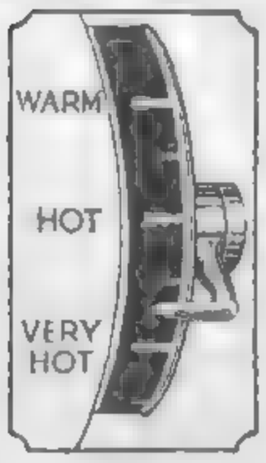

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Made in six sizes—for gas $66 and up, or for coal $84 and up—a size to meet every requirement for homes and other buildings. $10 down—10 months to pay. See sample at your local heating and plumbing dealer's store. Clean, safe, odorless, compact and beautifully enameled.

We shall be pleased to send you a booklet describing this new method of heating water if you will fill in and mail the coupon.

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Makers of IDEAL BOILERS *and* AMERICAN RADIATORS

DIRECT MAIL ADVERTISING DEPT. 6, 1807 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your new booklet telling about the new way to heat water.

Yours very truly,

Name

Address

City State

how pleased I was to have you here, and ask after Mr. Jayne's father. I couldn't begin to tell how much I owe him or how happy I was as his secretary."

"We don't hear often," Mrs. Arthur Jayne admitted. "We wish he would come home. He's been in England long enough for his age. But he won't listen to anyone, as you'll remember."

Mrs. Latta replied that she had never had the slightest difficulty in getting along with Mr. John Jayne. She hoped that Miss Mona was entirely satisfactory. However, all her girls were good. She was very fortunate to have them.

When she had left, Miss Mona declared that Miss Banks was the grandest woman alive. "We'd just rub our fingers off for her, and did you notice the chinchilla wrap? Not a stitch goes on her that isn't imported or made special."

Sitting at dinner with her father and mother, Canda Jayne was so absorbed in thought that she was scarcely conscious of the presence of others. At best, her parents had but brief measures of her attention. She spoke to them when it was necessary for their enlightenment and in the ordinary routine of existence. Aside from that, their lives scarcely touched hers—specially in problems that were personal and serious to Canda.

At present she had made the important discovery that she might be in love; or rather, if she permitted herself, she would decidedly be. That was characteristic of her. Canda considered that she had her emotions splendidly in hand. Ordinarily she didn't mind love. It was not a novel experience. But now she was twenty-one and it was time she reached some conclusion about the future.

She really ought to be thinking of marriage. Well, there was no objection to that; the trouble was with Meggs Daly. It was Meggs she could very easily be in love with and she wasn't sure how permanently desirable he would be. It's different getting married from a party, she reminded herself. And Meggs was wild. Or at least he had been wild. She admitted he had said that was all over. In a way, he had almost convinced her. His manner had been impressive. But could he or anyone else stop being one thing and become another? Her brain answered that it was an impossibility, but her desire avoided such cold logic.

Canda intended to be happily married. It could be done if you used your head and understood men; if you had the right man to understand. Meggs had done badly in school and worse in college, and the years immediately succeeding were not reassuring, until he had fallen for her. He didn't look wild. He had a good jaw and a straight hard body, and she had seen him beat up a heavy taxi driver after a long and very intense struggle. Cocktails and whisky didn't bother him—not much. The question was, could he be made into a success? Canda knew that she wouldn't stay attached to a failure. There would be nothing to hang onto. You just couldn't be married to a man who was weak.

She began to analyze Meggs' wildness and found that it consisted mostly in losing at once what were undoubtedly good jobs. But then he always found others. And now he had been promised a position with the Deacon Company, the largest advertising firm in the city. There was a little catch in it somewhere, but the offer was actual. And Meggs had informed her that when he was with the Deacon Company he would insist on her marrying him. He might do it. I might do it, she thought. The point was that she'd insist on being perfectly reasonable.

It never occurred to Canda to ask her father and mother about all this. She regarded them as peculiarly helpless people. They didn't seem to know what it was all about. Arthur always objected to everything and Ann agreed with him. That was a complete description of them. They didn't use their heads, but only their emotions, and consequently saw life either through prejudices or soaked in sentiment. No, they wouldn't do. If she'd let them, they would ruin her in a week. But about Meggs?

"Ann"—she heard her father's voice, because it was suddenly and unexpectedly raised—"Ann, have you got a fever?"

"Why, no, Arthur," Mrs. Jayne answered quickly. "What made you think of that?"

"Your face is so red and strange looking."

Canda gave her mother a casual glance. "Fever? Certainly not," she said crisply. "She's had a facial." Mrs. Jayne's look was both angered and appealing.

"And what is a facial, Canda?" Arthur Jayne demanded. "What do you mean?"

She replied, "It's just that—a facial."

"It's a massage, Arthur," Ann told him. "I was tired out and thought it would make me feel fresher."

Canda considered this. If her father was ever to be stirred into an attitude of ordinary humanity, wasn't this the time? It was evident that Ann would do nothing for his good or her own.

"That's nonsense, of course," she announced. "Why don't you simply tell him that you went to a beauty parlor and had a treatment? Probably it was at a Banks Beauty Center, with Juvelena and Cream of Hearts. Well, why not?"

"Juvelena!" her father echoed her. "Cream of Hearts! Ann, is that true? Have you been to one of those sinks?"

Yes, she admitted in a small voice, she had. "After all, Arthur, there's no harm in having my face rubbed, is there? I mean, if I really want to, if I think it's necessary."

"Harm!" he spoke satirically. "Harm! Have you looked at yourself since? Have you an adequate idea of how your face appears? Have you? It's a great deal like the brick wall of a garage. As red as that and quite as attractive. Your whole expression is changed, hardened. I didn't suppose you could be so—so cheapened. A beauty center! I take it you are dissatisfied with your age and with mine. You want to seem younger."

"No, Arthur," she returned with a faint glow of spirit, "I just wanted to keep on looking as well as possible. I'm sorry if it wasn't successful. Lots of women ——" She broke down. "I don't have to go again."

"Yes, you do," Canda instructed her. "I'll take you there myself tomorrow. I should say one a day for a month."

"Keep still, Canda," her father ordered. "I will come to you in a moment. What I object to"—he returned to his wife—"is the utter lack of dignity; I might say of decency. And you know what I think of all that. A woman should be quiet and retiring. I will not subscribe to the present fashion of looking disreputable, like a moving-picture person."

"Did you bring back a jar of Cream of Hearts?" Canda asked.

"Certainly not," Ann Jayne said positively.

Canda smiled. "Have it how you like. Only, I know the Banks places. Usually you are followed home by an express wagon."

"Probably you go there, too," her father said heavily. "Trying to look young!"

"About next year," Canda informed him. "I'll be twenty-two then and go to bed in a chin strap."

Her father began to say that as long as she was in his house ——

"Don't be degrading," she stopped him. "It really isn't too convenient living here. I'd a sight rather be working and have a room somewhere until I'm married. I don't really see how mother stands it, or you either. Why don't you keep your face out of her creams anyhow?"

"Canda"—Mrs. Jayne was deeply shocked—"you must not talk to your father that way. I don't understand what gets into you."

"I simply wanted to make this clear," the girl went on. "If you didn't approve of

(Continued on Page 161)

Richardson's MINTS

They're pure

The "Chain Store" comes into its own

EVERY DAY more people are awakening to the virtues of chain stores.

5 and 10¢ · Grocery · Drug Stores

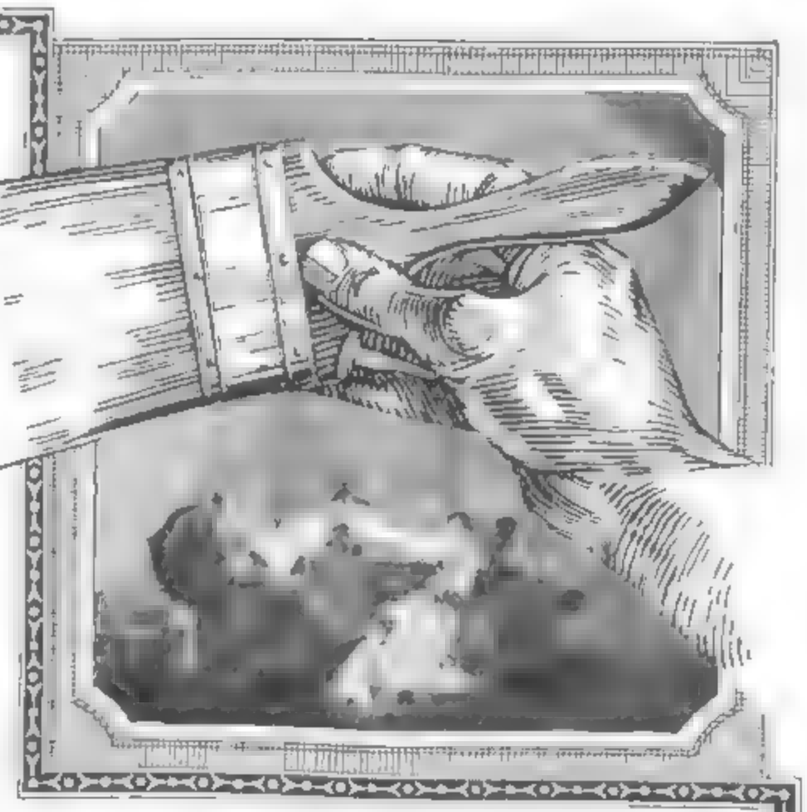
All buying more economically. All selecting more wisely. All with their finger on the pulse of the people—aiming to please—determined to give satisfaction. Insisting on *reliable* quality products.

Today millions of people are buying Richardson's Mints from thousands of chain stores.

To be perfectly sure you get the genuine, ask for

Richardson's MINTS

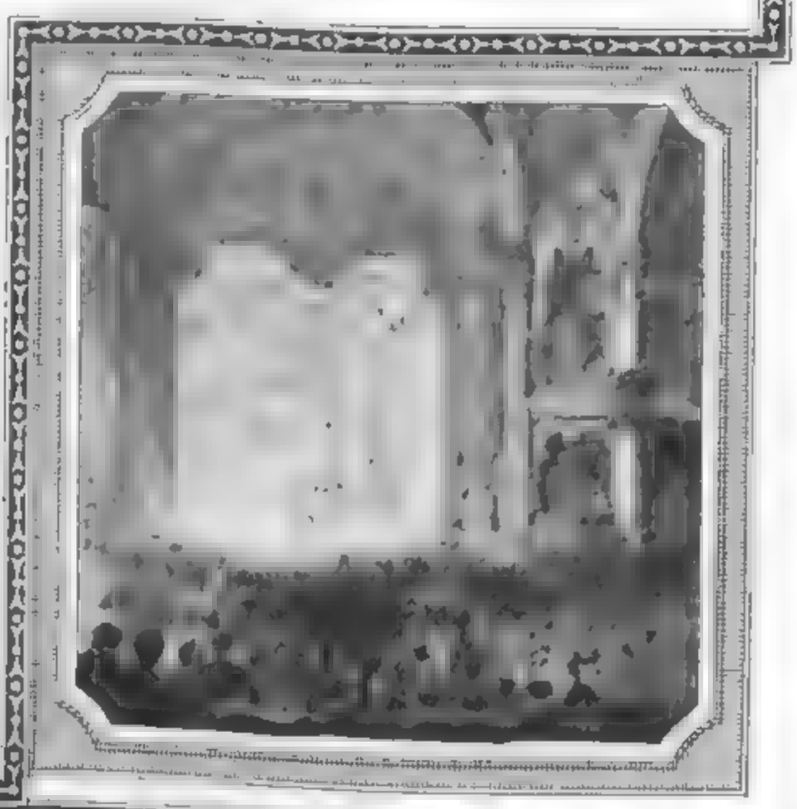
THOS. D. RICHARDSON CO., Philadelphia



"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Health has few allies, disease few enemies more powerful than the paint brush



© 703 Save the Surface Campaign, 1926

THERE could be no evidence more convincing, of the importance of paint and varnish to health, than their systematic use by hospitals—all hospitals. Where sanitation is most important—where people are crowded together, as in schools and trains, public buildings, ships and hotels—there paint and varnish are invaluable guardians of health. Disease lurks in dirt and darkness. Paint and varnish bring light and cleanliness. Disease most fiercely attacks those who neglect hygiene. Paint and varnish strongly influence personal cleanliness. The philosophy of the paint brush is inseparable from the philosophy of mental and bodily well-being. When you save the surface, you act to save not property alone, but that which makes it worth while to own property—good health.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

(Continued from Page 158)

me, it would be the easiest thing in the world to fix. What you seem to miss is that I'm me and you're you. We're not parts of an old-fashioned whisky cocktail and only belong together. You don't guard or take care of me, you know. And I can always find money."

She paused at the entrance of a servant with a cablegram. Obviously relieved at even a temporary escape from the disturbance about him, Arthur Jayne tore it open. His face changed and he half rose from the table.

"Ann, it's—it's father." In an instant she was beside him. She read the cable.

"Oh, Canda," she cried, "your grandfather is dead! So far away from us and alone!"

Benedict Henry stopped in his enumeration of the estate of the late John Jayne to glance sharply at Jayne's son Arthur. If he knew anything of Arthur Jayne, the next announcement would be a surprise to him. Henry had no idea how he would act. For example, were his superficial aspects really capable of defeating his self-interest?

"Now there is something of rather more importance," he announced. "You will have a decision to make in regard to a very large sum of money. I'd better explain it at length. You remember Miss Banks, of course?"

Jayne admitted that he did. "She left my father and opened a beauty parlor or some such nuisance."

"Beauty parlors—a great many of them," Benedict Henry corrected him. "Then you will recall that Mr. Jayne had a very high idea of her ability—and rightly. It seems that before she left him she interested him in her plans and he helped her to make a start. As a matter of fact, he put in the money, twenty-five thousand dollars at first, and she gave her services. In short, they became partners."

"You do surprise me," Arthur Jayne admitted. "I can't imagine him and such folly together."

Henry replied: "Perhaps. Perhaps it was folly, but of an especial and gratifying kind. You must follow this in detail."

"Let me ask you first how long this absurd partnership lasted?" Jayne put in.

"It isn't liquidated yet," the lawyer replied.

A flush of anger colored Arthur Jayne's cheeks. "But that's disgraceful!" he exclaimed. "His judgment must have been biased. Why in the name of God didn't you tell me before? It should have been ended long ago. He had no right to involve his family in such a low affair."

"You must allow me to continue," Henry insisted. "Mr. Jayne invested twenty-five thousand dollars as capital, and the first year the Banks Beauty Centers showed a profit of 100 per cent. Your father was a silent partner and turned back his earnings into the business. I believe that year Mrs. Latta put back ten thousand dollars. The profit the next year was nearer 500 per cent, and Mr. Jayne again returned all his profit for a general expansion. This is the fourth year of the partnership and your father took no money out of it. In all, he added two hundred and eleven thousand dollars to the firm's resources."

"That wouldn't be capital," Jayne said quickly. "It can be taken out. Was the interest kept up?"

"It wasn't capital and it can be taken out," the lawyer agreed. "The interest, of course, has been fully met."

Arthur Jayne was palpably relieved. "Well, that's safe, anyhow," he declared. "We ought to have no trouble with the liquidation. I suppose it can be conducted more or less privately."

Benedict Henry assured him that it could. "The liquidation is discretionary," he proceeded. "That was expressly stated. You may continue a partner if you like."

"If I like!" Jayne echoed him. "I think you've lost your wits too. Utterly impossible. We're not going to have any difficulty there, are we?"

"None," Henry replied. "It will be made as easy as possible. Mrs. Latta is very anxious to buy us out." He glanced at his watch. "The whole thing can be concluded in half an hour. I took the liberty of supposing that you would need to see her."

"Henry," Arthur Jayne asked, "what ought we to get? We might as well take all we can."

Benedict Henry deliberated. "She wouldn't think of offering less than half a million."

Jayne's face grew paler. He gazed in shocked amazement at his counsel. "A half a million dollars!" he gasped. "And the money father invested besides?"

"Certainly. And I want to draw this to your attention: In two years more your half interest may well represent a million and a half. Oh, very easily. Mrs. Latta is a remarkable woman. I might say that all women are remarkable."

"It's just a wild scheme, successful for the time," Jayne returned. "It isn't safe."

"Personally, I don't know anything safer than persuading the feminine world that you can make it beautiful. But you must use your own discretion. I think I heard Mrs. Latta come in."

"Mr. Jayne," Ella Latta said, "this is my husband, Osbert Latta." It was a nuisance that she had brought him, Henry reflected. However, it couldn't be helped.

Osbert Latta was a small man, dressed with the greatest particularity. In a bright plaid tie there was a large ruby, and a larger diamond ornamented a finger. He laid aside an overcoat with a deeply furred collar, a pale gray derby hat, and shook Arthur Jayne's hand.

"I believe we haven't met before," he proceeded. "But we are both busy men. You have your bond sales and I have cosmotology, the growing science of loveliness—of loveliness, Mr. Jayne." Jayne nodded impatiently. An impossibly vulgar individual, he told himself. Mrs. Latta was quietly seated. "Since we are so occupied," Latta went on, "we might as well get to the heart of our purpose here. Mr. Jayne, I want to buy out your interest in the Banks Beauty Centers. I have a feeling, sentimental perhaps, that I should be their sole owner. The Cream of Hearts, Mr. Jayne, rightly belongs to me. I am responsible for it. Its inspiration was mine."

Arthur Jayne nodded shortly and turned to Mrs. Latta.

"What do you think my holding is worth?" he asked her.

"What did you decide, Osbert?" She turned to her husband.

"It seemed to me," he announced, "that a sum equal to the amount Mr. John Jayne turned back into the business after the capitalization would be fair."

"Two hundred and eleven thousand dollars." Henry spoke with a rising inflection. "Mr. Jayne wouldn't consider that."

Jayne shook his head in a vigorous negative. "Eight hundred thousand would be fairer," he said.

Osbert Latta simply and comprehensively laughed. "We might as well give it all to you now," he told Jayne. "Please understand we are serious. I might advance my offer a little. But you must consider our expenses. They are rising every day. Rentals and repairs are prohibitive, and the taxes ——" His pause gave them all to understand the insuperable burden of the taxes.

"I am serious," Arthur Jayne protested. "You must make me a decent offer."

Benedict Henry handed him two sheets of paper covered with figures. "Here are the trial balances for the past year." The lawyer added that they might consider a sum in the vicinity of five hundred thousand.

"You might, but I won't," Latta retorted. "This is just a hold-up. The Banks Beauty Centers are entirely mine. I brought them out of nothing and built them up. Without me they wouldn't have existed and you can't knock me down. Nobody can."

A tobacco-laureate sermon for pipe commencement

IN THIS MERRIE MONTH of June thousands of pipes—polished, brilliant, perfect specimens—will fare forth into the world. Untried and inexperienced, perhaps .... but promising great things .... eager to render noble service to mankind.

Now, as the commencement exercises roll around it behooves those of us who must guide the destinies of these pipes, to bear in mind that their success depends on one thing .... the right tobacco! So, the text of our tobacco-laureate sermon is, naturally: Granger Rough Cut!

No other tobacco is so sure to fit a pipe for its life's work .... to bring out the very best that's in it! For Granger is made expressly for pipes. It is ripe old Burley, the choicest of all smoking tobaccos .... perfectly mellowed and cut *especially* for pipes!

Give a pipe Granger Rough Cut on its commencement day and always thereafter. For no other tobacco so assures it a life of long service, happiness and great joy.

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

Step thru-
button two
WHY have a button ceremony every morning when you put on your union suit? Men aren't married to buttons any more. SEALPAX has set them free! Step thru—button two—all thru! Dressing becomes a rapid-fire performance instead of a slow motion picture. Get SEALPAX and get in line with the times.
THE SEALPAX CO., Baltimore
Makers of Lady Sealpax, Little Brother and Little Sister Sealpax
Fully protected by patents—
Sealpax

"As I understand the partnership agreement," Arthur Jayne replied, "a liquidation cannot be forced. It is discretionary with me. You may withdraw of course. But, as you know, that would leave the business in my hands. It would give it to me In my opinion, based on this showing, Mr. Henry's figure is too low." He indicated the trial balances. "I mean, with the near future what it promises to be. No, eight hundred thousand dollars is not far out of the way."

"Well, you won't get it," Osbert Latta declared. "I don't care if you are a Jayne, you're grasping as hell. You'll take all the money out of us you can; but like your father, you're ashamed to be connected with an honest business. If it was a stock company, you'd sell it quick enough."

Mrs. Latta said quietly, "Osbert, you mustn't let this excite you. It will be straightened out."

Osbert Latta invited her to be silent. "You're all wet where these Jaynes are concerned anyhow. You think you are still working for the old man, but you ain't. You are Mrs. Osbert Latta and I'll take care of that, and you and them too. A lot of stiffs. I'm better than they are. I made the Cream of Hearts the world's leading rubbing medium and nobody can take it off me."

"Mr. Jayne," Ella Latta said, "we would consider giving you five hundred thousand dollars."

"Will you shut up?" Osbert almost shouted. "I didn't want to bring you in the first place. A woman's no good transacting business. Too soft—that's what you are—too soft. Keep out of this before you cost us a small fortune."

"If you don't speak more quietly you will be put out," Jayne told him. "You should never have been let in, since Mrs. Latta is clearly responsible for the success of her enterprise. . . . Mr. Henry, I am inclined to agree with my father's judgment. At least I must go into this more fully with you. If the present arrangement can be continued for another year, I'd be greatly in favor of it."

Osbert Latta exclaimed, "What? Now listen to me, Mr. Jayne, if Mrs. Latta thinks a half million is right, I'll take it. You can have it and we'll wind this up right away."

"I will depend on you to continue the letter of my father's agreement," Arthur Jayne had returned to Mrs. Latta. "It would be very prejudicial to my other interests to be known as the proprietor of beauty parlors. I'm sure you'll understand that. My feeling for you, my dear Mrs. Latta, is what you should expect from John Jayne's son."

Meggs Daily vainly wished that the cursed peacocks would stop their racket. He was seated with Canda Jayne on a terrace with a very low wall, and the moon had just risen above the long mass of maple trees that inclosed a dim lawn. The moonlight streamed over the terrace and upon Canda in a white dress. She had never been more desirable, nor he more wretched. He wanted her so badly that it was like wire wrapped tightly about his heart. And now he realized there was a chance that he wouldn't get her. It was probable that Canda would refuse to marry him. She was so reasonable. On the surface, she was like the other girls they intimately knew. She acted and dressed exactly the same, but at bottom she was different.

The truth was that Canda had a good head. She was a hard baby. But then, that was precisely the reason why he had wanted her from the beginning, in addition to his love. Anyone married to Canda would have to get along. She'd be a marvelous help to a man. Her ideas of marriage were entirely clear. She intended to be happily married and have a number of children. A number, she had explained, was at least three—enough to keep her occupied. Canda was sick of people who couldn't make a success of their affairs.

There had been a noise and wavering of blurred shapes on the lawn, but that had subsided. Canda and Meggs Daily had been urged to come along and play badminton, but Canda had replied that it was silly.

"You can't play badminton even when the moon does come up, and it's more comfortable here, and dark enough." Meggs moodily picked up a tall cold glass of whisky and soda and deliberately poured it out by the wall. "Why did you do that?" Canda asked. "It's wasteful; and if it weren't, it will probably kill the roses."

He was sick of it, he replied. "I'm sick of seeing people drink and get muddled about life. And I'm muddled enough as it is." Canda told him that he might kiss her, but Meggs answered that he didn't want to.

"I suppose you're tired of that too."

"Don't be foolish," he answered. "You know what I think about you." The sustained thin scream of a peacock sounded from a higher lawn. A melancholy, disturbing cry. "You know everything about me," he continued, "including the fact I'd marry you tonight if you'd let me. Why wouldn't I? I don't mean there's anything handsome in that. And I can't blame you for not." Canda asserted that she never remembered him being so low in his mind. "It's Willie Deacon," Daily explained "Why can't he let me in his company the way he's taken other men? Find out afterward if I'm any good."

"For two reasons," Canda told him "First because he is your cousin, and second he's almost convinced you're not. I don't mean not his cousin, but he's doubtful about your usefulness. Your record isn't impressive, Meggs, and he didn't see you pour away your highball. He couldn't hear your noble sentiments."

"Well, he's made it impossible for me," Meggs declared. "How can I bring him an important account? I mean, how can I? Where is one that's loose or I can persuade my way? I've been thrown out of every good office in the city. It's all right to listen to, but how am I going to do it? What will I say? They are decent to me, really, and that's the trouble. I'm just laughed off and told what time we'll have lunch at the Racquet Club. You're no better, though, Canda. You won't take a chance on me either. Will you?"

He leaned over her chair until his face was against hers. For a moment she held his head tightly against her and then she put him away.

"I can't think like that; I can only feel," she admitted. "It's not that I won't take a chance, Meggs. I have to decide if the chance is there, in our favor. I love you and could go to you as quickly as you'd have me—now. There has to be more than that. There has to. I agreed to marry you the instant Willie Deacon took you, and I'm afraid to change. It would be very bad for you, Meggs. Look as though I didn't require anything from you and didn't mean what I said. I do and I do. I'm sorry we got ourselves into this and I wish I hadn't said it. But here we are."

There was nothing Meggs Daily could reply. Canda was hard and he loved it. Absent-mindedly, he picked up her glass and took a drink. She laughed.

"That's so fatally like you, and, ridiculously, it makes me happy. I wouldn't have you changed, and yet I want you to be completely different, Meggs. I'd—I'd adore it, but I can't let myself. Don't you see that? You're not much help to a young girl trying to find her way in the wide, wide world." A silence fell over them. Canda's face was clear in the moonlight and she was frowning. "Did this Deacon say how large an account it had to be?" she asked. No, he hadn't; but it must be good. Once more she was lost in thought. A girl detached herself from the night of the maple trees and walked across the grass to them.

"Henrietta can call it badminton if she likes," she announced, "but there are shorter words. I said I was coming in to get my hair cut off. It's no game for a long-haired

woman." She vanished uncertainly to the distant mockery of peacocks.

Suddenly Canda Jayne rose. "I'm going to bed too, Meggs. If I stayed here much longer nothing could keep me from running off with you. And I won't do that, not for a minute, because perhaps I may tell you more later, if there is any more, and the chance is there won't be."

"In New Mexico," Osbert Latta proceeded, "the state board for the control of cosmotology includes two women beauticians and two male hairdressers. That is right. I am in favor of regulating the industry. But Wisconsin has carried it too far in the matter of definitions. The facks don't support it." He was talking to Ella, his wife, in the small drawing-room of their small but elaborate apartment. "And as for any investigation of our preparations, it's just impudence and nothing else. Perfumed Epsom salts and baking powder, indeed! The secrets of cosmetic chemistry can't be explained away like that."

Osbert Latta had on a garnet-colored velvet house coat and informal morocco slippers and he was smoking an extremely fat cigar. Ella wore a plain gray dress and elaborate gray slippers. Her stockings had the apparent consistency of a breath momentarily adhering to a surface of silver. Surveying her, Osbert passed into a mood of discontent.

"Here you are again, dressed like you were fixed up for a funeral. I don't see why you do it. I've told you a hundred times the last month you've got to look different. Keep up with our position in life."

"I thought I looked very well, Osbert," Ella replied. "I'm sorry you don't like me. But it's just as you say. I don't seem to be able to buy a different kind of clothes. This dress wasn't cheap—three hundred dollars."

"Well, you were stuck," he asserted. "You're worse off than what I thought. You threw the money away on that. Why, on the street you look like nothing! It's bad business

"I'd like to know where I'd be, and you too, if I kept on as in the past. Tell me where? I've got some elasticity to me. I can dress and act in harmony with the times. And I'm going to see that you don't fall below our standard."

"I don't think I do that," she replied. "It seems to me, Osbert, that I really am all right. Our customers do say they like what I wear. The French things I put in some of the centers have gone very well."

"It ought to be enough I don't like the way you look. I don't see why you can't listen to me, after what I've brought you along to."

Ella said sincerely that he had been wonderful. "You have done magnificently. I've a blue-and-silver dress you might approve of."

He doubted it. "Besides, you ought to stay home more and ride around and go to the matinées. There's no use for you to be in the centers so much. People will come to think less of you and us, and you don't need to, with me so busy. A woman isn't a man in affairs. She can't be, no matter what."

There was the faintly heard ring of a bell, and after a pause a maid appeared. "Miss Jayne, madame. She would like to see you." Rising with an exclamation of pleasure, Ella Latta said that Miss Jayne must come in at once.

"Perhaps she wants to talk to me personally," she added to Osbert.

He didn't doubt that for a minute. "I wouldn't question but she did. And if it's personal, all right. But if it isn't, and has to do with us, I'm to be consulted. I want you to understand that now and always. Remember what happened in the lawyer's office with Arthur Jayne. If you hadn't gone with me, it would be all settled convenient at this minute. I could have ridded us of him easy."

Osbert Latta left the room slowly and reluctantly, and silently grumbling. Those everlasting Jaynes! Ella was touched in the head where they were concerned, for no more than because she had worked for the old man. He hoped the Jayne girl did want something from them, since that would give him a chance to speak his mind. A wild piece; he had seen her picture in the papers. They put her on the society page for nothing, but if it was him he'd have to pay and go among the advertisements. With him of considerable importance, too, and what was she? That's what he wanted to know.

His wife came to the door. "Osbert, please." He spoke to Canda Jayne with great dignity and sat with judiciously pinched lips. He was glad that he had on the garnet velvet coat and morocco slippers. "Osbert," Ella began at once, "there is something we can do for Miss Jayne and I'm certain you will agree with me it can be done. It's important to her and will make very little difference to us. None at all, I should say. I don't have to tell you again my feeling about the Jaynes—my obligation to them."

"You have spoken of it," he acknowledged, "although I think you strain the obligation just a little bit. A shade sentimental about the past."

"Well, we needn't discuss that now. I have a very warm feeling and I'll do what I can. At present it's this: It would mean a great deal to Miss Canda if we changed our advertising from Addington & Sims to the Deacon Company. I can't imagine a reason why we shouldn't. One firm is as large and capable as the other."

"My dear Ella," Osbert declaimed, "this is a question of business principle and a thing no woman could correctly grasp. You cannot take away a contract from A and give it to B simply for the reason a young lady has asked it. Will you be so good as to tell me why she wants this change made? How is she personally included in the Banks Beauty Centers? Why and how? Those are both subjects for consideration. Addington & Sims are entirely satisfactory. I was congratulating Simon Addington only yesterday on the way he was handling our publicity, and he said to me it was a pleasure to deal with the Banks Beauty Centers. It was only a previous engagement, he said, that held him from going out to lunch with me. He never ate lunch, the fack was, or he'd go another time. You can't just turn around like a windmill."

"I understand that, Osbert," Mrs. Latta admitted. "Of course, you're right. But I thought this once, since it did mean so much to Miss Jayne, we might shift."

"But why?" he demanded. "Have I heard that?"

"No," she admitted. "Osbert, I know the reason and it is enough. But it would be difficult to explain to a man."

"Ah, indeed! A feminine reason. I'm afraid they are not very valid in the masculine world of affairs."

"I'll tell him," Canda Jayne said unexpectedly. "I'm in love, and if my best young man can take a large account to Willie Deacon, we'll be married. He couldn't manage one right away and I thought of Mrs. Latta. We're attached to her, too, you know."

"Romantic," Osbert Latta asserted. "Very pretty. Quite a story in fack. But I'm afraid. I really am. Not exactly a motive, don't you see." He shook his head with a constrained smile.

"But, Osbert, I want to do this very much. It isn't Miss Jayne now—it's me. I want it. Please consider that."

"If I didn't watch out you'd be giving Miss Jayne the business," he retorted. "I have to keep awake for your own good." Osbert saw that Ella was growing determined. Her mouth was as hard as his own, and that disconcerted him. She practically always deferred to his judgment and wishes. It was that damned family of Jaynes, with their silent partnership in his concerns. Yes, in his wife. They had been a nuisance from the first. Long ago he had been sick of hearing Ella speak of them, praise them.

(Continued on Page 166)

Trapped in Death Valley

radiator leaking— 100 miles to water

J. M. Tamprell of Mojave, Cal., was lost in Death Valley—off the trail—100 miles from water—when he snagged his radiator on a gnarled old sagebrush.

A can of "X" Liquid was under the seat. Quick action and "X" brought him out.

Anywhere is Death Valley if your radiator leaks miles away from water. The veteran motorist carries "X" Liquid along wherever his touring takes him.

When the radiator leaks, "X" makes a swift, permanent repair. Get "X" today in the ORANGE can. Nothing in "X" to clog the tubes — no ground paper pulp, solder or cement.

"X" Liquid can be poured thru a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th Street
New York

'X' Liquid has been used for years by Standard Oil, Gen. Elec., Am. Tel. & Tel., etc., and the U. S. Govt. on All Aeroplane endurance flights from the Trans-Atlantic Flight in 1922 to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1925.

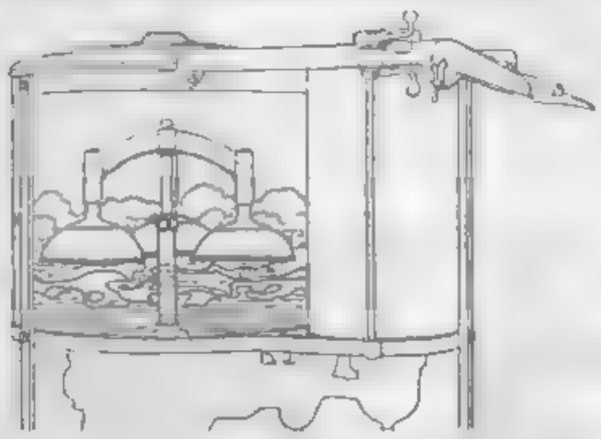
For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc. Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars Use $1.25 Size

"X" LIQUID

Permanently repairs leaking auto radiators

Now! an



THE New Easy cleans clothes by the Vacuum Cup Principle that made the Easy famous. Like human hands the Easy's three Vacuum Cups move up and down, flushing air, soap and water through the clothes and back again. This happens 60 times a minute—without wear on the clothes, but everlastingly taking the dirt out of them.

Two Tubs · **the small tub dries while the large tub washes**

The

amazing new method for drying clothes *with the* *New* Easy Washer

For the first time a washing machine that washes, rinses and dries all at the same time . . . Dries for line or immediate ironing without wringer . . . No water to lift or carry; not a drop wasted . . . Makes its own soapsuds in forty seconds . . . New water circulating system returns all suds to wash tub . . . Returns rinse and blue waters to rinse and bluing tubs . . . When through washing empties itself into drain or sink . . . Does complete washing faster than any other machine . . . Saves ironing time; dries clothes without wrinkles . . . Safeguards buttons . . . Gas heater keeps water hot . . . Washes more gently and thoroughly than human hands . . . Touch a button, move a lever, and it's done.

Almost magical—hard to believe—but all true

IN place of a wringer, the new Easy Washer has a marvelous drying tub that whisks all the water out of clothes in a jiffy.

YOU WASH, RINSE AND DRY AT ONCE—FASTER

With individual tubs for washing and drying, you can now rinse, blue and dry one batch of clothes while another batch is washing. One operation does not interfere with the other. Thus your washday time is cut down to a matter of minutes only. Amazing as this sounds, it is true.

3 MINUTES AND DRY

The Easy's wonderful new drying tub dries clothes ready for the line in three minutes. No excess moisture is left in the clothes, and a whole tubful is dried at once. On cold or rainy days just run the dryer a few extra minutes, and the clothes are ready to iron immediately.

NO WATER TO HANDLE; NOT A DROP WASTED

One of the new Easy's wonderful secrets is the magic way in which all the water is handled for you. It's so easy, and so simple! You don't lift so much as a teacupful of water with this new Easy. That's all done for you by the new water-circulating system now offered to American housewives for the first time. By this system the hot soapsuds whisked out of the clothes in the dryer are returned to the washing tub—automatically, with not a drop wasted. This saves soap and the gas that heats the water.

The new water-circulating system also takes the rinse and blue waters out of the dryer and sends them back to the rinse and bluing tubs. You have never seen anything like it in any other washer!

NO WRINKLES TO IRON; SAFEGUARDS BUTTONS

It's far easier to iron clothes that have been washed and dried in the new Easy. Not a wrinkle will you find in clothes when you use this washer. And as for buttons—you needn't even bother to examine clothes for loose or lost buttons—you know they can't come off in the Easy.

GAS HEATER KEEPS THE WATER HOT

One of the specially convenient features of the new Easy is its handy gas heater under the washing tub. This heater keeps the water just hot enough. And if you wish to sterilize white clothes in the washer, you can do that too.

TOUCH A LEVER—THE EASY EMPTIES ITSELF

And when you are all through washing and drying, just move a little handle and the new Easy empties itself into the drain or sink. Then, a few swishes of a cloth and the copper tubs, nickeled on the inside, are as clean and bright as ever. Simply no work at all.

YOUR WHOLE WEEK'S WASHING FREE

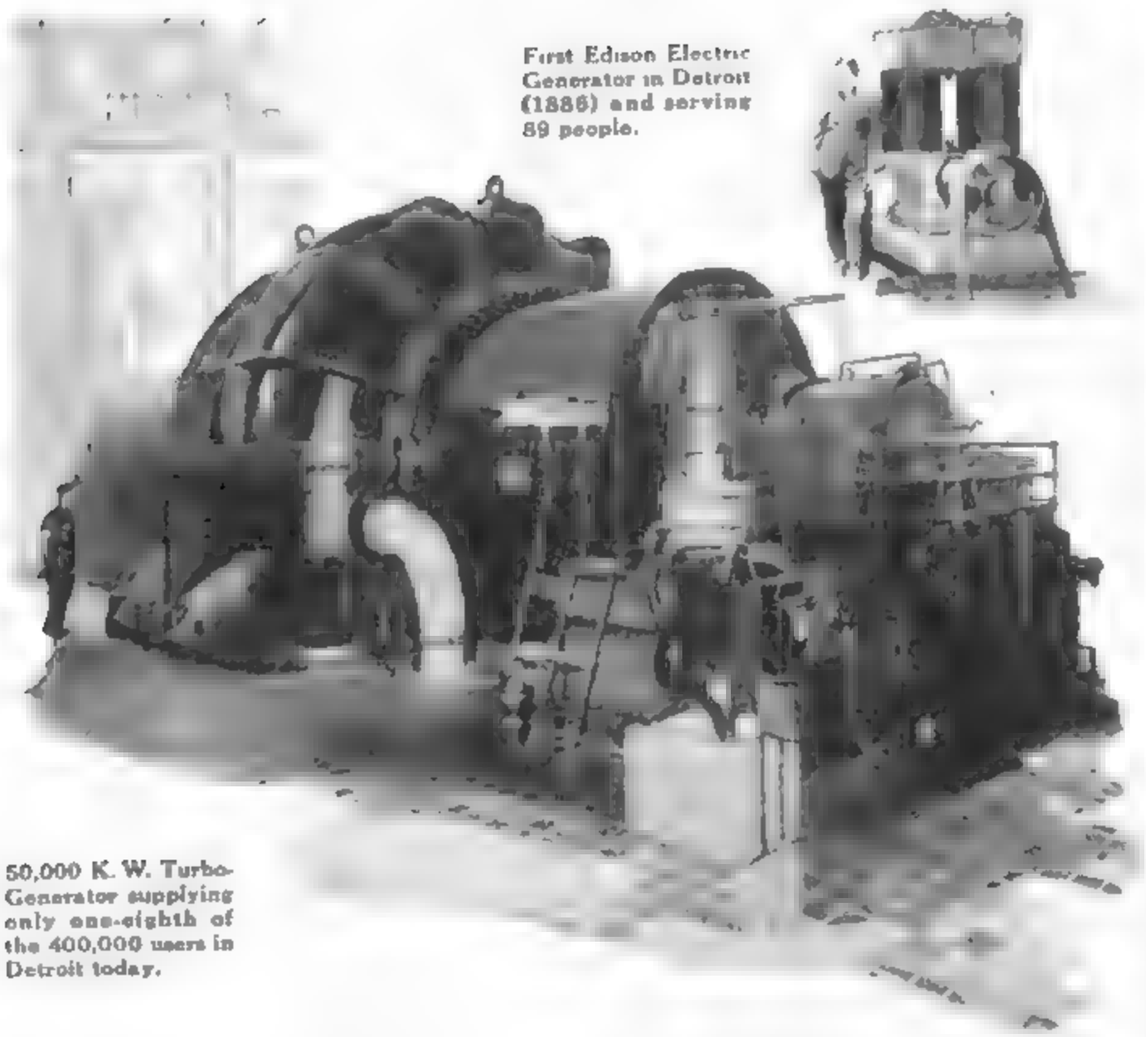
Try this magic new Easy Washer free in your own home with your own clothes. See how it makes its own soapsuds in less than a minute—how you can wash, rinse, and dry your clothes in one operation. See how time is saved and all hard work banished forever. Call the Easy dealer and he will bring the new Easy to your home and show you a miracle in washing clothes. A demonstration does not obligate you in any way. *And you can own an Easy on easy terms, with low monthly payments.* If you do not know the address of an Easy dealer, write us.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.

MODEL M

This is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece metal wringer. With hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today, their tremendous popularity has created a permanent demand for them. We shall therefore continue to make this model, with the same fine workmanship and materials.

EASY WASHER



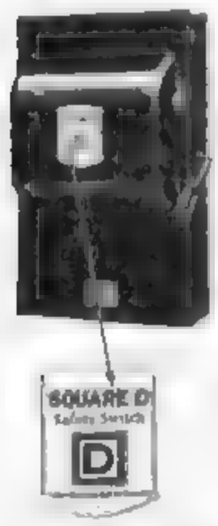
First Edison Electric Generator in Detroit (1886) and serving 89 people.

50,000 K. W. Turbo-Generator supplying only one-eighth of the 400,000 users in Detroit today.

Electrical Energy—
the Mainspring *of* Human Progress

The tremendous expansion of the great electric light and power companies is the natural outgrowth of their contribution to the advancement of civilization, and to the fullness of life.

For many years it has been the privilege of Square D to work with this colossal industry on a basis of mutual confidence, and as the benefits of electricity have become available and safe to more and more people the use of the *pioneer* Safety Switch has increased in proportion until today the undisputed leadership of Square D rests solidly on more than 4,000,000 satisfactory installations.



(91)

SQUARE D COMPANY, DETROIT, U.S.A.
FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND.
BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Atlanta, Cleveland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Syracuse, Kansas City, New Orleans, Baltimore, Columbus, Minneapolis, Indianapolis
SQUARE D COMPANY, CANADA, LTD., WALKERVILLE, ONT.
BRANCH OFFICES: Toronto, Montreal

SQUARE D
Safety Switch

(Continued from Page 163)

For two cents he'd advise the girl to pull down her skirt.

"Well, Osbert?" Ella Latta urged him.

"No," he answered shortly. "I can't see my way to do it." Miss Jayne chose that moment to light a cigarette—forward Then what engaged him was the realization that Arthur Jayne's family knew nothing of his participation in the Banks Beauty Centers. Hid it from even them, had he! As much ashamed of it as that! And she had come up here to patronize them with her airs and her love and her plans for their advertising!

"I'll tell you what," he said suddenly, "you go home and ask your father, and if he'll agree to it, we will."

"What do you mean?" Canda Jayne demanded. "I am not asking my father whom I'll marry. I'd be getting married."

"Osbert," his wife added in a sharp voice, "you understand perfectly that you have no right to say that."

His anger grew. "That's what I said, anyhow, wasn't it? And I wasn't talking about her getting married, either, and you know it. I guess I made myself clear if you think about it." He was on his feet. "I don't want to hear again what we owe her family either. I could have found the money and got along as well, if not better, without them." Having said so much, he was reluctant to meet Ella's gaze. So far as he was concerned, the question of their advertising was closed and perhaps he'd better withdraw.

Canda Jayne, as was usual with her, squarely faced the admission that she was in a difficult situation. It might well be that it was impossible. Dinner was almost over, her father had finished his coffee and there was a perceptible gray ash on his cigar, and yet she had said nothing, in spite of her knowledge that if she didn't do something immediately she would be lost. That is, she'd marry Meggs without requiring him to fulfill his engagement to Willie Deacon and to her. For a short while she had thought there was a way out of her difficulty; but considering this with her father before her, she began to doubt it. She could not imagine how she would begin, what she'd say that wouldn't immediately defeat her purpose.

Mainly, she was disappointed in herself. Canda had been certain she was superior to the sentimental follies she saw everywhere trailing their consequences of disaster. That, she had felt, was her advantage over her mother's generation and habit of mind. She had been very firm with Meggs at the beginning. Canda had insisted on a tangible proof of his ability successfully to combat the difficulties of living. And now it seemed that she had thrown all that away. If only Mrs. Latta's disgusting little ass of a husband had stayed out of the room, out of the way!

She was certain Ella Latta could have arranged it all if it hadn't been for her perfectly absurd belief in Osbert. Osbert! How was she going to speak to her father? For the moment she turned to her mother.

"Have you been back for another facial massage?" she asked. "I haven't noticed your cheeks glowing like the rose. Or was it a garage wall father mentioned?"

"No, I haven't," Mrs. Jayne replied. "I shouldn't think you'd have to ask, if you did remember what Arthur said. And I'm not sure he wasn't right. I mean about it being bad for the face. I had lunch yesterday at the Thornes', and May Thorne knows Leta Norton, the famous beauty in pictures, and May said she said she wouldn't let one of those women touch her. Leta Norton explained that all she did was take a damp rough cloth and rub it lightly over sand soap and then scrub. It was the friction, Leta Norton said. There were eight women for lunch and they all thought what May said was enormously interesting. They were all going to try it at once; and I did, only it wasn't very pleasant.

"I told them Arthur's idea of beauty parlors and they agreed it was very sensible for a man. I explained that he simply detested them and was in a fury at the idea."

"My dear Ann," Arthur Jayne protested, "you do exaggerate in the most remarkable manner. I remember clearly what I said and it wasn't the least furious. Why should it be? I only suggested that the treatment might not be beneficial for you. Somehow it made you look different. But it might be a good thing for the other women at Mrs. Thorne's. I wouldn't think of telling them what not to do. And as for the idea about the sand soap and Lolita, if that was her name, it's pure nonsense. It would tear your skin to ribbons. I never believed in casual prescribing. Things like that should be left to specialists. The scientific treatment of the skin and what we can call appearance is improving all the time."

Canda was astounded. Or rather she would have been astounded if she had heard her father in his present mood before she had seen the Lattas. Now, secretly and bitterly, she was entertained. Her thoughts returned to her own problem. If Meggs asked her once more she would go to him and unhappily face the ruin which might well follow—the ruin of her pride in herself. Why, she wondered, was her father so hypocritical? There was no actual harm in his connection with the Banks Beauty Centers.

After all, he had only inherited his interest. It had been thrust on him.

Then it occurred to her that his position very much resembled hers. The essence of his situation with his wife, Ann, was threatened. He had committed himself to an attitude that he must maintain until a graceful retreat offered itself. If Ann really laughed at him, he was lost.

"Father," Canda said hastily, "since you are in such a reasonable humor, I have something to explain to you. It's rather involved." She paused. "The humiliating truth is, I'm in love—seriously."

Her mother interrupted her. "Oh, Canda, I'm so glad! I'm sure it is Donald Leach."

Well, it wasn't, Canda replied shortly. "What made you think of him, mother? He couldn't be worse. No, with Meggs Daily."

The pleasure evaporated from Mrs. Jayne's countenance. "Your father would never consent to that," she asserted. "He isn't bad, exactly, and I'm very fond of the Dailys; but he is shiftless, and so young, Canda, dear."

"That seems to dispose of your Meggs," Jayne observed.

"Unfortunately, it doesn't." Canda faced him with a shoulder turned upon her mother. "I told you it was involved. Meggs hasn't been very successful yet, but he is promised a good position in the Deacon Company if he can bring them a large account; and because I do love him and he is up against it, I went to Ella Latta and tried to get her advertising for him. I'd had it too, only that rotten little Mr. Latta interfered. He was too intolerable for words, and I was so harassed I told him the truth—that I wanted the contract for Meggs so I could marry him. And, father, what do you suppose he had the crust to answer? Why, that if I had your permission, I could have his!"

Ann Jayne said that she didn't see what Mr. Latta had to do with Canda and her marriage and her father. "It just gave him a chance to be impertinent," she declared.

Canda Jayne looked unflinchingly into her father's gaze. His whole face was contracted into the narrowed questioning of his eyes. Canda nodded almost imperceptibly and there was a long strained silence. Arthur Jayne expelled such a deep breath that he appeared to be in danger of collapsing.

"If Deacon is serious," he announced, "and will take Daily under that condition, I don't see that he is worse off than any other boy today. I actually don't, Ann, and you admit his family is well enough. For quite a while we have wanted Canda safely married. I'll see this Latta tomorrow."

The New Big 8 inch Fan $6.50

A Summer day with STAR-Rite

7.00 a. m.—Mercy! Another one of those hot sticky days—starts off just like yesterday, and you know what yesterday was!

Thank goodness, Jim brought home a STAR-Rite electric fan last night. It's a real blessing on a day like this. I just switched it on before I got up and had the air circulating and so cool my clothes didn't stick to me before I could get them on

There's nothing to equal a little cool breeze this muggy weather, especially early in the morning. Somehow if you start off melting from the time you are out of bed, it certainly ruins you for the entire day.

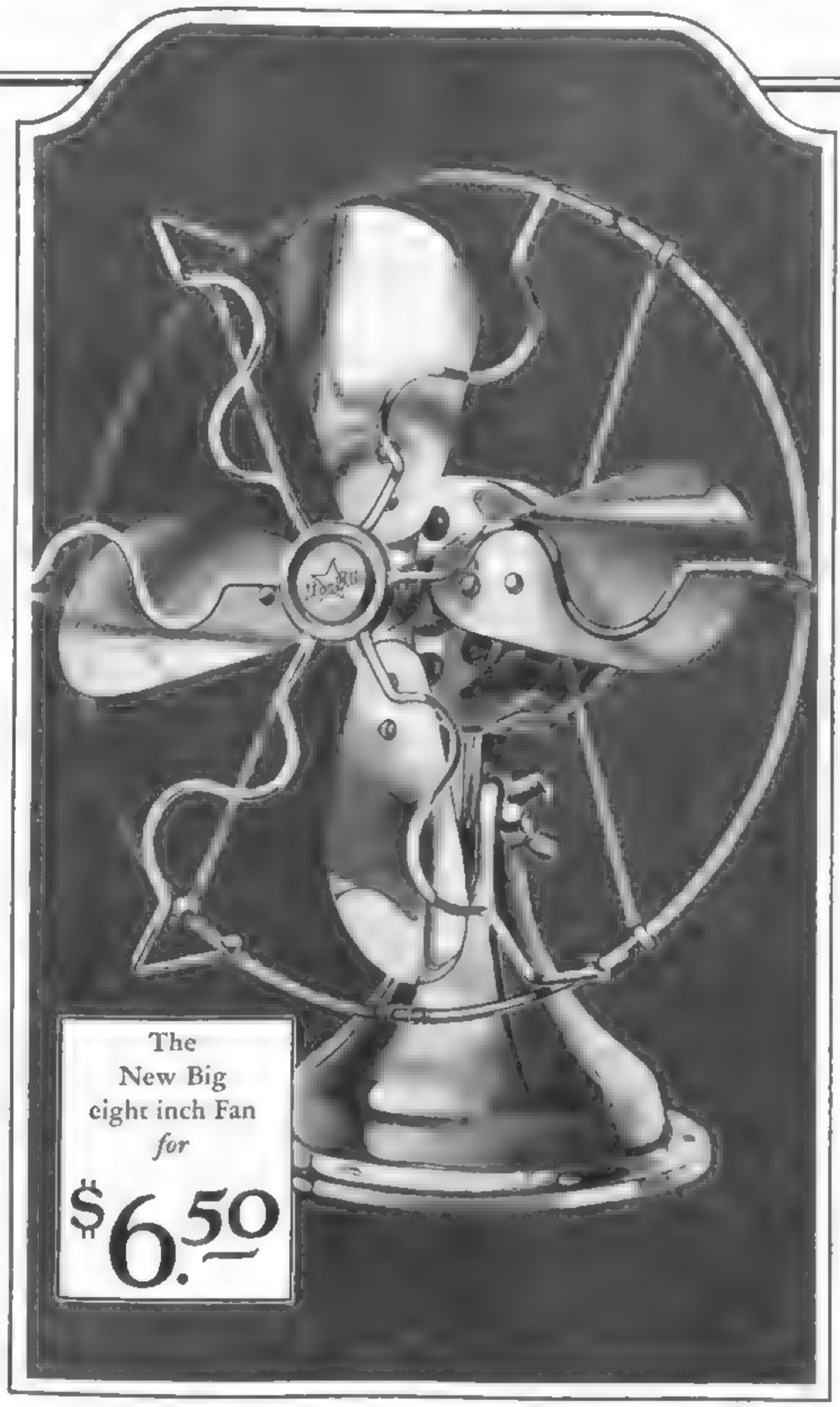
9.00 a. m.—Of course it's my busy day—every day is for that matter. Fortunately the baby isn't peevish as he was yesterday. Poor little fellow! The heat seemed to get the best of him yesterday. But with the fan blowing the warm air out of the window today, he seems perfectly comfortable and happy.

As soon as I get the kitchen floor scrubbed, I'll steal the fan from him a moment or so, and let it dry the linoleum so I won't lose much time from my work and won't track it all up again.

(That reminds me—I must ask Jim about getting another one of these fans, perhaps a smaller one, for the kitchen. I know Jim won't stand my taking the fan out of the room while he is trying to read—not in weather like this anyway. And I can't stand cooking without some relief.)

12.00 Noon—Mother would have certainly called me an idiot this morning if she could have seen me making gelatine for lunch. But the fan took away most of the heat and the ice box did the rest.

Days like this a fan is worth whatever it costs. I feel like a million dollars compared to yesterday.



3.00 p. m.—Almost forgot about the bridge party I am having this afternoon, and must rush to get my chiffon stockings washed and dried before the girls get here.

3.15 p. m.—Well, that's that! Just turned the old fan on them as soon as I finished washing and it was amazing how rapidly they dried. Score one more point for my fan.

5.30 p. m.—Anyway the party was a success, in spite of the heat outside Only two tables but we certainly had a good time. I did, and I am sure the others did too, for they commented several times on how pleasant it was inside. So I told them it wasn't my fault—all due to that shiny new oscillating fan. Some of them had not noticed it was going, it was so quiet. But it does keep the cool breezes blowing

6.00 p. m.—Jim's home and evidently caught some of my thought waves along with the heat waves today, for he brought home the darlingest fan. It is a full size eight inch fan, he says, and it's all my own. He said he had a hunch I'd want a fan in my kitchen while I was clearing up the dinner things and he knew—well he wouldn't give up the other one and it was too hot to fight. Hence the fan, and every one is happy.

10.00 p. m.—Have had my fan running in the bed room for the last half hour and it is nice and pleasant in there—ought to sleep fine tonight Folks can say what they please but it *isn't* the humidity, it's the *heat* that I mind. That's why I like my fans

This [illegible] oscillating fan is built for persons who want the very best. No oscillating fan within this price has the features which this fan offers [illegible] assure a constant rhythmic sweep without tremor or vibration. At all speeds the motor is 100% efficient. Three speeds insure maximum service. Sparkling all-nickel finish. Price $13.50. In Canada $16.75.

This new eight inch fan is the fan sensation of the year It has as fine workmanship and quality as you will find in any fan of much higher price Blades are individually mounted and the gauge and pitch of each blade are accurate to the 1/1000 of an inch. Each blade is accurately balanced against every other—the slightest variation means rejection Sparkling all-over nickel finish. Its height is over 11 inches Price $6.50 In Canada $7.25

Other members of the famous STAR-Rite family

Waffle Iron	$9.00
Grill	5.95
Hair Dryer	9.00
Heating Pads	5.00 to 10.00
Reversible Toaster	5.00
Curling Irons	2.50 to 3.50
Marcel Waver	2.00 to 4.50
Household Motor	15.00
Heaters	5.00 to 7.50

STAR-Rite

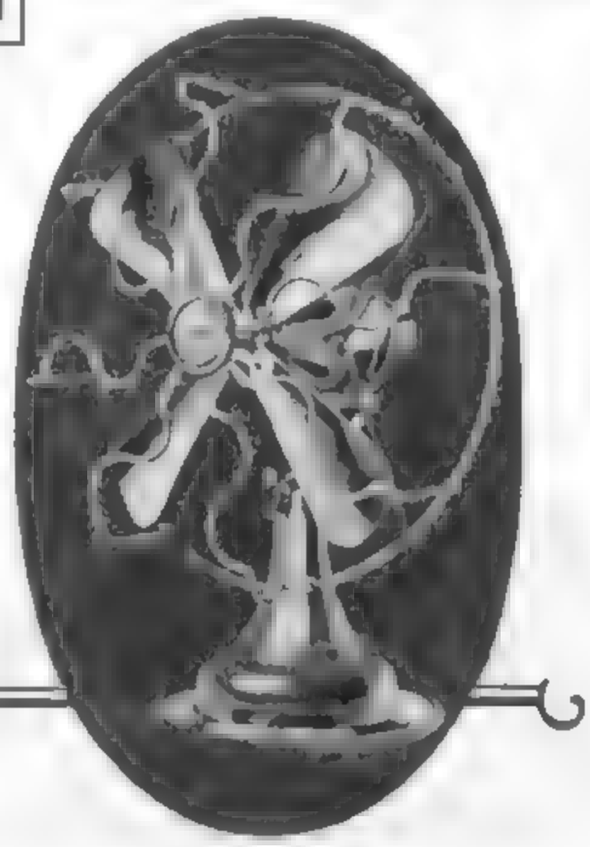
ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

The Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Dept. A, Torrington, Conn.
Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

For sale wherever reliable electrical equipment is sold

If your dealer doesn't carry STAR-Rite, write us for full information

In addition to the new eight inch fan and the ten inch oscillating fan, the STAR-Rite ten inch straight fan is a wonderful fan in value. It is the same sturdy fan that was the biggest seller of its type last summer. For five years this fan has enjoyed increasing sales and is more popular than ever Complete with three speed control, felt padded base, cord, plug and the well known sparkling all-over nickel STAR Rite finish Price $[illegible] In Canada $12.25



Treasures of Earth

Lowliest of foodstuffs, growing close to the soil or beneath it, the vegetables and fruits have risen high in the esteem of man. For they are most generous, and wisely balanced, in those chemical properties which give health and strength and life.

But those green leaves and glowing berries are delicately adjusted. Science tells us that, if you neglect them, a subtle, often invisible, change takes place in them. The vital food values slip away unless they are guarded by ***constant cold***.

Many housewives are learning that vegetables and fruits need more protection than they have been used to give them. Large growers and shippers and the best stores are using electric refrigeration so that their produce may come to you still charged with all the food value and tempting freshness that nature has devised. And now electric refrigeration makes it possible in your own home to keep these treasures safely until they reach your table.

Do you know all that electric refrigeration can bring you?

Constant cold—fixed scientifically at just the right temperature for food protection

Cleanliness—think of it, no dirt in the box, no puddles on the floor.

Unfailing supply—close your house, go away for days, and when you return you will find the food in your refrigerator just as you left it

Economy you will probably find that in your locality, electric refrigeration, with all its advantages, is actually cheaper in daily expense.

Convenience—new frozen desserts made possible, and pure dainty ice-cubes for the table

When you get your electric refrigerator—and you will, soon or late, you will take the keenest pride in it. For it will stand not only as a symbol that your home has thrown off the yoke of needless labor, worry and waste, but the life-giving values of your family's food are protected as nothing else can protect them.

This is the true magic of electricity—that electricity is a way of living.

The Society for Electrical Development

A non-profit organization founded in 1912 to promote for the interest of the public and the electrical industry, the greater service of electricity.

The Light that Failed

The smoky, feeble oil lamp that had to be fed and tended daily, has flickered out before the brilliant advance of the electric light. Now another fundamental need of the home is met by electric refrigeration.

To protect food is to protect life

Constant Cold

© Soc. for El. Dev.

Electric Refrigeration

—a better way of living

HIGH HORSE AND LOW BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 42)

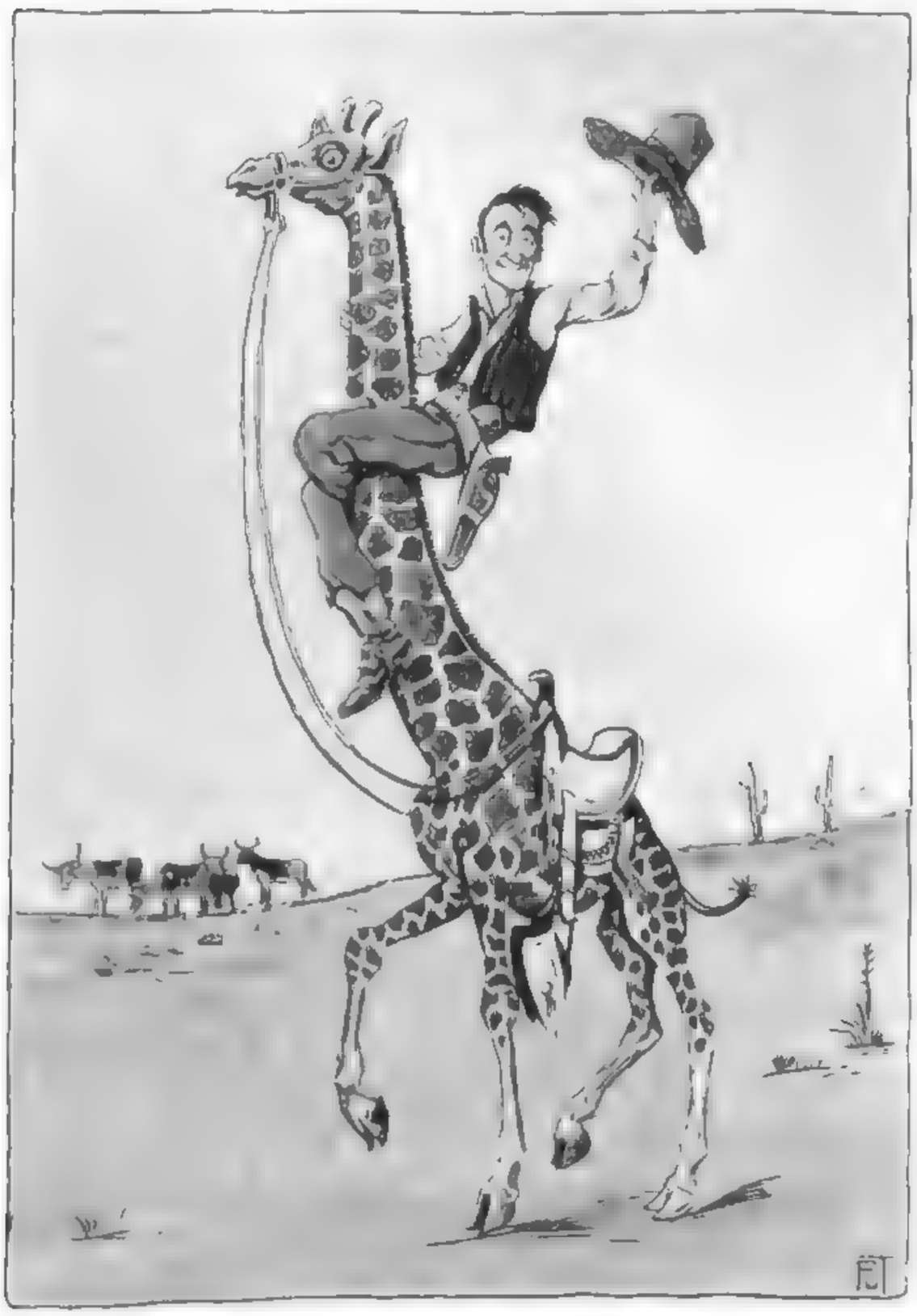
Well, I sent word down to these other Towns that there would be a Big Wild Animal Show at Salome that afternoon and by the time they had got the Tent up there must have been Seventy-five people here, counting children and Mexicans. They give a Parade, from the Depot over to the Store and back to the Tent and when the Cow Boys saw the Giraft they all hollered, "Look at the High Horse!" And some of them couldn't resist the temptation to get a Rope over his Long Head and Neck, so we had a Pretty Good Parade, with the Cow Boys all taking Part and the Calleyope playing a Nice Tune and everybody happy.

Shorty Malone was Hostler for both the Giraft and the Calleyope and he sure could make that old Calleyope talk, and some of the boys felt so good at hearing some good music that they hired Shorty to Play that Night and we hauled the Calleyope over to the School House and had the Best Dance ever held here. From the way some of those Cow Boys Crow-Hopped around with Cactus Callie, you would have thought she was named after the Calleyope. Next to her, Shorty Malone was the Most Popular Man in town that Night and everybody chipped in a Collection to help the Show.

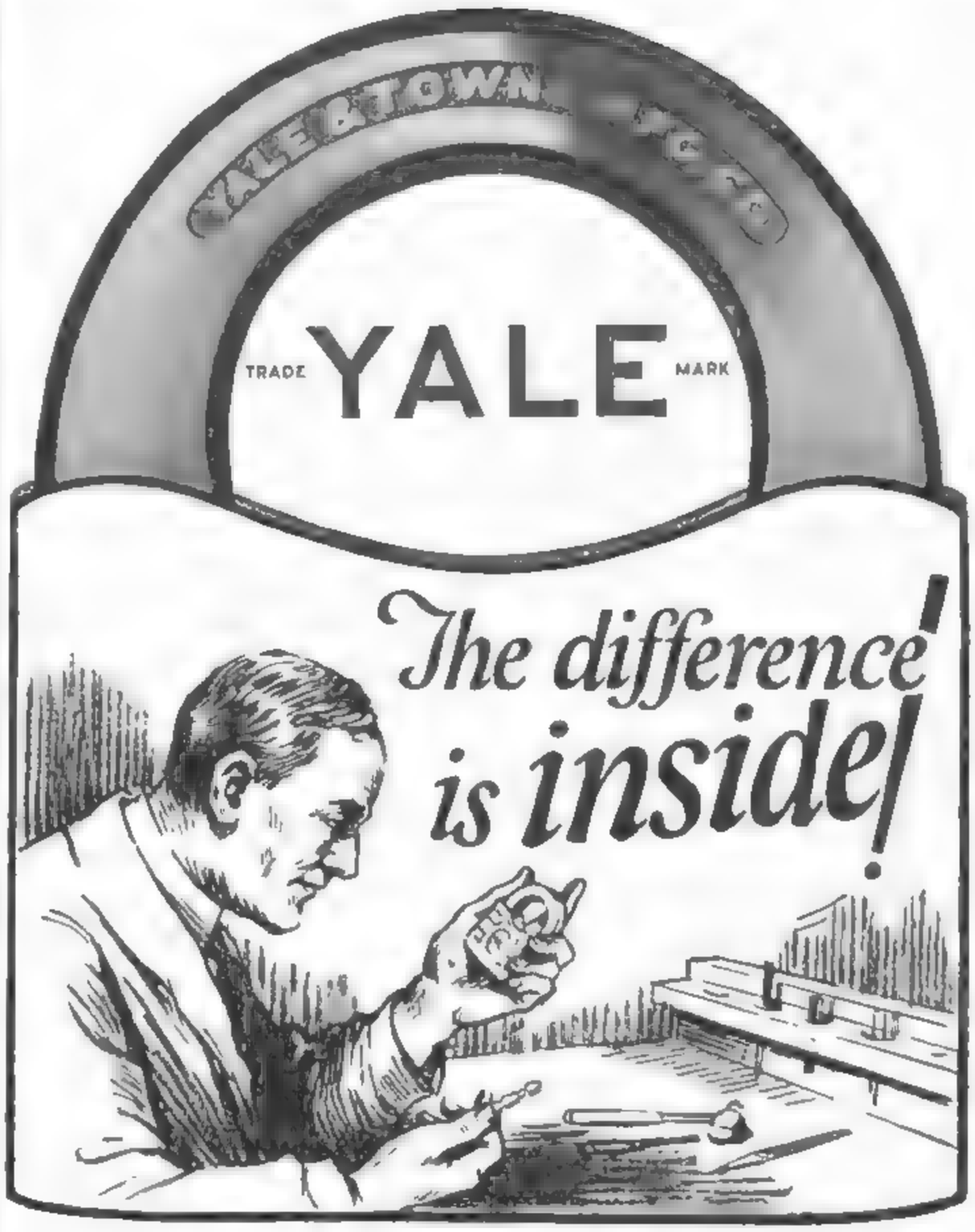
Next morning I talked it over with the Boss of the Show and told him I wanted to Buy that Calleyope and hire Shorty to run it for me, which he says is all right with him if it is with Shorty, so I offered Shorty $25 a month more than he is Supposed to have been getting with the Show. Shorty wants to know first of all How Often is Pay Day and is it just a Name and a Mind Bet or a Reality, and when I tells him that Pay Day is Every Month and Real Money, he says he rather likes the Folks around Salome and he has been Looking All his Life for a Quiet Place where he could Practice on the Calleyope and Make More Noise than Anybody Else without getting Arrested and he sure is Glad to Meet Up with Another Lover of Good Music, but he couldn't bear to think of leaving the Giraft, which had been such a Good Friend to him.

We talked it over some more, me and Shorty and the Boss, and finally the Boss agreed to give Shorty the Giraft for a Thousand Dollars and the Wages that was due him, so I advanced the money to Shorty on his Wages and give the Boss Five Hundred more for the Calleyope, and the Boss took the Money and the rest of his Show and went on to California and left Salome with the Distinction of being the Only Town in Arizona owning a Giraft and a Calleyope, besides a Seven-Year-Old Frog that couldn't Swim. We had a lot of Fun with that Calleyope, Shorty getting up early in the morning and Playing it over by the Depot when the Train from Los Angeles went through, waking Folks up in the Sleepers to the Tune of A Hot Time and letting them know Somebody Must Live Here and it was a Good Town, which made a lot of them Los Angeles real estaters jealous and they got the Railroad to try and get an Injunction to Stop Us, but we are still having Music with our Breakfast yet and the Supreme Court ain't got no Jurys Diction over this Part of Arizona or Men enough to Stop Us.

The Giraft was quite a Curiosity to the Cow Boys and they used to come and hang



Shorty Got a Job on the Round-Up



THE finely finished exterior of every Yale Padlock is no more perfect than its ingenious inner mechanism—the tumblers, levers and bolts hidden away inside, which are responsible for the smoothness of action and the security.

Yale Padlocks, like all Yale products, are masterpieces made by master workmen—inspected; tested; proved at every step in their manufacture; and after the final assembly they are subjected to a last thorough inspection to make sure that they are right. They are masterpieces for protection.

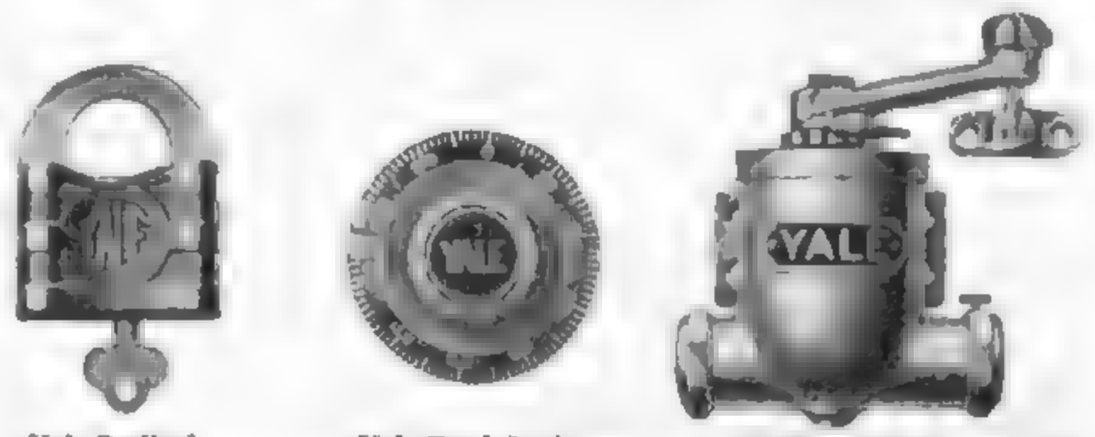
There is a Yale Padlock suitable for every need.

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE



Yale Padlock *Yale Bank Lock* *Yale Door Closer*

They do say husbands often balk at shoving furniture about the home. Yet pity should be theirs—not blame—save when it rides on Bassicks.

But then Bassicks make moving so easy the menfolks simply aren't needed. It's just wonderful the way Bassicks save strength, and nerves, and fuss, and floors. Most all good furniture has them—most all good hardware stores sell them.

Bassick Casters

The BASSICK CO. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For thirty years the leading makers of high grade casters for home, office, hotel, warehouse and factory

around the Corral and look at him and Talk and Talk, and when Shorty saddled him up and rode him down the street one day they was all Crazy to take a ride on the High Horse, as they called him, Cow Boys being strong for Nick Names and most of them not being able to remember what the Giraft's real name was. Shorty picked up quite a Lot of Loose Money, charging the Cow Boys Five Dollars apiece to let them ride on the High Horse, and one day when Scar-Face Scroggs saw Shorty riding the Giraft and climbing up on his Neck, he offered Shorty a Job hunting up calves and mavericks for him, out in the Mesquite brush, where the Cow Boys generally have to get off their Horses and climb a tree or a Cactus to look around and locate the cattle hiding in the brush, which is one reason why so many Cow Boys wear Leather Pants. All Shorty had to do was to climb up on the Giraft's Neck and ride around and tell the Cow Boys where to go.

After the Round Up was all over and along about Christmas Time, the boys decided to have a Celebration down at Buzzard's Roost, with Horse Racing etc and wind up with a Big Dance to Shorty's Calleyope Music, if I would give them the Loan of it, which I didn't like much to do until Shorty told me to go ahead and do it and we would Get All the Money in Buzzard's Roost and vicinity, which he would show me How to Do.

Shorty had never told Nobody yet, but it seems this Giraft could Run, and Shorty says we will enter him in the Free-for-All Race at Buzzard's Roost and Walk away with the money and Get Big Odds on some Bets, because all the Cow Boys and Buzzard Roosters will think it is Just a Joke, running the Giraft against some of their Fast Ponies, but Shorty says he will Show Me How before we put up any money, so I said O. K. to it and that Night me and Shorty took the Giraft up the Road and Tried him out.

Anybody could saddle the Giraft, but Shorty was the only man in town who could get a Bridle on him, on account of his head being on the Top End of Such a Long Neck. Shorty says that when they was coming west during the summer and making the Short Jumps between the Towns so close together back there, he used to load the Giraft on a Flat Car on account of it being so Hot inside and uncomfortable for the Giraft to get his Neck all Kinked up, and they used to ride along on the Flat Car and get the breeze. Shorty had forgot all about the bridges on the railroad and the first one they come to liked to have knocked the Giraft's head off, sticking up in the air so far, so Shorty had trained him to bring his head down whenever he called out "Low Bridge," and now all he had to do when he wanted to put the bridle on was to say "Low Bridge" and the High Horse would bring his Head Back to Earth and get the Bridle on. Simple as ABC—when you knew how.

It was Moon Light that Night—and Moon Light in Arizona is almost like a Sunny Day in Pittsburgh and some other Eastern Towns—so we took the High Horse down the road about a mile, after everybody else had got to bed, and give him a Try Out. The way that Giraft Run down the road would have made you think he didn't like Salome and was trying to get back to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where there was Regular Eating. When he picked up both of his Hind Feet at once and reached Out Front like he was going to Scratch his Ears, it was all I could do to Hang On for the Quarter of a Mile we tried him. A Mile of it would have made a Sailor Sea Sick. When a Giraft Runs he has a kind of a teetering Ground Swell motion, like a Kangaroo Gallop Behind, a Cow Trot in Front and a Camel Glide Sideways, something like a Fast Pacing Horse would act if his Hobbles got Crossed and Twisted—but when a Giraft Starts to Go Somewhere in a Hurry, cork screwing his neck around to pull himself along, you can Bet every Dollar you've got that he Eats up the Landscape in a way that makes the Big Drop on a Roller Coaster look like Slow Motion Pictures.

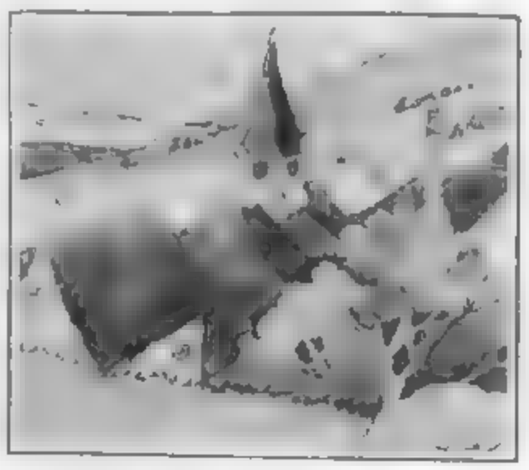
Shorty and me didn't say nothing about entering the Giraft until the afternoon of the Races at Buzzard's Roost, but Shorty rode him down there and he was the Center of Attraction to a Lot of Folks who hadn't seen him yet and Shorty rode him up and down the street a few times on an Awkward Trot so as they all could see How he Couldn't Run very fast, and in between the Races Shorty rode him an Exhibition Trot to help the Entertainment along, which made everybody feel Good and Laugh at him.

The Buzzard Roost Races is always a Quarter of a Mile Dash, about Four Blocks down Main Street and ending at the Corner of Center & Main Sts., which is the Only Two Streets in Buzzard's Roost. They had some Cow Boy Races and Relay Races and such, but the Big Event of the Day and Year was the Free-for-All Race for a Purse of a Thousand Dollars, for which Horses come from as far as Flagstaff and Phœnix sometimes. We entered the Giraft in one of the Cow Boy Races and Shorty brought him in Last and Got a Good Laugh when he said he would have Won if the Giraft had of been Warmed Up a little more first.

When it come time for the Free-for-All Race, some of the Outsiders kicked a little about entering the Giraft and Shorty says I had better Ride him on account of everybody Knowing Me and him being a Stranger to most of them and there would probably be an Argument when the Giraft Won and he didn't Like the Looks of some of the Arizona Arguments some of the Boys were Wearing. The Judges finally ruled that the Giraft could Run in the Free-for-All Race, as there wasn't Nothing in the Rules as to whether a man Rode a Horse or a Steer or a Giraft, and as long as they had let him run in one race they would have to in the Free-for-All. The Biggest Kick most of them had was because they thought he might Get in the Way and keep them from winning.

There was Seven Horses entered in the Free-for-All, counting our High Horse, and two of them were supposed to be Fast; a lean Black one from Phœnix and a shaggy looking Strawberry Roan from Flagstaff whose first and Last Names were both Run, according to the way some of the strangers there was offering to Bet their Money. Shorty offered to Bet Even Money the Giraft would come in Better than Last and two or three called him and then somebody offered to Bet Ten to One that he wouldn't Come In First and I said I would take $10 Worth of it and one of the Strangers wanted to know why we didn't Take a Thousand Dollars worth and Not be Pikers and I told him they was the ones that looked like Pikers to me, trying to Coax us into betting Good Money on a Giraft against a Race Horse, when all we had gone in for was to give the Boys a Good Time, but if they was going to Act Mean about it we would Cover All the Money they could Put Up, even if we did Lose it.

They didn't Talk Quite So Loud after this and when me and Shorty dug up Fifteen Hundred Dollars in Real Money that we had been Saving up a-purpose, they tried to Crawfish then and all they could dig up to bet against us at Ten to One was a little over Nine Thousand Dollars, which we covered and insisted on Six-Shooter Smith holding the Stakes in case of Trouble.



It took quite a while to get Started, but Shorty had whispered something in my Ear that made the World Look about Nine Thousand Dollars Brighter, so I was careful and didn't let any of the rest of them get the Start of me much and kept my High Horse headed towards the finish while the rest of them was trying to Satisfy the Starter. When he finally said to Go, they all got ahead of me a little, but not enough to worry and as soon as I got to Going Good in the first Block, I caught up with all of them except the Black and the Strawberry Roan, which was Both out in Front having a Race all by themselves. In the second Block I passed all the rest of them and started after the Black and the Strawberry Roan.

I laid down on the Giraft and wrapped my arms around his Neck and give him a Bite on the back of the Neck that sure made him Ramble and in about three or four Jumps I was crowding up in between the Black and the Roan and wedging my way towards that Nine Thousand Dollars. My old High Horse sure did Run and about the middle of the last Block the Black quit. We was going too Fast for him and I had Bit my way along until I was riding up alongside of the Roan, so close to him that I could have reached out a couple of Feet in Front of me and touched the Cow Boy who was riding him, if I hadn't of been So Busy Biting and hanging on; but that was as far ahead as I could get.

I Bit my dog-gonedest but I couldn't gain another Inch on him and that Sure was Some Horse Race the last Block down Main Street and up to the Judge's Stand, with the Cow Boy on the Roan a-yelling at him and me a Biting the Neck off of the Giraft and everybody Hollering at us to Come On.

It was all so Exciting that I had Almost Forgot what Shorty had whispered in my Ear just before we Started and it was only at the very last second that I remembered it, just before we crossed the line. I was still about Two Feet behind the Cow Boy on the Strawberry Roan and my Old High Horse was in the Air on the Last Jump when I thought of it and I just had time to quit Biting and Holler out as loud as I could Yell, "Low bridge!" The old Giraft Got me all right All Right and Down Come his Head like he had been Taught to do by Shorty, just in Time to bring his Head across the line about Two Feet ahead of the Strawberry Roan, even if I was Two Feet Behind the Other Jockey yet.

I sure Won That Race by a Neck—or Part of One.

You Never Saw So Much Commotion in All Your Life Before. It looked for a while like somebody was Going to Get Hurt, because the Cow Boys and everybody else had thought at First that the Strawberry Roan Had Won, because their Rider was Ahead at the Finish. It took all afternoon to get it settled and the Judges finally Ruled that it was a Horse Race and according to All Rules of Horse Racing, it was the Horse that Come in Ahead that Won the Race, no matter whether the Jockey was riding on his Head or his Tail, and that as long as they all had Agreed to let the Giraft run as a Horse, then they would have to Admit that he was the Horse which had Won the Race, because his Head was Acrost the Finishing Line First, regardless of Where his Tail or his Rider was or How Long a Neck he might have, so they give us the Thousand Dollars Purse and Six-Shooter Smith turned over to us the Nine Thousand Dollars we had Won by only Putting up Nine Hundred; all of which Shows How Easy it is to Make Money in a Little Town—if you Only Know How.

Shorty liked to have Busted our Calleyope that Night, blowing off so Much Steam on account of Feeling so Good, but we have ordered a Couple of Imported Bag Pipes from the Wish Book Store and are going to have a Lot of Good Music around here before long now, and Lots of Fun with All that Money we Won on High Horse and Low Bridge.

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GEORGE H. JAY AND THE DUST HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 23)

Bourke. He married a nice girl; he was sober, temperate, charitable and chaste, Bourke, but he had a grave handicap. He got a job as a missionary—that's where he learned about the tropics and natives, and so on—and failed at it. He got a job as a reformer with some reformation society—fell down on it. He got shows as secretary or some sort of official to half a dozen good societies—skidded on all. For, good as he is, good as he proved himself to be, good as ——"

Hungerford Bourke leaned forward rather violently. "What sort of a serve-up are you offering me in ——"

George Henry's large white hand hindered and hushed him.

"One moment, Bourke. Let me finish. Edgar Tattenham started life as a good man—a thoroughly good man—and he acted good for years. He knew more about real goodness than—than—well, bishops. He was an expert professional good man, but he had a grave handicap. He was a perfect masterpiece of sheer goodness, but he fell down on goodness as a trade."

"Oh! Why?" roared the impatient Bourke.

"He had an evil face," said Mr. Jay sadly.

"Evil face?" gasped Hungerford.

"Very evil. You'll notice it for yourself," said George. "Even his wife admits it. Tattenham's just lost a job as junior schoolmaster in some obscure school somewhere, chiefly because the head master's wife seemed to think that to leave a man with a face like Tattenham's for one night only under the same roof as her daughter's wedding presents was simply asking fate to spirit away the presents. She believed Tattenham, with that face, would pinch the electroplate. And when I look at him, I've always felt inclined to agree with her."

George flicked open the letter he had taken up.

"Listen to this, will you, Bourke?" he said. "It's from the man's own wife, and it's sincere, and rebellious you may say. It's—it's—well, if I were one of these literary merchants—which, thank God, I'm not—I'd call it—aloud—a very lovely woman's kick against idealism; and a pretty high kick, at that.

"She says: 'Edgar, like myself, is heart-weary and bitter; and at last, he is hard and stern, as I am. He has tried hard to be very good all his life. But he finds that he is the one who is always called on to pay the bill for being good. I won't trouble you, Mr. Jay, with a list of the things I've gone without to help pay that bill, for many of these luxuries have been private and personal—nothing serious, but the little things a woman appreciates.'"

Hungerford Bourke nodded decisively. "I like her—this Mrs. Tattenham. Private and personal things she appreciates. That's sincere, that is, the poor little soul, lovely little soul—you said 'lovely,' didn't you? Go on, Jay."

Jay read on: "'We have both decided to reach out for some of the pleasures of life while life is a pleasure, and, dear Mr. Jay, we shall both be so grateful if you can introduce Edgar to a position where there is money to be made. Edgar is capable, you know that—capable and experienced. And he is determined to concentrate on success. He wishes to make money; and, in confidence, he isn't particular about how he makes it. He would not entertain anything strictly criminal, of course; but he would not be disposed to be fastidious. Do help us, Mr. Jay. Because you know Edgar's joking way, I need not be afraid to end this appeal to you with a repetition of what he said last night when, in a fit of pardonable rage, he flung the ragged-looking shank of cold mutton sent up for our supper at the cat and said, "My ——, I would bite through the side of a battleship to get at ten good pounds concealed in some bilge-cock attendant's belt!"'"

George H. put down the letter. "She ends there; but you can see the man is sincere, hey?"

"Yeh, I see it. And the lady is, too," agreed Hungerford Bourke. "Unless I have lost my natural gift for judging men, you have got there the man I seek. How much do you want for him—for yours, I mean? Not his—I'll settle with him direct."

George Henry beamed. "I never try to drive a hard bargain with a sick man," he declared. "Pay me a cash bonus of fifty pounds for the introduction and 10 per cent on his first year's salary, Bourke, and say no more."

"If I like the look of him, I'll pay that, Jay."

"Well, I don't suppose you'll like the look of him—I don't—but you'll like his style," declared George, cocking a ready ear to sounds from the outer office. "You'll soon know, for I fancy he has arrived."

The squire's fancy turned into fact. A minute later Gus Golding showed in Mr. Edgar Tattenham.

Mr. Edgar Tattenham —— It's no use judging a man by his face. Where would some of us be if they judged us by ours? Faces, anyway, are just about like the weather—either they're what we fancy or what we don't particularly fancy. Anyway, Mr. Edgar Tattenham's face pleased that hard-bitten, conscienceless adventurer, Hungerford Bourke, very much indeed; and after preliminaries, Hungerford did not hesitate to say so.

"Well, personally, I like your face, Tattenham," he said. "Have one of Jay's cigars. Jay, I'd like a drop of brandy. Tattenham could probably do with a drop, too—hey, Tattenham?"

Edgar nodded, grinning an evil-shaped grin. He seemed a good-humored sort of gargoyle. Refreshed, according to Hungerford Bourke's idea of refreshment, they got to business. And the notions of Mr. Bourke harmonized with the notions and experience of the embittered Tattenham exactly as the left jaw of a closing trap harmonizes with the right jaw.

George Henry Jay sat quite silent, beaming as he listened to Hungerford Bourke on Insurance in Darkest Africa:

"Get their dust, Tattenham. You got to get their dust. That's the nub of the thing. Insurance, so far, is the best hook I've put out; but if you can think of a better, use it. But no trade. Remember that—no trade whatever. Them old dons—those dons—excuse me, Tattenham, I'm an Oxford man, Magdalen, 1901, a bit before your time—but I've mixed with a lot of queer company the world over and the grammar's got groggy—those dons killed any idea of straight-across trade. Anything else goes. Insurance they understand. Lotteries might appeal; speculations on the coconut plots; a little poker sometimes, perhaps. Things like that. Anything goes but trade. . . . You'll be required by the terms of the contract to dig up and remit the balance of the dust I buried before I left. We'll go into that, Tattenham. As soon as I get the old gizzard ticking over kind of sweet and easy, I'll join you out there and we'll have up the last grain of gold dust in the parish. Useless to them poor guys, anyway. Come now, Tattenham, as I say, I like your face—there's power and drive in it. What d'you say?"

Mr. Edgar Tattenham reflected, with the cool and serene tranquillity of one naturally good and hitherto habitually addicted to the practice of goodness; though now, like milk in thunder weather, his goodness was slightly on the turn.

"You've been most frank, Mr. Bourke," he said in a rather measured but pleasant and refined sort of voice, grotesquely at variance with his visage. "And you have explained most clearly. I can only say—what am I to say, Mr. Jay? I understand natives; I can guarantee to speak their dialect in record time—for I have a gift that way—and I need and intend to get a little money while I am young enough to enjoy it. Yes, Mr. Bourke, my references are good. You may see them when you will. But my intentions are better." He rose, a serious man, speaking seriously on a serious subject. "I say to you, Mr. Bourke, that if there is gold dust there, I shall secure it and bring it away—yes, even if I have to skin the chief for a rawhide bag to carry it in," he said with a sort of exaltation in his melodious voice. And his face was glowing very evilly indeed.

"You're engaged, Tattenham," began Mr. Bourke enthusiastically, only breaking off as the door opened to admit a very charming lady.

"Mrs. Edgar Tattenham, sir," announced Gus Golding.

"I was out when you telephoned to my husband, Mr. Jay," she said. "But I could not resist following him here to see why you wished to see him so urgently."

George Henry patted the slim hand resting in his, both tenderly and reassuringly. Anybody would have.

"Fine!" said George H. "But this gentleman—Mr. Hungerford Bourke—should be the one to tell you the news," he added self-sacrificingly, and introduced them.

Big Mr. Bourke required no second hint. He was absorbing her lovely piquant face like a natural absorber.

"The news, Mrs. Tattenham—with pleasure. I am going to help your husband make his pile. Sit down, Mrs. Tattenham. And allow a rough diamond to say that it's a pleasure to set his jungle-weary eyes on your bonny, bonny English face. Sit down and listen to what I'm offering friend Edgar here."

She did so, flushing a little from excitement. She had had much tribulation to put up with in her time. Mr. Jay knew that, for she had told him so. But she had worn well through it—marvelously well.

She leaned back, with wide, shining eyes, slim and graceful, maybe dressed a little inexpensively, but with a bright beauty on her face which made her clothes a matter of no real importance.

"Oh, please tell me, Mr. Bourke," she said breathlessly; and Hungerford told her, fortissimo, George H. beaming upon them all like Uncle John after dinner on Christmas Day.

Clearly, it sounded as lovely to her as it had sounded to the high-principled but evil-countenanced Edgar, for she smiled dreamily throughout the recital. Indeed, they were all smiling, and kept right on smiling from the moment of her entry to the time when she and her husband left with the good Hungerford Bourke—Edgar having signed an undertaking to represent Bourke in Africa for a salary of a thousand pounds a year and 20 per cent of all he could get.

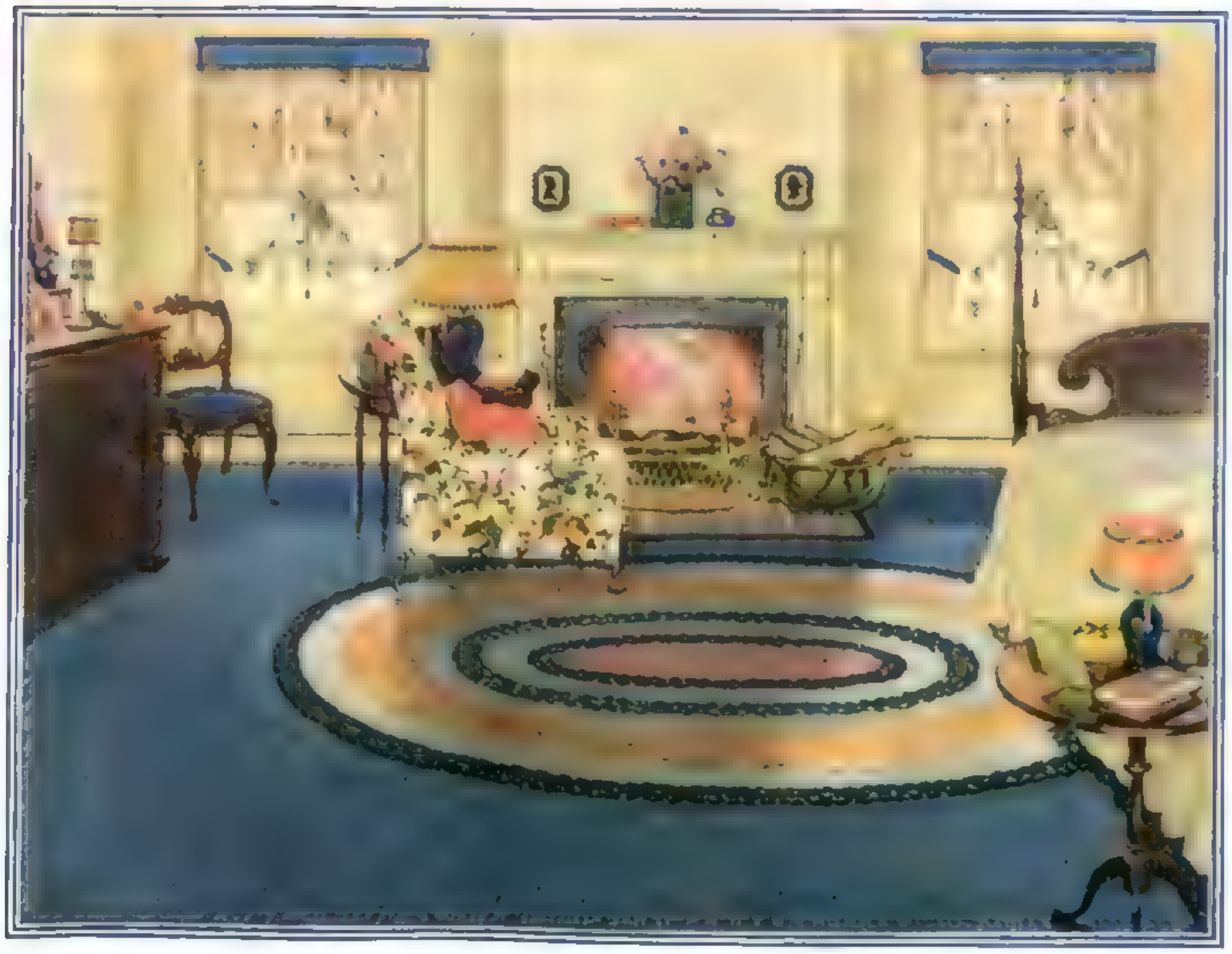
The trio were going to discuss details over luncheon at the Astoritz, whither Hungerford had invited them.

George Henry had been invited, too, but pressure of business had prevented him from accepting. The gentle Jay was anxious to assuage an uneasy and—as events proved—entirely incorrect suspicion that the gizzard of Mr. Bourke's bank account might have an even more serious knock in it than Hungerford's personal one. And it was George's intention to test that bank account with the check for fifty plus a hundred, the 10 per cent on Edgar's first year's salary—in all one hundred and fifty—quicker, if possible, than instantly.

The squire, indeed, was reaching for his hat prior to hasting himself bankward when the grim head of Hungerford Bourke appeared round the door.

"Just a minute, Jay. Your clerk's getting a taxi," said the tropical insurance expert quietly. "In case you're asked the question, I'll guarantee, as an extra to Tattenham's salary, the rent of a house for

(Continued on Page 174)



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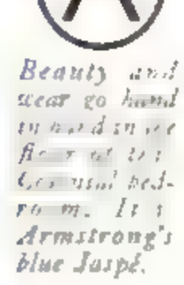


Beauty and wear go hand in hand in the floor of this Colonial bedroom. It is Armstrong's blue Jaspé.

Color, Pattern, and a *permanent* Beauty . . . . the *newest* note in floors

A FLOOR of pretty rippled blue for the bedroom? How appropriate! For if there's one room in your home where femininity can rightfully be expressed, it *is* in your bedroom.

"It's pretty. 'Most too pretty to walk on." You might well think that. Now for a surprise. The remarkable thing about this truly beautiful floor is that it is made for *the hardest kind of wear!*

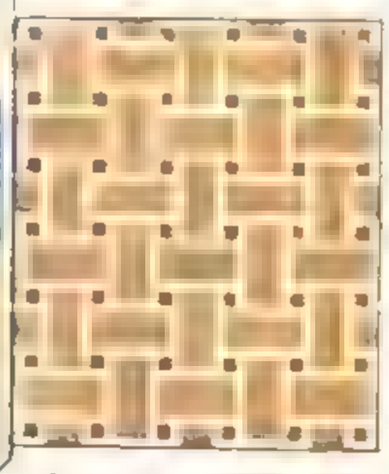
If you are thinking of replacing worn and shabby floors, or if you are planning a new home, jot down all you would like your next floors to be.

Of course you want them colorful—colorful so that you can plan rooms like this gay bedroom in which rugs, furniture, and hangings show their best.

The floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is chosen just as you selected your last cretonnes—to match the decorative needs and spirit of each room. For instance a daring Handcraft tile pattern in blended colors to go with the bright furniture on your sun porch; a bold marble tile pattern for an entrance hall that really invites; a softly rippled Jaspé for the living-rooms or the bedrooms (as illustrated). Or, in the upstairs rooms, you may prefer to use the still lower priced Armstrong's Printed Linoleum.

This room detail shows the decorative possibilities opened by selecting the proper pattern of linoleum to harmonize with walls, woodwork, and hangings. Printed Design No. 8303

Armstrong's Inlaid Marbleized Tread Linoleum, Design No. 436. Pleasing, isn't it?



A neat, yet inexpensive pattern in Armstrong's Printed Linoleum No. 8296.

Can such beautiful floors be also *durable?* Will they wear and never need refinishing?

Cemented over a layer of builders' deadening felt and waxed occasionally, a floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum will last a lifetime. It is free of ugly, dirt-collecting seams; requires no scrubbing. It is really a one-piece, smooth, lustrously beautiful surface that makes you proud when callers come.

May our Bureau of Decoration help?

WHETHER you are building, or redecorating your present home, write to the decorator in charge of our Bureau to help you with color schemes for walls, woodwork, and hangings as well as floors.

A new book on the art of home decoration has been written by Arthur Stanley Wright, contributor to current magazines. It contains [illegible] and many suggestions to plan home decoration. You will be glad to send a copy upon receipt of twenty-five cents. Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 820 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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(Continued from Page 172)

Mrs. Tattenham for the whole period Edgar's away watching my interests."

George Henry looked blank. "Eh? . . . But she'll go with him, Bourke. That's obvious."

Hungerford stuck out a jaw like a polo ball. "Not to me, Jay. What? D'you think I'd allow a lovely little thing like her to go alone into the jungles of Africa with a man with a face like Tattenham's?"

The squire's eyes protruded a little. "But, man, he's her husband! She's his wife, man! Whither thou goest—and—er—so on—hey?" he explained.

"What's that got to do with it, Jay?" said Mr. Bourke truculently. "I wouldn't be a party to it. Bourkeville—that's what I rechristened the district, for only a man with a gift of hiccupping at will could pronounce the native name—Bourkeville is no place for a lady like Billy Tattenham."

"Billy?"

"Her name," said Hungerford impatiently. "Anyway, I won't have it. I'll pay for not having it. Fix it so, Jay, or the contract's off. . . . Good Lord! The idea of little Mrs. Billy jaunting off to Bourkeville, 'way inland on the west coast of Africa, with a silver-voiced orang like Edgar! I wouldn't be a party to it. It would haunt me all my days and nights. See to it, son, see to it!"

The head of Hungerford disappeared, leaving son to see to it, as requested.

"It looks to me uncommon like another case of Dan and Beersheba," mused George most hazily—Scripturally speaking—as he wended his way bankward. "But, anyway, it's not for me to butt in. And I bet a man with a face like Edgar can take care of himself. My plain duty, as I see it, is to do my best for all parties concerned—yes, all four of us!"

II

IF GEORGE H. JAY had ever labored at all heavily under the delusion that lovely little Mrs. Billy Tattenham and her husband were devoted to each other, his delusions were dispersed long before the forbidding-featured Edgar started for the West African coast.

The lady only too obviously had been luxury-starved too long. She welcomed with great avidity the blunt statement of the overwhelming Mr. Bourke that the African site of the pending insurance-premium extractions was not at all the place for a lady. As did Edgar—rather to George Henry's surprise.

That settled, the rest was easy. Without wasting further valuable time on reflections concerning the motives of his clients, George attended to business. By the time he had found a house for Mrs. Tattenham, arranged for a further advance to Edgar from Mr. Bourke so that they could buy some bargains in furniture from a reliable friend of Mr. Jay, drawn some more commission from the very willing Tattenham on his first year's salary, bought his passage and achieved a few little odds and ends of general agency of that description, the gentle one had kept the wolf from the door for at least another week-end; and everyone was happy; particularly little Mrs. Billy, who quite openly reveled with the evil-faced Edgar's hearty approval—in the prospect of a rather brighter time than she had enjoyed for years.

Within a fortnight Mr. Tattenham had sailed, full of confidence and zeal and taking an appetite for gold dust which only one deprived of that commodity for many years could develop.

It was, in a way, a great grief to gentle George of Finch Court that he could not accompany the dust hunter.

"But for the claims of my business and the many responsibilities I have to support on behalf of my clients, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to take the trip with Tattenham in your interests, Bourke," he said once to the adventurer.

"No, I don't suppose it would," agreed Bourke dryly. "I guess you like gold dust as well as the next man, hey what? Still, if you stop right here in Finch Court where you are and 'tend to my interests, maybe you will get yours too."

George thought that over pretty thoroughly during the next fortnight, fighting hard that underpaid feeling which every agent is so often called upon to bear up against. He felt that he had missed something somehow; what, he was not quite sure. But he suspected that it was some gold dust.

Sitting back in his chair one morning, his glossy hat so far back on his head that it was only hanging by one hair, he was fruitlessly revolving his brains around the problem when Hungerford Bourke entered without knocking.

The tropical-insurance expert had improved his appearance a good deal during the past fortnight. His hat was as glossy as George H.'s, and even racier, his morning coat as smart; he had abolished his beard, and smoked glasses would have been a comfort to one looking at his patent-leather boots. He did not wish George good morning or inquire after his health or strew any pearls of politeness of that sort. Instead he produced, as he advanced, a massive gold cigar case.

"Smoke," he said, "and listen."

The squire did both.

"I told you if you sat tight here in Finch Court you'd get yours, didn't I, Jay?" began Hungerford. "Well, I've brought it to you. But there's a delicate bit of adjustment for you to do before you get it. Now I've learned two things in the last fortnight. Number One is that little Mrs. Tattenham deserves a better fate than to be eternally tied to that evil-faced husband of hers, liking each other as little as they do; and Number Two is that when they are divorced, she is willing to become Mrs. Hungerford Bourke."

"Divorced?" George H. raised his eyebrows. "Is she proposing to sue for divorce?"

"You can put it so; but it will be up to you, Jay, to attend to all that. A divorce is required and will be paid for. That's the strategy; the tactics Mrs. Billy and I leave to you."

George H. nodded thoughtfully. "'Paid for' is a loose and highly elastic expression," he said at last. "Let us be more exact. Assuming—for purposes of calculation—that this very difficult negotiation can be carried through to the satisfaction of all concerned, what would it be worth to you, Bourke?"

Hungerford was a big man physically and he was not cramped in his notions.

"I'll tell you, Jay. If you can arrange for a divorce action against him, to be undefended by Tattenham, I'll concede to him my entire concession to insure and otherwise play up, work out and do professional business with the natives of Bourkeville. That's generous enough, ain't it? But it suits me. I shan't be returning, myself, anyway—not with my delicate gizzard, and I can make all the money I need here in London."

"Well, it sounds generous," admitted Mr. Jay. "About what would you value the concession at, Bourke?"

"Oh, what a man makes it—what a man makes it," explained Hungerford airily. "Maybe a million, if he's tactful and good at handling naturally fierce and warlike natives; maybe no more than a spear through his digestion if he's tactless and clumsy. How can you value a thing like that? I'll say this, though: I brought fifty thousand pounds' worth of gold dust back from Bourkeville—me, a man in delicate health from a strained gizzard! That'll give you a line on what a fit man should do, won't it, hey?"

"It will," agreed Mr. Jay, very thoughtfully indeed. He was feeling pretty fit himself.

"All right, you see to it then."

George nodded and made a few notes. Hungerford Bourke rose and walked about the room a little.

"No doubt you're calling this a rough bit of work—by Billy and me," he said. "Well, it's not so rough as it looks. That little woman deserves something more out of life than Tattenham has given her, and I'm here to provide it—that's all, Jay. You just push on with it."

"Sure," said the gentle George cheerily. "That aspect of it is no affair of mine. I'm not a critic of conduct—I'm a high-class agent. I'm here to receive instructions from clients, to carry them out; and to receive my pay for good work well done—ha-ha!" He, too, rose. "And now, Bourke, I've got to get extremely busy on your behalf," he hinted. Hungerford understood and left.

It was, in its way, a masterly bit of agency that the Squire of Finch Court achieved, entirely with cablegrams, during the next week.

It began with wireless preliminaries to the boat which was bearing Tattenham to Africa and ended with solid blocks of expensive words sent back and forth over the cable from the dust hunter's landing place for Bourkeville.

But it was worth it; for, having spent much money, used up much patience and all but burnt out the main bearings of his brains, at the finish the old anteater found himself able to announce to the impatient Bourke that so far from attempting to defend any divorce suit against him, the good Edgar Tattenham would willingly supply little Mrs. Billy with evidence that would convince any impartial judge then judging that a decree nisi in the matter of the Tattenhams was almost desperately necessary. George rather skillfully had gleaned that while Mrs. Billy objected to Edgar because her temperament was incompatible with his face, Edgar for his part objected to Mrs. Billy because her temper was entirely incompatible with his notion of a quiet life. That George Henry had been tactful in the matter may be gleaned from the fact that Tattenham's final cable had been entirely charged with expressions of sheer gratitude to Mr. Jay for his kindness.

Hungerford Bourke, ever a man of action, hardly bothered to read the document which gentle George presently put before him for signature.

"This is the deed whereby you formally transfer the Bourkeville insurance concession, and this is a guaranty from Tattenham that no defense will be entered in the pending suit against him," said George.

Hungerford promptly signed the one and reached for the other.

"That's good. I'll say that you're a high-speed agent, Jay—yes. What's this?"

George had passed him another document. "That's my bill of costs—my fees."

"Five hundred guineas!" Hungerford scowled a little. "That's stiff, Jay."

"I've had a stiff job, Bourke. What's five hundred guineas to a man with the happy future I've assured for you?"

"Oh, well ——" Hungerford wrote the check. "But it's plenty of money—for I suppose you get a royal rake-off from Tattenham too."

"I get nothing from Tattenham," said Mr. Jay, rather sternly, "unless you can call a partnership in a very dubious concession anything."

"Partnership—what d'ye mean, Jay?"

"Tattenham and I have decided to go into the thing together on a fifty-fifty basis. It's set forth in that document which transfers the concession to us," stated George with dignity.

"Us?" Hungerford Bourke stared, not without a sort of admiration, at Mr. Jay. "Hey! Yes, you're a high-speed agent, all right. You mean to tell me that you charged Tattenham half his interest in the concession for doing something for which I've been paying you?"

George Henry laughed loudly, but very good humoredly. "Well, that's hardly the most dignified way of putting it; but it'll do, Bourke, it'll do. What does it matter, anyway—to you, I mean? All you have to do is to go ahead, get yourself cured and fit while you're waiting for the divorce, then marry that really charming little lady, Mrs. Billy, and live happy ever after."

(Continued on Page 179)

THE COCA COLA COMPANY ATLANTA GA

THE GLASS OF FASHION

Coca-Cola's pure and wholesome refreshment is enjoyed by more people, of more ages, at more places, than any other drink.

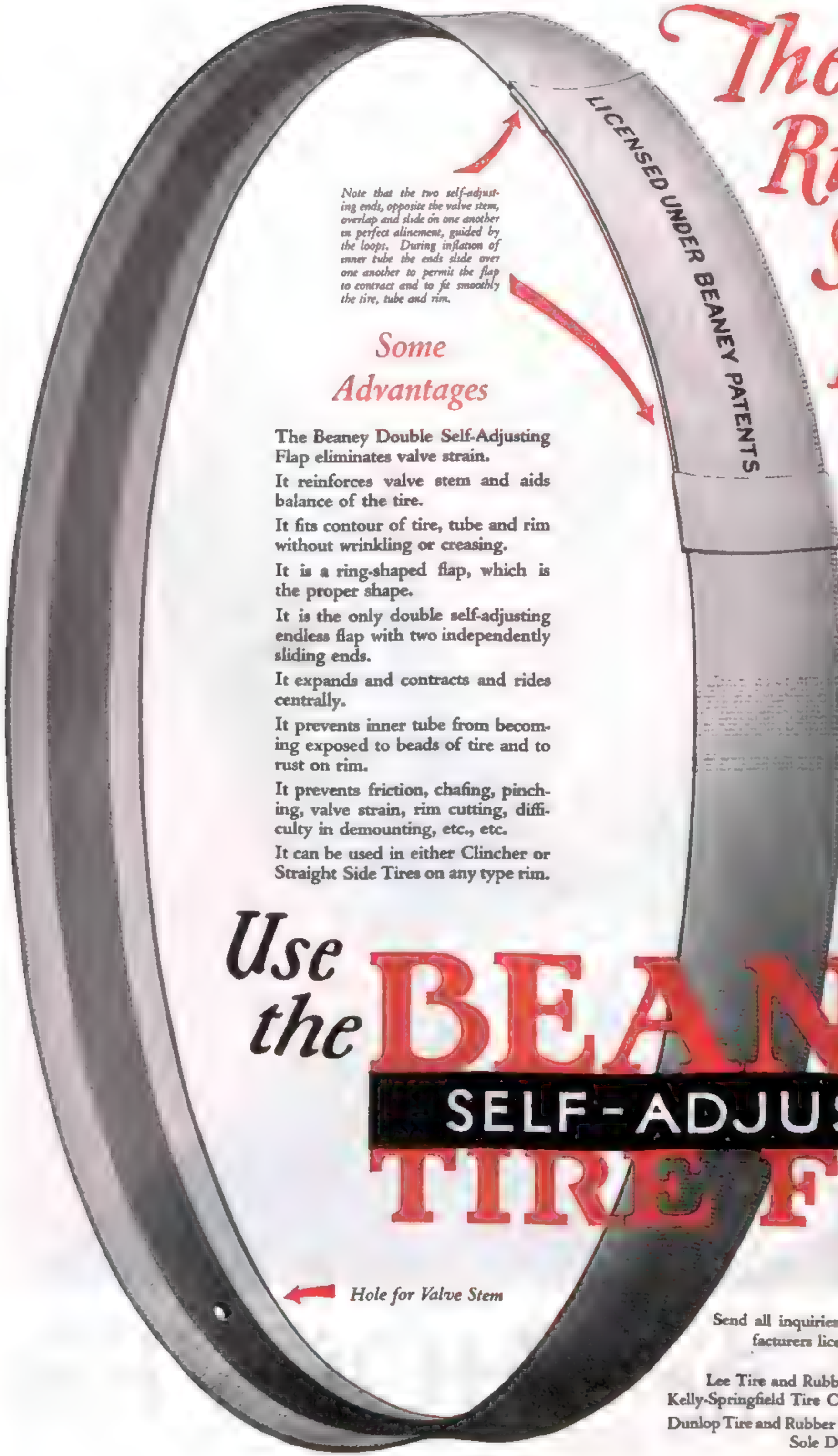
IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY

BOTH ends of the ordinary type of flap are fitted over the valve stem of the inner tube, establishing the fixed length of the flap, but it is necessary for the flap to be longer than the rim circumference in order to allow it to pass over the rim when mounting tire.

During inflation of the inner tube, the flap attempts to contract (contrary to popular conception, flaps do not expand during inflation but attempt to contract) and adjust itself to the rim circumference. But the circumference of the ordinary overlong flap cannot be decreased sufficiently to permit it to always ride centrally between the beads of the tire because both ends are fitted over valve stem. In an endeavor to take up its surplus length, the flap frequently is forced to wrinkle, crease and side slip off the rim and up the side wall of the tire into the flexing area.

This action exposes the inner tube to the edges of the tire beads and rust on the rim and results in chafing, tube pinching, strain on valve stem causing leaky valves, rim cutting, freezing to the rim, difficulty in demounting, etc.

Avoid
the squirming
FLAP
that has been *Biting*
your *Inner Tubes*



The Ring Shaped Endless Flap

Note that the two self-adjusting ends, opposite the valve stem, overlap and slide on one another in perfect alinement, guided by the loops. During inflation of inner tube the ends slide over one another to permit the flap to contract and to fit smoothly the tire, tube and rim.

Some Advantages

The Beaney Double Self-Adjusting Flap eliminates valve strain.

It reinforces valve stem and aids balance of the tire.

It fits contour of tire, tube and rim without wrinkling or creasing.

It is a ring-shaped flap, which is the proper shape.

It is the only double self-adjusting endless flap with two independently sliding ends.

It expands and contracts and rides centrally.

It prevents inner tube from becoming exposed to beads of tire and to rust on rim.

It prevents friction, chafing, pinching, valve strain, rim cutting, difficulty in demounting, etc., etc.

It can be used in either Clincher or Straight Side Tires on any type rim.

To Tire Dealers

One of the advantages to the dealer is the elimination of approximately twenty standard sizes, requiring a smaller investment in stock with more frequent turnovers and a greater margin of profit.

Use the BEANEY SELF-ADJUSTING TIRE FLAP

Hole for Valve Stem

Send all inquiries to one of the following manufacturers licensed under Beaney Patents

Lee Tire and Rubber Company, Conshohocken, Pa.
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., 250 West 57th St., New York City
Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Can.
Sole Distributors for Canada

YES, vacuum cleaners still are made and sold. So are buggies, for that matter.

But the enlightened woman today demands something more—the *new*, the *improved*, the *advanced*—the cleaning principle that takes dirt *out* of her rugs, instead of merely *off* them.

She demands "Positive Agitation," the remarkable principle perfected in the *new* Hoover. This revolutionary cleaner surpasses even the standard-design Hoover in these important particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

Those who have seen the new Hoover say it *antiquates* any earlier method of home cleaning and rug care. Yet any Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you this unrivaled cleaner for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

THE HOOVER COMPANY
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners The Hoover is also made in Canada at Hamilton, Ontario

An Immense Step Ahead
"POSITIVE AGITATION"

It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner

as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

The New HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 174)

"Well, that's true," said Hungerford, and went away, presumably to follow the gentle one's advice. But he had to come back once, looking puzzled. "I can't see how you did it, Jay. Come on now, tell me—just a bit of curiosity, call it. How did you get Tattenham to give you half that concession?"

"Pay me—not give me, Bourke," beamed George. "Why, that's simple enough. Here's a man willing to pay a very high price for something—a very high price. What does that indicate?"

"Hey? It indicates that he wants what he's buying very badly."

"Sure. And Tattenham was buying my services in securing him his divorce."

Big Hungerford Bourke looked a little serious. "He wants a divorce as bad as that, does he? Huh! Wonder why."

"Oh, probably just incompatibility. You've got to remember that a lady can be—well, incompatible, and still be entirely charming—don't forget that."

"No, I don't. But how did you guess it, with Tattenham away overseas?"

"Oh, instinct—an agent of my caliber develops a very powerful instinct—ha-ha!" said George. "As a matter of fact, Mrs. Billy gave me a clew in her letter. She said, you remember, that Tattenham threw a shank of cold mutton at the cat."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, later I asked Tattenham a casual question about that."

"Well?"

"The Tattenhams never had a cat in their lives."

"Oh, didn't they? Well, what about it?"

"Can't you see yet, man? Tattenham threw the shank of mutton at Mrs. Billy! But she couldn't very well advertise it," explained the squire patiently. "That helped me suspect that a divorce might appeal to Edgar."

"Huh!" said Hungerford Bourke, and left most thoughtfully.

III

IT WAS George Henry Jay's happy lot to see quite a good deal of the lovely Mrs. Billy during the month that followed. She was invariably in the company of Mr. Hungerford Bourke, and to say that she blossomed like a rose during that period would be to describe the wonderful change in her with complete inadequacy. From the slightly shabby, rather anxious, undoubtedly subdued little soul of apparently thirty-five who had hurried to Finch Court in the wake of the grim-faced Tattenham, she bloomed into a perfectly dressed, very vivacious, gloriously pretty lady of twenty-four—one whom any man might have justifiably felt proud to be privileged to follow about.

Big Mr. Bourke also improved immensely. He told Mr. Jay that he had found a doctor who was what Hungerford, gayly fantastic, described as a wizard at a lizard-poisoned gizzard. This doctor had taken Hungerford's halting heart—for such was the organ affected—in hand and was really working wonders with it.

"I'll tell you frankly, Jay, that little Mrs. Billy and this doctor have made life matter to me again," bellowed Bourke one morning to George. "When I called in at your spider's web I believed I had about six months to live and I didn't care much about anything. But that's all changed now. I guess old Hungerford is still going to sit in the game of life for many a year to come—yes, sir. And," he added as an afterthought—"and he's going to have to get busy before long." He leaned to George H. "For I'll say this, Jay: I can see that when all this divorce business is cleared up and Mrs. Hungerford Bourke and myself settle down into our stride, my present small pile won't do much more than clothe my wife. For she's a lady who is no miser, Mr. Jay. She can spend money in a way that would make some men yearn for the hereafter. But she'll be worth it, for she buys wisely, if a lot. Still, if at any time you see a business opening for a man with plenty of pluck—me—and quite a lot of loose cash—mine—notify me, will you, Jay?"

It was even as the gentle one, on the following morning, was preparing to telephone Hungerford with news of a peculiarly attractive little financial proposition in which he was able to invite the participation of any man with plenty of loose cash, that Mr. Bourke himself, vigorous, hearty, almost overwhelming, came breezing into the office, full to overflowing of a great idea.

"I'm a well man again, Jay," he bawled. "Just come on here from the doc's, and he's warranted me sound again, and I feel it. Man, I could knock down buffaloes! Hey? . . . Now I've been thinking. I've had a pretty straight tip from the lawyer folk that it is not going to do to be seen about with Mrs. Billy quite so much, and she agrees with that."

George nodded. "I was going to advise you seriously about that myself," he said.

"Thanks, Jay. . . . Well, here I am, at a loose end for some months to come, and as fit as a fire engine. What am I going to do about it? I'll be needing a whole lot of money before long. Mrs. Billy confided in me that she wants one of her wedding presents to be a yacht. Well, these yachts don't spring up in the night for nothing, like mushrooms. You got to earn a lot to start buying yachts, Jay, not to mention other things, and I want to get busy."

"Well, here's a sweet little proposal—a money-maker—I was going to put to you ——" began George H.

But the big man overbore him. "No, I'm not aiming to go piking about London reaching out for the same money that about eight million other folk are reaching out for. That's not my style—now I'm fit. It never was. I want something big, special, personal and exclusive, Jay." He stooped down so that his big face overhung George's desk like a reddish cloud. "I'm going back into the insurance business—back to Bourkeville, where the gold dust breeds, Jay."

Gentle George hardened. "You can't do that, Bourke. You can't grab back a concession you've transferred, man!" he said sharply, his eyes going rather glassy.

"Who's grabbing anything? I'm going to buy it back. I'm here to buy your 60 per cent interest in that concession."

He stared hard at the flinty eyes and stiff jaw of George Henry Jay, and continued quickly: "Man alive, I'm here with the price in my fist, buying my own back though I am! What? You don't think that Hungerford Bourke's the man to double-cross a friend who's helped him out the way you have!"

George H. was thinking exactly that, but he denied it swiftly.

"I should be sorry—sorry and ashamed—to accuse my worst enemy of that," he admitted. "But I'll confess you startled me, Bourke—hey?—the way you put it. . . . But about my half share. I don't know that it's for sale. I like it. It looks good to me. It looks mighty like a small fortune, properly handled. I think I'll keep it. Unless I misjudge our evil-looking friend, Tattenham, he's going to get away with it over in Bourkeville."

"Let me tell you something, Bourke, old man. He's picked up cheap, at the port, a big consignment of scarlet artificial silk, with gold tassels and silver fringes. And savage though those Bourkeville dames may be, I'm hugging the notion, Bourke, that when it comes to selecting the material for their short skirts, those savage ladies won't be quite so savage as to want back in Bourkeville anybody who pays out only red flannelette or a rusty harmonica on a perfectly good insurance claim—no, sir, not while the scarlet silkette is available!"

Hungerford Bourke looked genuinely uneasy. "Huh! What about that, after all, Jay? It was a good idea of Tattenham's; but, man, it's influence he needs, not scarlet skirts. The chief—that's the man he's got to sweeten—my friend the chief. If I were a low-down sportsman—or if I were goaded and baited beyond endurance, Jay, mark that—I guess a cable message to a friend of mine at the port for transmission to the chief would do Tattenham's business for him in ten seconds. Hey? The chief's a blood brother of mine—we've been blooded, the chief and me—and a messy ceremony it was. But at a word from me—just a hint that Tattenham's a don in disguise—and in five seconds they'd fill Edgar so full of spears that he'd look like a porcupine that'd been in a fatal accident at a harpoon factory."

But gentle Mr. Jay broke in, laughing loudly: "Would he? Would he so, Bourke? Let me tell you that before Tattenham's been five minutes in Bourkeville, the chief's going to draw a bonus on the immortality policy you issued to him—a bonus, Bourke, consisting of a Swiss cuckoo clock, a gramophone and a case of gin strong enough to drive an aeroplane from Cape Horn to Cape Cod. A couple of nips and he'll think a whole flock of cuckoos are issuing forth at him every time the clock strikes the hour."

George beat his fist gently on the desk.

"I want to say right here, Bourke, old man, that your concession has been transferred to the two men best fitted of all the men in London town to collect on it. . . . Natives? Why, Tattenham's middle name is Aborigine, so to put it; and as for me—why, in a manner of speaking, my father, the famous Wilberforce Jay, invented natives. He lived practically his whole life among 'em, Bourke, and I'll say this for the old man—he passed down a whole lot of his knowledge to me, his favorite son."

George leaned back, laughing heartily, and as heartily hoping that Hungerford Bourke would not notice the perspiration with which the effort of his swift invention had bedewed his brow.

But he need not have worried. He had Mr. Bourke guessing.

"Look here, Jay, old man, you're talking as if I were here to steal something from you," protested Hungerford; "but I'm not. No, I'm here to buy something. I don't doubt that you and Tattenham—with a face like his and a mind like yours—can soak it to those poor benighted savages of mine in a way that would leave them old dons shocked and ashamed. But how are you going to trust a looker like Tattenham to hand you yours? You can't leave your business to go and keep tabs on him, and you can't possibly trust him. And gramophones, gin and cuckoo clocks apart, I can still make it pretty rugged going for him. My chief ain't civilized; he's savage yet, and when he blooded himself as brother to a man like he did to me, it still means something to him. You know that if you know natives. No, you'd better sell while the selling's good. Meet me and I'll meet you! Come on now, Jay, old man, name your figure."

Their glances crossed like blades. George drew a deep breath.

"Bourke, I am a man of few words," he stated, in a low, tense, earnest manner. "There is force in what you say. I can afford to admit it. If I were comfortably free to leave this exacting business of mine, I'll say frankly I wouldn't sell. I'd do what you're going to do—take a trip over to Bourkeville. But—frankly again—I don't want to have to do it. So I'll name a figure, on one condition. It's to be the only figure named. You can take it or leave it. Probably I shall regret it either way."

"Name it," said Hungerford.

"Five thousand pounds cold cash paid right down here on my desk!" declared Mr. Jay.

Bourke stared at him fixedly, his mouth open and all sorts of conversation obviously trembling on the tip of his tongue. But with an effort that must have startled his gizzard almost out of its convalescence, he refrained—except for one fraction of it:

"I wish I had stayed safely over there with the cannibals!" he said slowly, glaring, then snapped, like a rat trap in a rage: "I'll buy at five thousand!"

"Very well," said George H. calmly. He pushed the cigar box to Hungerford. "The

(Continued on Page 181)

When Dad goes Shopping

When Dad drops into the Electric Shop, the corner garage or the Hardware Store for a roll of friction tape, he looks for this Dutch Brand carton because:

Dad knows that Dutch Brand—the tape that big industries use will insulate electric wires—repair broken tool handles—mend the children's toys—or fix the garden hose; and do it better.

Dutch Brand Friction Tape is made for hard service, it sticks tite, won't ravel and is a perfect insulator. Same price as ordinary brands.

Sold at Leading Electrical, Motor Accessory or Hardware Stores

FIX-IT with DUTCH BRAND

Save Your Tires!

Fill the cuts and gouges with 2-in-1 Cut Filler and keep out the dirt, water and gravel that rot and wear away the heart of a tire—the fabric.

2-in-1 Cut Filler hardens quickly and becomes a permanent part of the tire. 50c a tube at your motor supply dealer—it will save you many dollars.

Sold at leading Garages and Motor Accessory Stores

There are twenty other Dutch Brand Motor Aids that will save you money.

National Distribution through jobbing channels.

VAN CLEEF BROS., Chicago

Manufacturers

Rubber and Chemical Products

Established 1910

The Graybar quality tag—under which 60,000 electrical supplies are shipped. A mark of reliability.

Thoroughbred Horsepower

JUST as in the arena at ancient Rome, so in a modern American factory horsepower is the thing! Industry more and more depends on thoroughbred horsepower, in the form of reliable electric motors —the only kind that Graybar Electric sells.

For motors and everything electrical, some 60,000 items, look to Graybar Electric Company—successor to the Supply Department of the Western Electric Company.

Through its system of fifty-five distributing houses located in all parts of the country, this organization is geared up to do a big job in a big way, serving America's requirements for electrical supplies.

(Continued from Page 179)

best deal you ever made in your life, Bourke," he said. "I'm regretting it already. Have a cigar while I make out the documents."

That was done with the usual uncanny speed and skill which much practice at documents had developed in George Henry.

On the way to luncheon together—all bitterness past and done with—they passed the bank, where George dropped in and tenderly salted home the check.

"You haven't much to complain of, Bourke," he said, rejoining his friendly foe. "You must have thirty-five thousand left anyway."

"Yes, if you folk will leave it left," said Hungerford gloomily. "But I brought fifty thousand here two months ago. Do I have to pay seven thousand five hundred a month for the right to live in London then?" he added.

The Squire of Finch Court chuckled.

"Men have paid more," he stated. "Though most of us pay less. . . . When are you planning to leave for Bourkeville? I'll cable your man at the port to send a message into the interior advising Tattenham that you are now his partner."

"Thanks. And only a month ago I was his boss," said Hungerford sourly. "When am I leaving? Oh, well, in a month, maybe—just as soon as I can tear myself away from little Mrs. Billy."

"Quite—quite," said gentle George, but he shook his head a little dubiously.

He was right so to shake it, for it ended otherwise than the big Hungerford planned it. He did not tear himself away from lovely little Mrs. Billy—it was she who tore herself away from him. Hungerford called in at the Finch Court office exactly a fortnight later to tell Mr. Jay so. He was no longer arrayed in City or West End raiment. Instead, he was clad in pure colonial garb and his beard was growing enthusiastically.

"Just looked in to say so long, Jay, old man," he stated. "I'm off to Bourkeville in two days' time. I—I guess I'm kind of homesick."

George caught the subdued roar in his voice. "Why, what's your hurry?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you, Jay, right here. I don't feel safe in the City, Jay. I want to go back among the savages and lions and snakes and stinging lizards, and be homy and comfortable!" he shouted. "You heard about Mrs. Billy? You didn't? Well, she's gone. Yes, and I've just had a cable from my pal at the port to say that pirate-featured four-flusher Tattenham has gone too! Yes, sir! He got to Bourkeville, dug up my dust, drew down something awful from my blood brother, the chief, by way of premium for insuring all his wives against old age or some slick swindle like that, and went with the gold dust while he had it. Mrs. Billy's gone to join him somewhere—left a note to say she knew I'd understand that she'd had a change of heart—and mind. Said that as she had stood loyally by her husband during his lean years, she felt she couldn't leave him to fend for himself during his fat ones. And, to make it worse, she drew two crosses under her name—kisses—kisses, Jay! And the only two she ever gave me!"

Gentle Mr. Jay whistled softly, shaking his head. "A clever couple, that, Bourke—cleverer than I thought. Hey, we're well rid of 'em. Dangerous pair, that! Never liked the look of him somehow." He shrugged, dismissing them. "You don't feel too bad about it, Bourke, old man? If you do, take an old agent's advice, and don't. After all, you couldn't expect seriously to get away with this Dan-and-Beersheba stuff in modern London—well, now could you? And after all, you've got a sweet little pile left—and you're going to where there's more waiting for you. Listen to old George H. Jay—a man of experience and a fine agent, though I say it. Forget those Tattenhams, go out to Bourkeville, clean up a million, come home again, settle down, make me your agent and leave me to handle your fortune for you."

"I will!" roared Bourke. "I will that! But I'll have myself handcuffed to you while you're handling it, Jay!"

George H.'s eyebrows went up. "Oh, come, I don't deserve that, Bourke," he protested smilingly. "Still, if it's any help to you I'll stand for it. But better come and shout at me over a farewell lunch. Hey, now? What have I made out of it all—honestly now? If I've cleaned up six thousand, why, I've earned it. And what's six thousand to a man like you?"

"Six thousand," answered Hungerford Bourke—correctly.

"Oh, well, so be it. Come along. After all, it's only a single-payment premium for something or other in Bourkeville—ha-ha!"

"But what I don't understand, Jay," demurred Hungerford as they shaped a lunchward course, "is just why that evil-looking blighter Tattenham should agree to the divorce and on top of that should give you half the concession for fixing it up."

Gentle George stopped short and stared in amazement at the big man.

"Children children could not be more innocent than some of you clients of mine," he declared. "Where you would be without old George to look after you I can't bear to think. . . . Why, obviously the Tattenhams were in close touch—by cable. Tattenham could afford to agree to what he knew would never take place. He merely wanted to be sure of keeping you in England until he got next to the gold dust. And as far as giving me half the concession—why shouldn't he? He could have given me all of it and it would have cost him no more. He wanted to keep us both sweet. I see now that all he meant to do was to grab the dust you'd hidden and get away with it to some rendezvous with Mrs. Billy while he could. When he gave me that half he gave me nothing—as far as he was concerned—a worthless thing."

"And you shot it into me for five thousand, Jay!"

George Henry laughed. "Yes! But I didn't know it was worthless then—and you insisted on it. You meant having it at any price."

Hungerford Bourke scratched where his new beard was coming. "Well, yes, I admit that," he said frankly. But he still looked a little puzzled.

George Henry slipped a friendly hand through the big man's arm. "The fact is we fell into the hands of a scoundrel, you and I," he said cheerfully. "The concession never was a tangible thing. It was always a personal thing—personal to you. I see that now. Still, there's plenty of gold dust left there, no doubt. Only, you are exclusively the man to get it. But after all, ain't that the sort of thing you like?—ha-ha! Big, special, exclusive and personal! Why, you said it yourself! Certainly, you of all men, don't need to grudge old George Jay his bit of commission and—er—so on. Nunno, Bourke! Not at all! So come on. We'll go to the Carlton, and I'll pay for the taxi! Hey? Yes, sir, and the lunch too!"

"Huh! All right. Thanks for something anyway," growled Hungerford, and went on, as invited.

PATHFINDERS

(Continued from Page 46)

helpful. For example, they learned from one of the hotel elevator boys one or two striking details about the appearance of a man he had carried down from the floor where the robbery had occurred. This man had urged the operator to make haste, because, he said, he had only a few minutes left in which to catch a train. Among the people boarding a train that left for the North that night were two men and one woman who seemed to be traveling together. A detective got on the same train.

They had tickets to Chicago, but before they reached there one of the men had disappeared. From Chicago the couple continued on to New York and the detective got some sleep on the eastward trip, because by that time he had been joined by another detective. Not once did they betray the slightest interest in the pair they were trailing, and when they arrived in New York other detectives took over their work, so as to avoid the danger involved in the chance that the couple had noticed them during the journey from the South. A number of detectives were needed by that time, anyway, because in New York the man and woman immediately separated, going to different hotels. The man at his hotel was met by that other man who had started with them on the trip from the city where the robbery occurred. Together they checked at the hotel baggage room a lady's hand bag that, one might have supposed, belonged to their woman companion. That bag, the detectives were confident, contained the stolen jewelry with its precious diamonds. They might have seized the thieves and plunder at any time then, but they were gambling. They wanted someone more important.

For twenty-four hours the hand bag was left there. The detectives' superiors had been in conference with the owners of the stolen jewelry. All concerned felt that it was best to leave the bag as a baited trap. Then patience was rewarded. One of the men came and redeemed the hand bag, got into a taxicab and was driven uptown for several miles to a rendezvous where his partner was waiting for him in another car. The partner received the bag and drove off to a pawnshop.

As he was coming out of the place about half an hour later he was grabbed by detectives. Others who had been summoned to the neighborhood swarmed into the pawnbroker's establishment, arrested him and seized a portion of the stolen jewelry. The rest of it was recovered from a safe-deposit box in a midtown vault, which has among its customers a number of jewelers. But that pawnbroker was the real prize. Because he had in his possession a circular describing in minute detail the stolen property which he had just purchased and because of several other chinks in his armor, he was convicted and now shovels coal in Sing Sing. Even the detectives who caught him, though, admit he was a comparatively unimportant fence. They aspire to the arrest of more important ones and if all the jewelers work together for a while they may get some of them, because they can be trapped.

Since those three hotel thieves have been locked up, there has been a sharp decline in the number of robberies of jewelry salesmen in hotels, but that there are some left at liberty was demonstrated by another similar robbery a few months later in a hotel in a town in the East. The diamond salesman left a wallet containing stones valued at about $60,000 in his trunk in his room while he went down to breakfast with a couple of acquaintances, also jewelry salesmen. When he returned to his room he found his trunk had been broken open. The robbers had left a drill, a hammer and other tools, but they had taken all his diamonds.

The police of that town then did a characteristic thing. Murder, arson, assault, mayhem and other crimes on the calendar are sometimes not so disturbing to the peace of mind of policemen as the crime of robbery is. The most annoying citizen is the one who affronts the force by charging that he has been robbed. In this case, in spite of strong expressions of faith in the innocence of their representative that were telephoned and wired and written from

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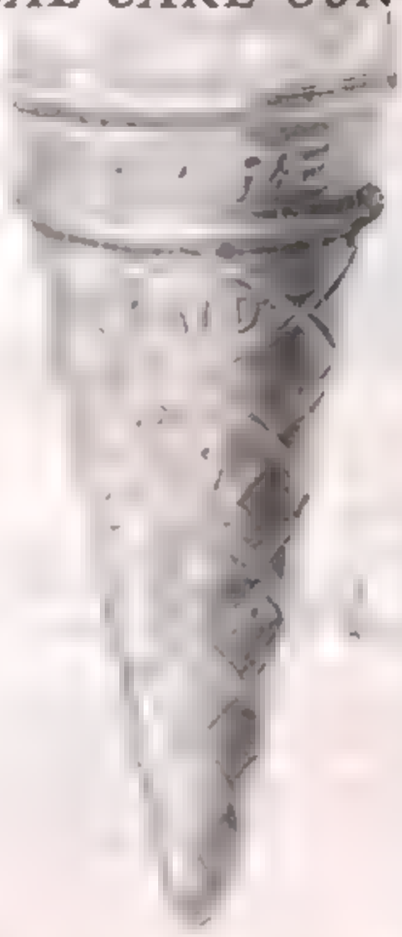

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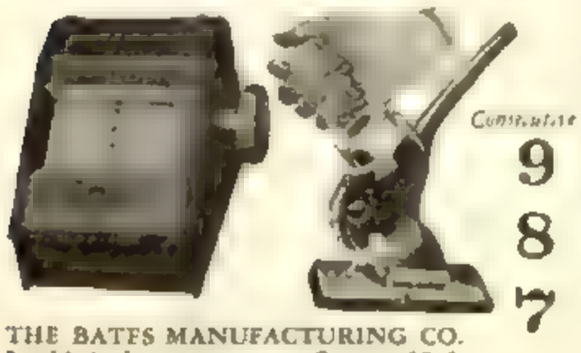

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New York by the man's employer, he was locked up and it was several days before he got out.

A similar thing happened in one of the largest cities of the Middle West about a year ago. Afterward someone in the organization recalled a telephone conversation he had had with some unidentified "friend" of their traveling representative.

"When will Kirby be in?" the voice had inquired. "I expect to be out there and want to see him."

"He'll be in Kankakee on the sixth," replied the man in the home office, after consulting a schedule, "in Milwaukee on the eighth and ninth; then Chicago for three days; then he goes to —— for two days."

"Thank you. Hope I get to see him. G'-by."

Now this salesman for years had been going to the same hotel in a central part of the city in question. On this trip he dropped off the train in a suburb, having previously from the train telegraphed his mother, who was visiting there, that he would come to see her at the small hotel where she was staying. As he descended the dark stairway of the suburban railroad station and turned a corner beneath the overhead tracks of the railroad, he was engulfed in a darkness that seemed to be illumined by bursting skyrockets, flower pots and other pyrotechnic displays. He had been slugged from behind. He retained enough hold on his senses to know that he was dragged into a taxicab, searched for his diamond wallets, slugged again and tossed out onto the sidewalk. When he could stagger to a telephone he reported to the police that he had been robbed of $125,000 in unmounted diamonds.

He was instructed to report to headquarters, which he did, and he was held there for forty-eight hours while various members of the department attempted to, as they expressed it, "break him down." All this in spite of the fact that he had been employed by the same concern for fifteen years, that they trusted him implicitly and many times had sent him out on the road with a much larger treasure.

The police of that town were unreasonable, but though not all policemen are so, yet every one of them who has been called upon to investigate a robbery of a salesman of precious stones or of jewelry stocks has come to believe that these traveling men are extremely negligent. "Too many of them let the insurance companies do their worrying," said one police official who has had to investigate some of their losses.

Blazing Trails for Pathfinders

If the trade as a whole were less careless the pathfinders would have a harder time of it. In some trade papers the movements of the traveling men are heralded in advance with something like the detail with which theatrical papers inform persons in that profession where and when to find their acquaintances. All these salesmen have their own habits, and get into ruts which make it easier for thieves to select the best time to rob them. More than this, it is the general practice for these salesmen to send out in advance of their departure from home notices to their customers as to when they may be expected. Customs of this sort make the work of the pathfinder something less than work.

In one Eastern city in recent months the robberies followed one pattern, and that conformed precisely to the pattern of jewelry-selling habits in that town. Many of the manufacturing jewelers of the East maintain representatives in that city, and these salesmen without exception use automobiles in calling on their customers. Again and again salesmen reported to the police of that city that their sample cases containing the bulk of their wares, jeweled ornaments, watches, diamonds and pearls, had been abstracted from their automobiles while they were showing some of their goods to local retail jewelers. Several investigations showed that each time clerks in the store were able to recall that a man had been standing in front of the store, seemingly gazing at the window display during the visit of the salesman who was robbed. This was the lookout.

But the puzzling thing to the salesmen was the ease with which the thieves got into their sedans and then into specially constructed cabinets in the machines, in spite of heavy locks. Private detectives noted that almost all these salesmen used two or three garages. Beyond that they could only surmise that some member of an organized group of thieves had been working in these garages for the purpose of studying these locks and equipping himself with duplicate keys.

The maps of the United States that hang on the walls of those who study the activities of thieves who prey on the jewelry trade show by the number of red pins clustered about Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Boston that these cities are among those which seem to shelter well-organized gangs. These same maps show, too, that there are comparatively few robberies of jewelry salesmen and diamond men in the South and West. There must be good reasons behind this, and the jewelers hope that in time they may isolate the principle that gives something like immunity to certain regions and apply it to the infected areas, as do bacteriologists in fighting microscopic organisms that attack mankind.

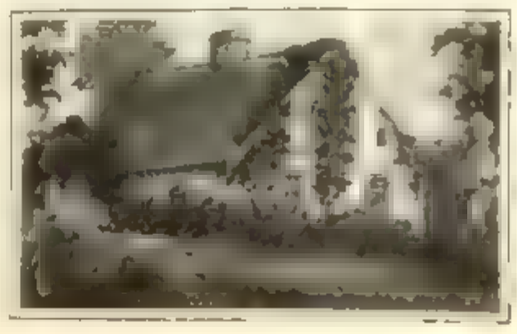
Baggage Switchers

Naturally, where there are so many violent attacks being made on property, there is some killing. Benvenuto Cellini in his quarrels discovered that blows are not dealt by measure, and some of the diamond salesmen and jewelry-store proprietors who have been murdered in the past few years have died because criminals did not know how hard a blow may safely be administered with a piece of lead pipe wrapped in newspapers, or with a blackjack.

There was one diamond merchant who had his headquarters in a Western city, who retailed stones that he got from wholesale jewelers on memorandum receipts. Sometimes he had as much as $50,000 worth of stones in his possession. One day he mentioned to acquaintances a sale he hoped to make. A rich oil man, or maybe it was a mining man, had been looking enviously at a square stone, the price of which was $20,000. Late that night the jeweler's body was found lying beside the road in a suburb. It had been run over by an automobile and the tire tread was printed in oily dust on his clothing. A coroner's physician discovered, however, through a post-mortem examination, that the diamond man was dead when that car ran over him. His death had been caused by several heavy blows on the head. His diamond wallet, of course, was gone.

When these salesmen are on the road they may not safely relax their vigilance for a minute, except when their pearls or stones are locked up for the night in the hotel safe, and even then sometimes they have bad dreams if they are not fully insured. On trains they are subject to innumerable tricks by baggage switchers—a form of thievery that is as highly specialized as operations for gallstones.

One of the richest of New York's diamond men never settles himself in his Pullman until he has made a trip to the baggage car and examined his trunk and held a conference with the baggageman. Once in this man's career a thief got aboard the train on which he rode and went to the baggage car to get some medicine from his trunk. Then he offered the baggageman some of the medicine, and while they laughed and smacked their lips a third man came into the car to get something from his trunk. Instead of doing that, however, he switched the baggage checks on two trunks in that car. At the next station the baggageman threw off a trunk which seemed to be destined for that point.



The following morning the diamond man, having left the train and reached his hotel, confronted there the trunk sent from the station. He saw at a glance that it was not his, although it did resemble it. When opened by railroad detectives it was found that it contained some old shoes and a heavy bundle of newspapers and magazines to give it weight.

Many of them have had their own bags stolen when they set them down for a moment in the station to display their railroad and Pullman tickets. The fact that these bags were replaced with others precisely like them in appearance, and sometimes in weight, is something else that may be laid at the door of the thieves' spies in the business.

Repeatedly, in New York, diamond salesmen have been kidnaped from the streets, held in automobiles until their wallets had been carried off by one of the robbers, and then set down in some lonely region far from telephones or police stations. In Philadelphia one salesman left a boy guarding his car and the sample cases it contained. When he returned in about twenty minutes, car, boy and all were gone. The boy and the automobile were found later, unharmed. For the lad it was an unpleasant adventure, but for the salesman and his firm it was a serious matter. Samples representing an entire line of manufactured articles of fine jewelry may not be replaced easily in the middle of a selling season, and the sales that were lost were not protected by insurance, even though the samples were.

Traps in Maiden Lane

All sorts of fiendish traps are being set from day to day by the men who are supplied with information by the traitorous pathfinders who haunt Maiden Lane. One man stepped into the hallway of a business building some time ago and was seized from the rear by an unseen robber, who flung a choking arm about his neck and then clamped over his mouth and nose a yellow-and-red bandanna saturated with chloroform. He was forced to the floor then and held there until consciousness faded out. When he recovered, his leather brief case, which he had thought was an excellent disguise for the diamonds he carried, was gone, as was about $1000 in cash which he had collected that day from customers. Since the building where that occurred was occupied chiefly by jewelers, a clerk of the neighborhood who was passing at the moment a man dashed out of the door, guessed that a robbery had occurred and called a policeman. The officer arrived before the diamond salesman had regained his senses.

Another trap that has worked effectively several times requires that the thieves follow their victim into an elevator cage. Somewhere above the ground floor the operator is cowed with pistols and the salesman is hustled into a lavatory with a gun at his spine. After his wallet has been taken he is dared to poke his nose outside until he has counted 500. Sometimes the more daring ones begin to yell after they have counted, slowly, about sixty-five, but no thief has been caught as a result.

Store and office holdups are most common in the jewelry business, but the really big hauls usually are those that occur when a spy—a pathfinder—informs his comrades that a diamond salesman of high caliber has mailed out cards to the trade announcing the beginning of a new business trip.

It is a fine business for the thieves and the pathfinders.

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Your boy may be worse handicapped!

YOU wouldn't put your boy in a diving-suit and expect him to win a foot race! Certainly not.

Yet you may be starting him in the race of life under a handicap just as heavy. How are his eyes?

Oh, *my* child sees perfectly, you say! Wait a minute, now. Seeing well is not necessarily an indication that his eyes are right. Eyes and *sight* are two different things. For example, it is possible for children, like grown-ups, to see clearly with defective eyes. But they do so only by drawing excessively on their nervous energy.

This overtaxing of the nerves, to make defective eyes see clearly, may affect your boy in ways you never connect with eyes. Is he fretful? Nervous? Listless? Does he have headaches, indigestion? Any of these symptoms may be due to his eyes.

So you see it is unsafe to assume that your child's eyes are normal. Whether he sees well or not, you should have his eyes examined. It's the only way to make sure he's not entered in the race of life under a very serious handicap.

Now, while your child's young, is the time to act. If you give him now the help he needs, he may not have to wear glasses later. Arrange—today—to have his eyes examined.

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. . . but she didn't stop to think!

She well knew the danger of the moth—the ruin, the loss, the sorrow it causes. *Her* things, however, had seemed safe. And because they'd always *seemed* so, she thought they'd always *be* so—until one day . . .

She hadn't realized that always there's a *first time.* She didn't stop to think. And now, nothing can restore her ruined treasure.

* * *

Damage to the extent of many millions of dollars annually is being laid to the moth and her pernicious worm offspring. Every woman lives in terror of these flitting pests. She knows what their secret invasion of closets and drawers means—devastation!

But a Lane Cedar Chest means *protection.* To moths, the red cedar oil *aroma* given off by it is *unbearable.* And, according to government tests, it kills the undeveloped moth *worm.* Knitted things, wool blankets, silk comforters, furs, underwear, coats—all may be kept in its aromatic depths handy for an occasional cold day, yet always safe from the pests. And from dust and dampness.

Too, the Lane is a beautiful piece of furniture. Popular everywhere for window, hall or bed seat use, or for bedroom dressing lounge. Go no longer without this protection, this long-wanted convenience. But by all means get a *Lane,* the chest of "nine-point perfection," the chest of more *lasting aroma.*

The Lane gives you nine practical features combined in no other cedar chest. Among them are ¾-inch red cedar heartwood panels, because of their extra *thickness,* containing a sufficiency of red cedar oil to give enduring protection against moths.

It gives you lids, warp-proof and fitted air-tight; special finishes, giving lovely unscratchable surfaces and sealing the pores, imprisoning the odor. Handsomely grained panels, inseparably interlocked joints, dust and damp-proof construction, *prices remarkably reasonable* . . . but see a Lane at your dealer's. Let him explain all.

Many entrancing designs, period or plain, in the all-cedar, or in the cedar-lined walnut types now in vogue. All popular sizes. Go to your dealer today. Special displays now being shown. To be sure of the genuine Lane, look under the lid for the Lane trademark.

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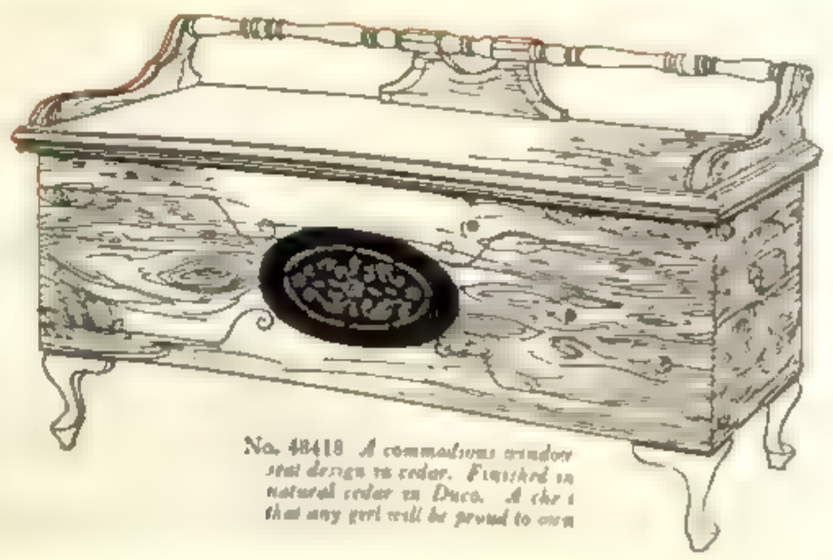
A young woman . . . whose troth is pledged . . . whose dreams are being realized. Your bride . . . or she who some day will be . . . give her a cedar chest.

Your mother or your wife. Think how she, too, would enjoy one of these fragrant emblems of thoughtfulness.

But to know that she gets lasting aroma, permanent moth protection and all that for which the cedar chest stands, make sure you give her a Lane.

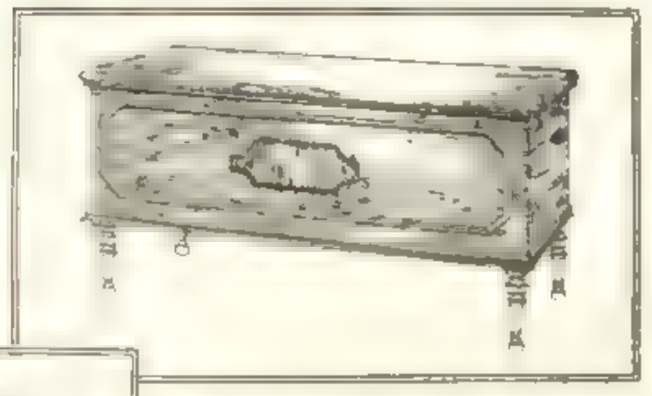


No. 48418 *A commodious ornamental design in cedar. Finished in natural cedar in Duco. A chest that any girl will be proud to own*

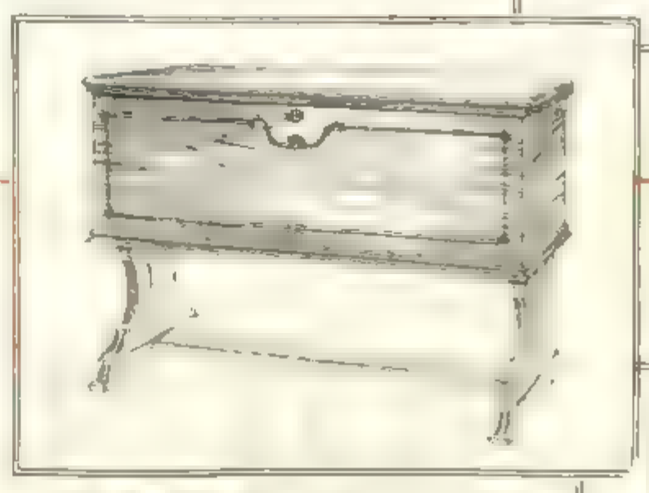
An insect with a $200,000,000 *appetite*

According to authority, moths cost close to two hundred millions of dollars annually. No woolens or furs are safe from the insect and her pernicious offspring. Their natural abiding place is in furs and woolens folded away in closets and other dark places. Here the moth lays her eggs. The eggs hatch into larvae, or worms. The worms, born naked, need clothes which they make out of YOURS in the form of a cocoon. In this they grow, meanwhile feeding on the materials and increasing the size of the cocoon as needed. Finally, they go to sleep, wake up as moths and flit away, thus completing Nature's cycle and leaving ruin behind. In one year a moth produces four generations of destroyers. Scientists estimate her issue will in this time destroy on an average one hundred pounds of wool

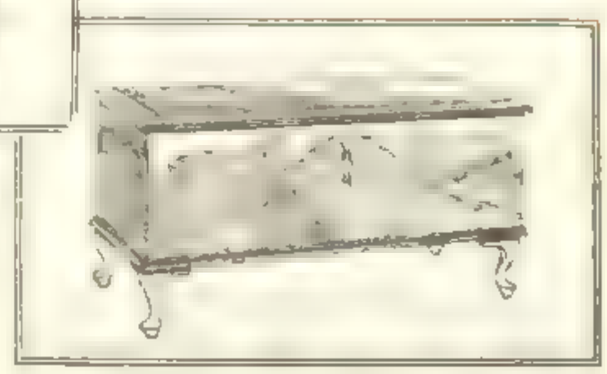
She well knew the danger of the moth—the ruin, the loss, the sorrow it causes. Her things, however, had seemed safe. And because they'd always seemed so, she thought they'd always be so—until one day . . .



No. 48542 *An ideal "Hope Chest"—beautifully decorated with cedar motifs in period design. Finished in natural cedar in Duco*



No. 44807 [illegible] *ideal for hall or living room* [illegible] *nut veneered chest, full cedar lined* [illegible]



No. 45790 *A beautiful bedroom or hope* [illegible] *to match bedroom suite. Genuine* [illegible] *cedar* [illegible]

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Cedar Chest

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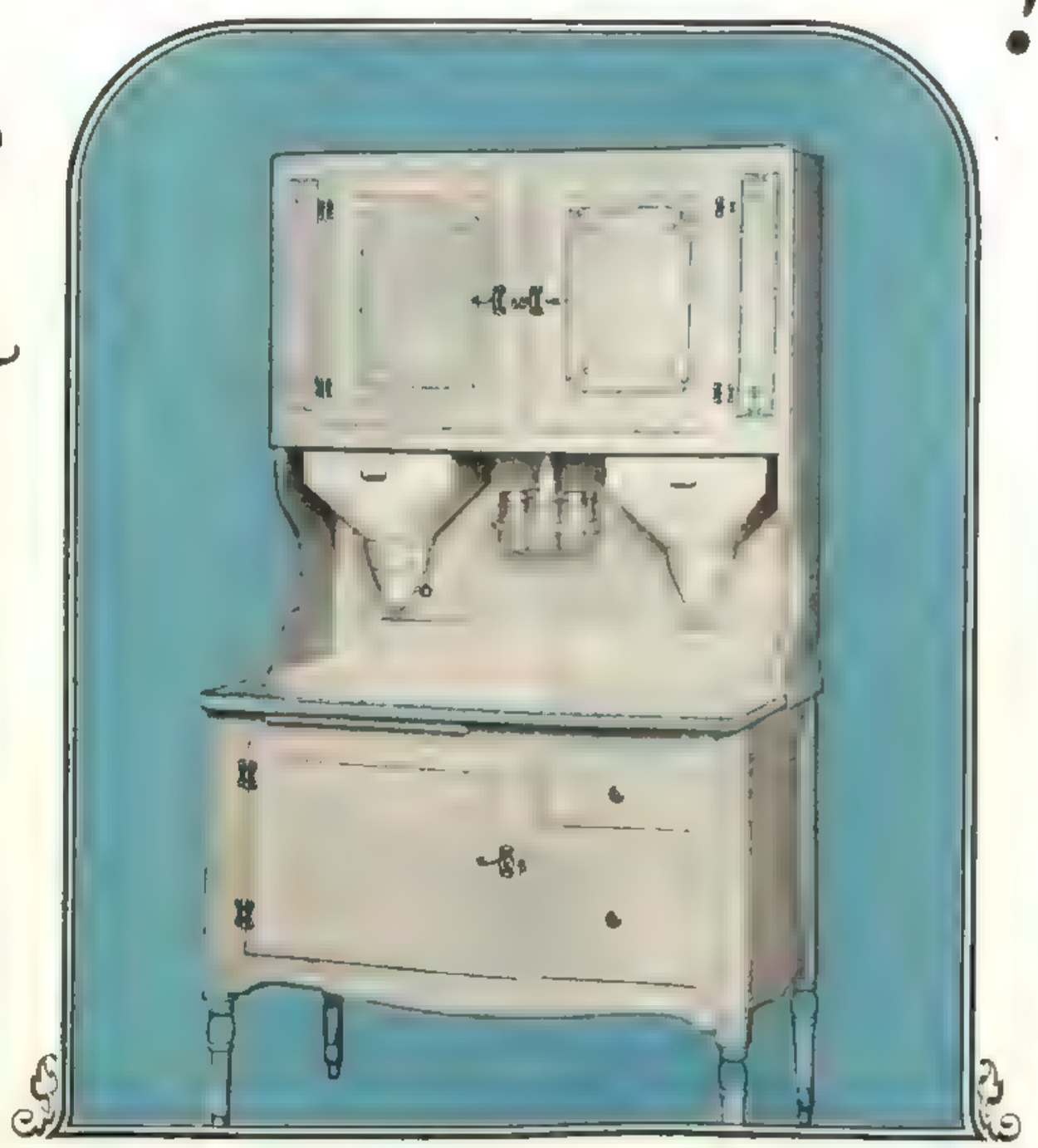
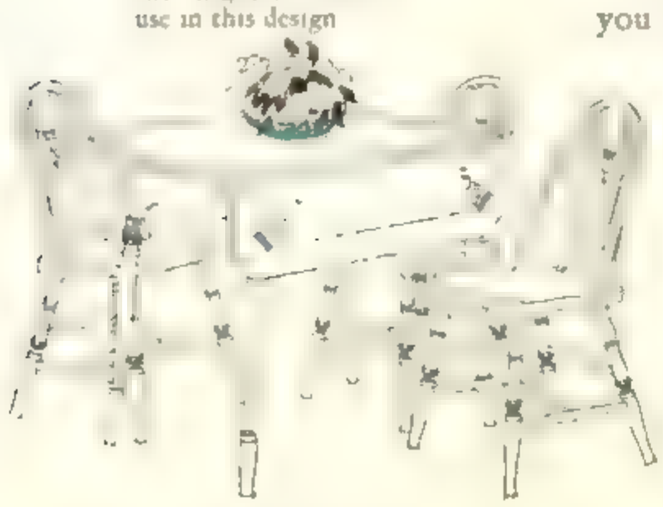


Isn't it lovely—this new Hoosier Server? Modern design and decoration are put to the highest artistic use in this design



This charming Breakfast Set is wonderfully effective used as a part of the new Hoosier decorative idea of furnishing kitchen and breakfast nook in perfect harmony. The table is drop-leaf

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MORMONS AND WHAT NOT

Continued from Page 21

the city of Zion is described as "a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken."

Roughly speaking, each stake has a population of between 5000 and 10,000 Mormons. The church dislikes to have more than 10,000 in any given stake; but in cities the number frequently runs higher. In Salt Lake City, for example, there are four stakes, and the population of the city is supposed to be 130,000. Of this number, some 70,000 are supposed to be Gentiles, or non-Mormons, and some 60,000 are supposed to be Mormons; so that each of the four Salt Lake City stakes probably contains about 15,000 Mormons. Most of the stakes are in Utah, though there are a few in other Western states, as well as in Canada and Mexico.

At the head of the Mormon Church are a president and two counselors, who constitute what is known as the first presidency. At the present time the first presidency is composed of President Heber J. Grant, Anthony W. Ivins and Charles W. Nibley, who sit together in daily meditation over the progress and welfare of all Mormons.

Holding the Stakes in Check

It might also be remarked that they do their sitting in an inner chamber of an office building of such restrained elegance and such controlled richness that visiting railroad and oil magnates frequently kick themselves peevishly when they realize that their own simple mahogany-trimmed offices look shoddy and poverty-stricken by comparison with the onyx, carnelian, rare marbles and precious woods with which the office building of the Mormon Church is fluently embellished.

All the many subdivisions of the church, with the exception of the great council of the twelve apostles, which is a combination of a supreme court, a super-ministry and a reserve first presidency, are headed by a president and two counselors. The twelve apostles have a president, who is always the apostle who has held his position for the greatest length of time; but since their counseling ability is supposed to be equal, the president of the twelve apostles has eleven counselors instead of the conventional two. Every other body in the Mormon Church is directed by a president and two counselors.

Each stake of the Mormon Church is governed by a president and two counselors. The stakes are divided into wards, in each of which there are usually from 400 to 500 Mormons; and each ward is presided over by a president and two counselors. A ward president also holds the office of bishop in the Mormon Church, and a bishop is always a person who is regarded by the heads of the church as having pronounced ability as a leader. Occasionally the church heads, like everyone else, make a mistake and select a bishop who isn't so good at leading as they thought he was. In such cases the bishop is unostentatiously eased out of his job as ward president and put to work at something else. In this case he retains his title of bishop. Since there are 909 wards in the church, there are 909 bishops engaged in presiding over the wards, and quite a few more who are laboring at other churchly tasks.

The bishop of each ward divides his ward into districts, and over each district he puts two teachers.

Twenty-four teachers form what is known as a quorum of teachers, and each quorum of teachers is governed by a president and two counselors.

What the teachers don't know about the activities of the individual Mormons in their districts could be written, as is occasionally remarked in naval circles, on a calling card with a gun swab. They constitute the ununiformed police of the Mormon Church, and they are emphatically not supposed to sit back in an easy-chair and overlook the carryings on of the younger—or any other—set.

Come rain or come shine, their oath of office and their sense of duty impel them to be always on the job, dropping in unexpectedly on this family or on that family, coldly asking little Orson or Uncle Heber why he wasn't at church last Sunday, brutally requesting Cousin Wilford to explain how come that he paid only ninety-six dollars to the church in tithes last year when he earned in excess of 4000 berries in genuine Gentile money, and tartly reminding Aunt Eliza that it is neither meet nor right for her to refer to Sister Jones as a trifling and no-account hussy.

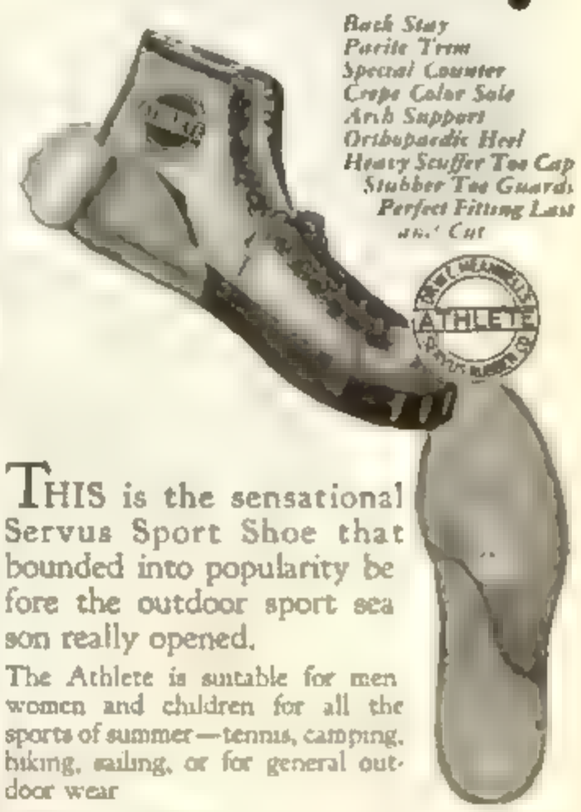
Teaching That is Teaching

The official publications of the Mormon Church clearly outline the duties of the teacher, and a glance at these duties is sufficient to convince anyone that a teacher is as busy as a robin that has just hatched out seven eggs.

"The teacher is requested," according to these publications, "to be constantly watchful of and helpful to the members within his jurisdiction. He is to be active, not passive; his eyes are to be wide open. When members fall out and have ill feelings, it is the teacher's duty to have them reconciled to each other, if possible. He is to see that the liar is warned of his evil, and that there is no backbiting or evil speaking—sins that poison the stream of brotherly love, undermine fraternal confidence, blacken innocent character and canker the souls of those who are guilty of such meddlesomeness. He warns and rebukes the lawbreakers; he exhorts and entreats the

(Continued on Page 189)

For Hard Wear The ATHLETE!



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VACATION DAYS

Vacation days march gaily along, a continuous procession of merry, glad times. We swim a little and we golf a lot, or perhaps we paddle around the cool waters of a pleasant lake. Invigorated by the refreshing out-of-doors, we feel a longing every now and then for "just a bite of something good to eat."

What *would* vacation be without candy? Good candy, such as Norris Chocolates. There are smooth, chocolate covered nuts and fruits to eat while reading or resting—almond butter brittle, caramels and nougats to chew lazily as your canoe winds in and out of tiny bays and inlets! Whether you want to bring the candy along for yourself or as a gift for some one else, you'll find the Norris Variety Box just right!

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(Continued from Page 187)

negligent; he counsels and persuades in the fear of the Lord. He is to see that all members do their duty; that they pay their tithes and make their offerings, observe the Word of Wisdom"—which is the church law that forbids all good Mormons to smoke or drink alcohol, tea or coffee—"refrain from speaking evil of the priesthood, keep holy the Sabbath day; that they do not steal, slander, quarrel, fight, cheat or do any immoral or unvirtuous thing. He is to act as peacemaker between brethren or sisters who have difficulties one with the other. He does not hold a court or place anyone on trial; but with kindness, persuasion and prayer he endeavors to settle personal difficulties among members. If occasion requires, he may sign complaints against transgressing members who are to be tried in the bishop's court. Finally, his duty and calling direct him to warn, expound, exhort and teach, and invite all to come to Christ."

In short, the teacher can interfere at any moment with the private life of any Mormon; and from the viewpoint of the rude and untutored outlander, who is apt to emit passionate shrieks of rage at any real or fancied infringement on his personal liberty, nothing so clearly shows the docility and self-restraint of the Mormons as does the fact that no teachers ever meet a violent end, and that the death rate among them is no higher than among bishops, apostles or Gentiles.

This is the skeleton of the church organization; and from it one can easily understand how the desires of the heads of the Mormon Church can be transmitted to the stake presidents, from the stake presidents to the bishops, from the bishops to the teachers, and from the teachers to every man, woman and child in the church.

The heads of the Mormon Church believe and always have believed that the greatest good can be accomplished by thorough cooperation on any and all matters—matters, that is to say, in which coöperation seems to them to be advisable; and they have also proceeded on the theory that the best way to keep people contented, so that they may be willing and eager to coöperate on any required matter, is to keep them busy. Consequently matters are so arranged in the Mormon Church that everyone is constantly up to his ears in a violent and intensive course of study that is designed to improve his position in and standing with the church.

Goals for the Mormon Youth

Every Tuesday night is study night in all Mormon circles all over the world, and on that night every Mormon delves earnestly into the printed page and burns the midnight oil in order to acquire information that will equip him for a church office. All male Mormons, for example, are born into a condition of priesthood known as the lesser, or Aaronic, priesthood. As soon as a boy has gone through a certain course of study and acquired certain facts, he is allowed to hold the lowest office in the lesser priesthood, which is the office of deacon. After he has reached this proud position, at the age of ten or twelve years, he studies diligently for the next office, which is that of teacher. When he becomes a teacher he is consumed with the desire to keep right on studying for the office of priest, which is the highest office in the lesser priesthood.

Beyond the lesser priesthood, however, there is what is known as the Melchizedek priesthood, and when a man has mastered the lesser priesthood by protracted study he is at liberty to get another armful of books and pamphlets and start cramming for the Melchizedek priesthood. When he first breaks into the Melchizedek priesthood, after long and diligent mental application, he is an elder. Further study makes him what is known as a seventy. If he still keeps at it he can join the powerful and rarefied ranks of the high priests, from whom are drawn such giants of Mormonism as bishops, patriarchs, stake presidents, stake counselors, apostles and members of the first presidency.

There is also a plentiful amount of mental and physical toil required of all Mormons by the so-called auxiliary organizations of the church. The oldest of these organizations is the Relief Society, which is a woman's organization formed for "the relief of the poor, of the destitute, of the widow and of the orphan, and for the exercise of benevolent works." As a result of the activities of this organization, there are no poorhouses in Mormon communities, and no hungry people and no ragged people.

There are also the Church Sunday Schools, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations and the Primary Associations. All these organizations publish magazines and require careful courses of study from their members; and if the members do not study according to the plans and specifications of the Mormon Church, then the teachers quickly find out about it and tell the bishops, and the bishops may tell the stake presidents and the stake presidents may tell the twelve apostles; and the first thing that the backward students know, they might receive a few harsh words from a high priest or a prophet or somebody like that, and be frightened out of about three weeks' growth.

A Tidy Little Sum

The Mormon Church not only touches the lives of all its members intimately and spiritually each day but it touches them financially with enthusiasm and success. All Mormons who have incomes, no matter how small, are required to pay one-tenth of their incomes to the church. In spite of their deep religious convictions and their extreme and frequently incredible goodness, Mormons are only human, and some of them occasionally cause a little anguish to the church heads by cheating a trifle on their tithes. Generally speaking, however, they pay 10 per cent of their income to the church; and as a result, the church is so rich that a great many Gentiles lose enormous amounts of sleep trying to figure out a good way to get some of it.

The question of how much money the Mormon Church receives in tithes each year is one of the greatest and most disturbing mysteries of Mormonism, from the Gentile viewpoint. The heads of the Mormon Church are willing to tell how much the church spends each year; but when it comes to telling how much the church took in they become about as communicative as the great dugong of southern waters, which rises to the surface and sighs heavily two or three times a week, but otherwise makes no noise at all.

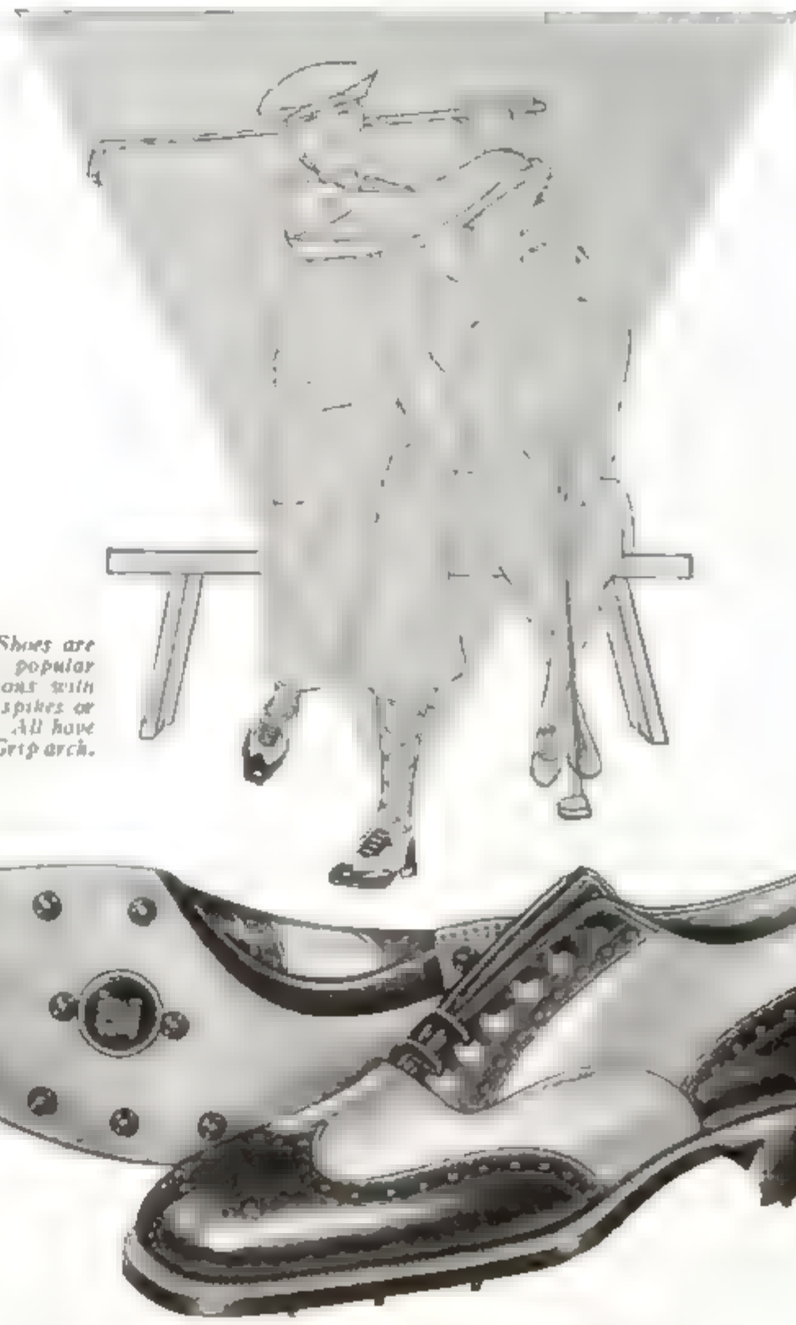
One may, without too much mental exertion, gather from the 1925 accounting of President Heber J. Grant that the church tithes make up what is known in Devonshire and the hunting counties of England as a tidy little sum. President Grant states that in 1925 there was returned from the tithes to the stakes and wards for their maintenance and operation, $1,486,352; expended for the maintenance and operation of church schools, $937,270; expended for the construction, maintenance and operation of temples, $319,416; expended for the care of the worthy poor and other charitable purposes, including hospital treatment, $175,520; expended for the maintenance and operation of all the missions, and for the erection of places of worship and other buildings in the missions, $700,664.

So, to quote the words of President Grant, "The total which has been taken from the tithes and returned by the trustee-in-trust to the saints for the maintenance and operation of the stakes and wards, for the maintenance and operation of church schools and temples, for charities and for mission activities, is $3,619,222."

In addition to this, the Relief Society spent $489,406 on charity.

The heads of the church are very casual and hazy concerning the church holdings in

Happier feet--more enjoyable golf



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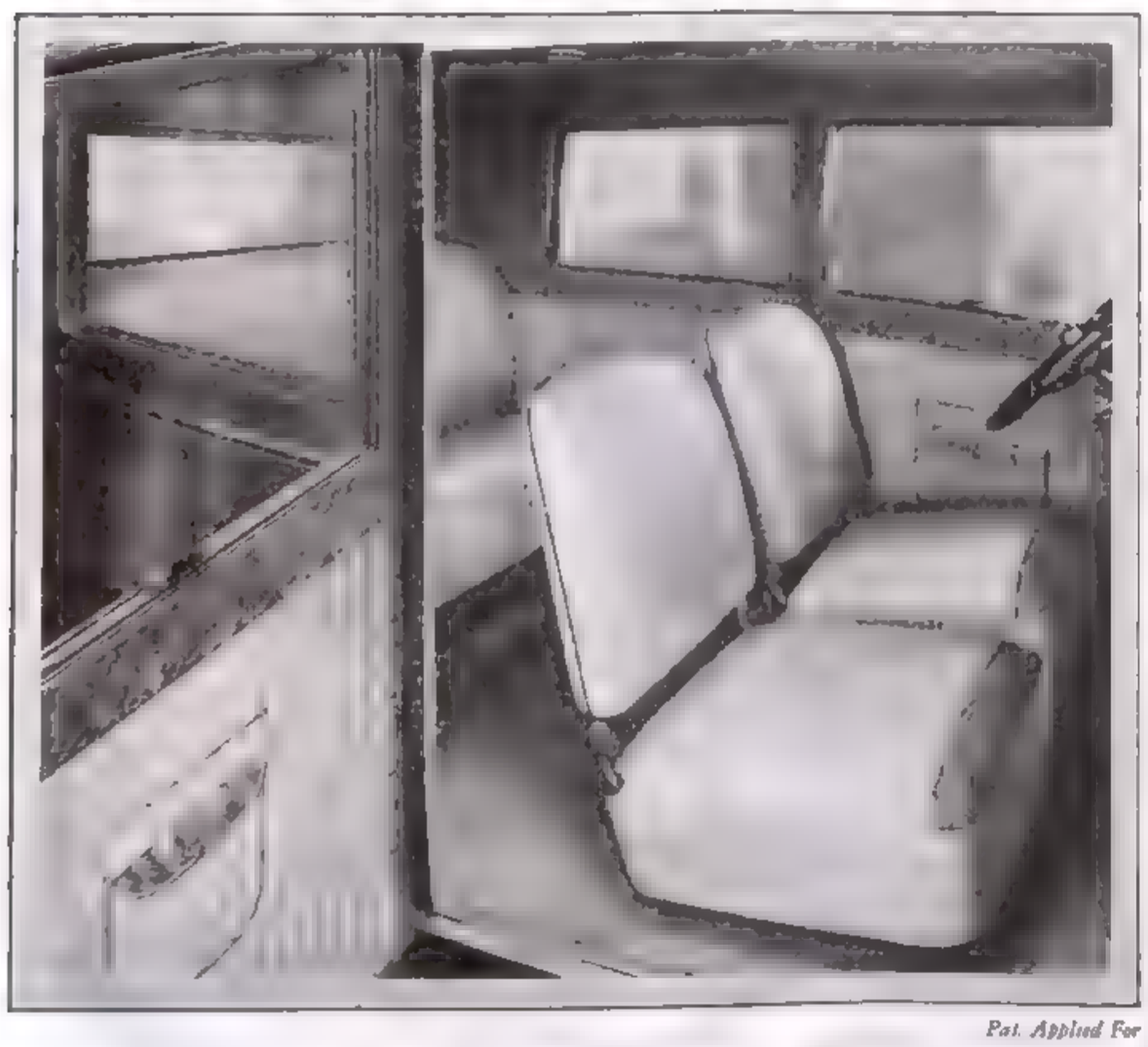

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NOW at trifling cost you can add years of beauty and service to your car.
Handsome Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers will keep new cars new, make old cars look new and greatly enhance the resale value of both. They put an end to soiled, spotted, worn, germ-laden car upholstery.

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Famous Fandango Seat Covers are made of beautifully striped seat cover materials in various color tones. Each set is carefully designed and cut to fit your particular car perfectly. The wearing edges are beautified and re-enforced with blue, gray or brown Spanish art leather, harmonizing with the cover material. These colors go harmoniously with the interior of your car.

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It is easy to attach Famous Fandango Seat Covers. Snap fasteners are provided so that they can be quickly put on and taken off. No sewing necessary. Special fasteners provided for steel bodies. Why pay $50 to $75 for seat covers when these beautiful covers cost only $14.50?

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Why You Should Buy
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Your name _____ ... 4 passenger ... Brougham ... Blue
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and near Salt Lake City, but they admit that the church owns the big Temple Block, which is the piece of ground on which stand the Mormon Tabernacle and Temple and various other smaller buildings; most of the business buildings facing the Temple Block; the Utah Hotel, which is a hostelry of unusual excellence; three banks; a newspaper; several magazines published by church organizations; a commodious slice of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company; two life-insurance companies; a sizable portion of the excellent department store known as Z. C. M. I., which is an abbreviation for Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution; several apartment houses; the buildings on both sides of Motor Avenue; several large blocks of farm land in various sections of the United States; and sundry other bits of real property here and there and elsewhere, which may or may not—if one is to attach any importance to the general air of befuddlement that seems to envelop the heads of the church when the properties are mentioned—have much value, if any.

The church is wealthy and powerful, and its authorities are implicitly obeyed by its members. Today, for example, there are some 2500 young Mormon men out on missions in all parts of the world. Every two weeks from twenty to forty young men are called up by the church authorities, without previous warning and without previous special training, and ordered to Germany, say, or England or Sweden or Canada or Mexico or some distant part of the United States, there to live among the people and preach and attempt to make converts to Mormonism. If the young man is a student and has no money of his own, his family pays his way to the mission field and helps him to maintain himself for the necessary year or two years. At the end of that time the church pays for his homeward trip. Mormons unquestioningly close up their businesses, if necessary, or sell their farms in order to go on missions at the call of the church authorities.

"This is the Place"

A quiet and amiable young man—an undergraduate at the University of Utah—told me that he had only recently returned from a mission to England. I asked him how he had liked it, and his reply was not overenthusiastic. He then volunteered the information that he had been mobbed on one occasion, and that the experience had not been wholly delightful. I asked him why he had been mobbed, and he said it was because the English thought he was trying to steal their women. He laughed and shook his head when he told it, as one will laugh and shake his head over a ridiculous and incomprehensible matter. Although the Mormons outlawed polygamy in 1890, they will be many a long year in removing from the heads of the world at large the idea that polygamy and Mormonism are interchangeable terms.

The Mormon Church was not wealthy in 1847, when the Mormons, seeking relief from the persecutions and massacres that had driven them from the civilized East, plodded down through Emigration Canyon and saw the saw-toothed peaks of the Oquirrh Mountains looming up on the far side of a glassy lake and a treeless desert valley. The church was not wealthy; but its power was great and its authorities were implicitly obeyed, just as they are obeyed today.

When, therefore, the footsore Mormons turned the covered wagon that bore the ailing Brigham Young so that he could peer out at the valley over the tailboard, and he tersely remarked, "This is the place," there was no argument. Brigham Young had said that it was the place, and that finished it.

So, too, when Brigham Young had founded Salt Lake City, and almost immediately thereafter decided to colonize all the desert valleys that are now welded together to make the state of Utah, there was no gnashing of teeth or moaning at the bar over Brigham's decision. He selected the colonizers and told them where to go, and they went.

There is a tale in Mormon circles to the effect that Brigham, needing a strong hand in the languishing settlement of Provo, instructed the father of the present senior senator from Utah, Reed Smoot, to wind up his affairs in Salt Lake City and transfer himself to Provo. Smoot was said to have observed that he would rather go to Texas or to hell than to Provo; and Brigham is said to have remarked, in return, that if Brother Smoot wished to go to hell, he could do so. At any rate, the senior Smoot went to Provo and made it into a fine and flourishing community.

The harder the section that Brigham Young wished to colonize, the better the men he sent. The same system was followed by all his successors; and the feats that the early Mormon colonists performed at the behest of the church were such as to cause the soft-skinned and delicately nurtured automobilist of the present day, to say nothing of the effete agriculturist who is brought up to think only in terms of bond issues and government assistance, to emit hoarse cries of doubt and disbelief.

Super-Colonizers

Around 1876 and 1877, for example, the word went forth from the church authorities that the country below the southeastern portion of Utah—a strange and beautiful land of sculptured canyons and vermilion and orange and white cliffs and immense natural bridges and extinct volcanoes and beds of dinosaur remains—should be colonized. The colonists were selected, and obediently set off to the southeast; and in the course of time they came to the gigantic and apparently impassable gash at the bottom of which flows the Colorado River. The walls of this gash are as perpendicular as the face of a modern office building, and infinitely higher than most of them; and the Mormons shook their heads when they sent out scouts to locate a place where they could cross and proceed with their business of carrying out the desires of the church.

The scouts came back after a time and said that they thought they had a place where the canyon could be crossed. The colonists named it the Hole in the Rock, and it is called the Hole in the Rock today. Anybody can see it who wants to take the trouble to go to Southeastern Utah; but of those who go, very few, I venture to say, will be willing to believe that men and women and children went down into the canyon and up out of it again over that route; and not one will be willing to believe that the Mormons took their emigrant wagons and their horses over it as well.

They worked more than a year in the crossing. They blasted the red sandstone walls of the canyon into steps, and they went 300 feet down into the canyon and laid rock on rock until they had provided means by which the wagons could reach the steps and struggle up out of the canyon.

Beyond the canyon they passed through a great forgotten desert area, and eventually they reached a land that was suitable for colonizing purposes and built the towns of Bluff and Monticello. Farther on they also built Moencopi Village and Tuba City in Arizona, both of which towns were later purchased by the United States Government for use on an Indian reservation.

These things are mentioned to show the spirit with which the Mormons tackled the tasks to which they set their hands.

Mormon colonists early demonstrated that coöperation could easily be made to take the place of bond issues. Like most of the West, large parts of Utah are highly desiccated and unpleasant desert until they are irrigated, so that water is an absolute necessity to all farm residents of the state. The job of getting it, furthermore, is a pretty expensive one because of the canals that must be built.

One of the best supply canals in the state of Utah is above the city of Logan, which is the largest city of Northern Utah. It was

(Continued on Page 193)

A Good Place to Save Your Battery Dollars

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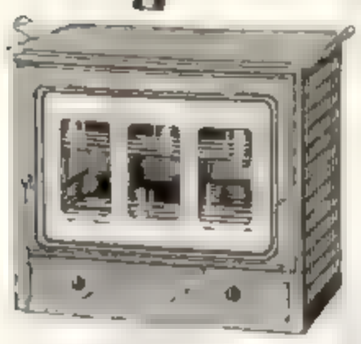
The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. You can get the new *Heavy-Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stoves* equipped entirely with "Giant" burners. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.



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THE Patented Kerogas Burner is made as fine and carefully as money and knowledge can make possible.

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Its flame within a flame—delivering steady, uniform heat, makes cooking results steady—and the control is like that of a gas range.

Then, there is the new Pressure Kerogas Burner which uses gasoline. The fuel is fed to the burner under pressure, providing a steady heat that can be regulated from "faster-than-gas" intensity down to a low, simmering fire.

Go to your dealer—see the stoves that carry both types—the Patented Kerogas Burners for kerosene or the Pressure Kerogas Burner for gasoline. Or, write us.

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Dealers' Note: The Best Jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners

(Continued from Page 190)

built in 1861 and 1862 in a comparatively simple manner. When settlers came across the plains and were directed by the church to settle in Logan, they would repair at once to the local bishop for advice, land and general assistance. The bishop would assign them to a ten or fifteen acre plot, say, and would further direct them to step out and dig ten or fifteen feet of the supply canal in payment for their water rights. This they would promptly do; and as has been remarked, the canal is still one of the best in the state.

Some years ago the church sent a colony down into the St. George country in the southwestern corner of the state, and the colony tried to develop farms along the Rio Virgin, which is an old hellbender of a river that swells to a rushing torrent two or three times a year and washes out everything in its vicinity, and then dries up with such enthusiasm that a gnat cannot quench its thirst from it. The vagaries of the river were so great that the colonists were unable to make a living from their farms. They accordingly hunted around and found a place where they could dam the river, dig a tunnel through the mountains and divert water through the tunnel into a beautiful hidden valley.

They had no money, so they supported themselves by working as day laborers while they built the dam and dug the tunnel. When the tunnel was finished, they found that they could not get the water to it from the dam unless they built a masonry canal winding snakelike along the mountainside.

In 1904 the valley was an arid desert without a house or a road in it. Seven years later it held the town of Hurricane, and was prosperous and beautiful with its peach orchards, its alfalfa fields and its Mormon homes; and everything had been accomplished without loans, without bonds and without the investment of a cent of capital.

By constant coöperation between the church and the Mormon farmers, and constant coöperation between the farmers themselves, the Mormon Church turned the sandy and sagebrush-covered desert valleys of Utah into fertile tracts that produce lucrative crops with the unfailing accuracy of a machine.

Farmers Without a Problem

As one bears south from Salt Lake City, along Salt Lake Valley and Utah Valley, he follows the bed of the vast inland sea that in past ages left its great beaches high along the mountain sides. These were the first valleys settled by the Mormons; and the desert soil was so parched and sunbaked that the plows of the Mormons could not be driven into it until water had been allowed to stand on it for a time.

There were no trees to shelter the settlers from the blazing sun, and the valleys comprised a desert waste of the most virulent type.

Today they make up one of the most prosperous and—except for the smoke smudge that occasionally closes down on them from the great smelters that have come into the valleys—one of the most beautiful farming districts in the world. The snow-capped ranges on each side look down on green fields, long rows of poplars, fat herds of cattle, neat orchards, diversified crops of various sorts, half a dozen sugar factories, eight or ten canning plants, cheese and butter factories, and dairies of various sizes. The farms are small and the crops are sufficiently varied to enable the farmers to play safe. The values of the land are high, running from $500 and $600 an acre to $1000 an acre.

The farmer is more of a manufacturer than a farmer, and nearly everything in sight is financed or owned outright by Mormons or the church itself. If the farmer is in any doubt as to what he should raise during any given season he goes to the bishop of his ward and asks for advice. The bishop keeps watch on the activities of all the farmers in the ward, and is consequently able to give accurate information as to the relative desirability of tackling cattle, sugar beets or other crops.

The sugar people see to it that a certain acreage is always planted to sugar beets, and they contract in advance for this acreage at a definite rate per ton. The same is true of peas. The Mormon farmers contract to put so many acres into peas, and the canning factory contracts to pay a given amount for them.

The Mormon farmer would probably break into a profuse sweat and emit loud cries of anguish over the general agricultural situation if he were in the same position as the average farmer; but the Mormon Church sees to it that he is not. He knows what he is going to get for his crops, so that he doesn't have to devote any time to worrying over international complications; and the Mormons have a church system of courts that saves him from getting sore at his neighbors over water rights and similar matters, and from leaping into expensive litigation in the Gentile courts.

The Commonest Question in Utah

The bishop of a ward can hold court to settle squabbles between church members; and if the decision in the bishop's court fails to give satisfaction, the squabblers may appeal to the high council of the stake.

The high council of the stake is a curious tribunal, inasmuch as one-half the high council acts for one of the litigants, while the other half acts for the other litigant. Each half devotes itself to bringing out the whole truth from its client; and if the client seems to be lying, that fact is promptly and vigorously pointed out. An appeal can be made from the high council to the head of the church, and even to the assembled priesthood of the church; but such an appeal is never made except by a fanatic, since the entire fairness of the church courts is so apparent that the litigants almost invariably arrive at an amicable settlement.

The close cooperation between the Mormon Church and the Mormon farmer—between the Mormon Church and all Mormons, for that matter—is one of the many grievances that the average Utah Gentile holds against the Mormons. The reasons behind many of the grievances do not seem particularly impressive to the unbiased observer, and the accuracy of many of the facts that Gentiles bring forward to account for their general distrust of Mormons is open to serious doubt. The fact remains that there are grievances and that there is distrust; and as a result, the visitor to Salt Lake City, or any other Utah town whose population is part Mormon and part Gentile, is constantly conscious of a disturbing air of suspicion and lack of freedom that may frequently be encountered in certain restless European nations, but that cannot be found in any other state of the Union.

Two Gentiles who converse together on any subject dealing with Mormonism or the Mormons usually cast hasty glances over their shoulders from time to time. So far as the casual observer can see, there is no reason whatever for such glances.

One hears the question, "Is he a Mormon?" asked a dozen times a day, and so far as one can see with the naked eye, not even the person who asks the question cares how the question is answered. The question is constantly asked, however; and its constant repetition induces nervousness.

Many of these things probably go back to the early days of Mormonism, when the Mormons, persecuted by everyone with whom they came in contact, established themselves in Utah and determined to protect themselves against the hard-boiled gentry who surged across the Rockies in search of gold, adventure, loot and the wild, free life of the great open spaces. Gentiles were restricted to certain seats in the Mormon theater. Mormons employed only Mormons, and Gentile business houses received scant patronage from Mormon customers.

Like polygamy, these things are old, forgotten, far-off things. Nowadays Mormons

WEATHER REPORT

	High	Low		High	Low
Akron	91	89	New York	92	90
Boise	88	85	New Rochelle	91	89
Boston	90	89	Oakland	87	85
Buffalo	89	87	Oklahoma	95	93
Canton	91	89	Omaha	98	97
Chicago	90	87	Philadelphia	90	89
Cleveland	92	90	Phoenix	100	95
Cincinnati	91	89	Peoria	92	90
Denver	87	85	Pittsburgh	93	91
Des Moines	90	87	[illegible]nd, Ore.	89	87
Detroit	89	86	[illegible]d, Me.	85	83
Dodge City	88	87	[illegible]ff	98	95
Duluth	89	85	[illegible]nd.	88	84
El Paso	98	[illegible]	[illegible]is	95	92
Eureka	[illegible]			92	90
Flagstaff				100	98
Fresno				98	95
Galveston				89	87
Grand Junctio				90	85
Helena				100	93
Huron				90	88
Kalama				[illegible]	88
Kansas				[illegible]	89
Knoxvill				[illegible]	97
Los Angel				90	87
Memphis				100	98
Miami				90	87
Minneapoli				91	86
Needles				85	83
Newark				89	85
New Orlean				101	99

My Kingdom *for* a Breeze

A breeze—even the littlest one—how you thirst for it when the sizzling heat has taken the perk out of your very soul! Up goes the temperature and down go your spirits.

You're miserably uncomfortable for a definite, physical reason. That human dynamo of yours . . your heart . . is working under a tremendous strain.

Unless you've a Robbins & Myers Fan on the job, you're in for days and nights of this sweltering torture. There's nothing money can buy that will give you so many buoyant, breezy, comfortable hours.

For different types and sizes see any good electric shop. They'll tell you R & M Fans are sturdily built for lifetime service.

The Robbins & Myers Company
Springfield, Ohio • • Brantford, Ont

Robbins & Myers

Fans & Motors

Costs Less to Operate than One Electric Light

No one could be lonely with such a joyous-hearted little singer.

"Happiness has wings!"

—So one woman discovered

SHE seemed to have everything a woman could wish for and yet she was not happy. Maybe it was because she was alone with her own thoughts too much. Her husband was so absorbed in his business, and they both went away too often to have a cat or a dog as a companion.

"Happiness has wings, I'm afraid," she said to her husband one evening, with a troubled smile.

Then he uncovered a little golden canary

He looked a bit startled and the next evening he appeared carrying something very carefully.

"I've been thinking all day about your remark last night," he said, "and I'm going to prove to you that we can keep happiness right here, even if it has wings!"

Then he uncovered a little golden canary. And so happiness and melody and contentment came to stay in that home. For no one could be lonely or down-hearted with such a joyous-hearted little singer about.

• • •

The Hendryx Bird Homes are distinctly decorative

One of the loveliest things about having a bird is the charming houses that you can now get for them. There are aristocratic Hendryx houses in attractive color combinations of Pyralin, and inexpensive Duco-finished houses in equally effective colors. There is a design, and a color, to harmonize with any interior color scheme.

One of the newer Hendryx creations is made of Du Pont Pyralin in green and ivory, ivory, black and orange, amber and ivory, black and white, pink and ivory and blue and ivory. Stands to match.

One of the loveliest things about a bird is its charming house.

Always Buy a Hendryx

Be sure that the Hendryx name is on the bird home you buy, for that assures you of obtaining the very best accommodations for the health and comfort of your bird. For more than half a century the best bird homes have been stamped with the name of Hendryx. They are priced from $2.00 to $150.00—stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"Did you hear those two ladies talking?" said the Littlest Bird in the bird store. "One of them said that she had wanted a canary all her life but had always been afraid that it would make too much trouble. Then she found a beautiful new bird home that keeps everything clean and now she'll never be without a bird again! Isn't that splendid?" he ended with a thrill of pure joy.

"I know the name of that bird home," said the Wise Old Bird. "It is a Hendryx. I lived in one once, and you can't scatter your seeds about or make the least bit of trouble."

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES

Since 1869

Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn., for a complimentary copy of the interesting booklet, "The Feathered Philosopher," and what he taught about life, cheerfulness, human happiness and love.

employ Gentiles and Gentiles employ Mormons. Gentiles sit as directors of Mormon banks. One of the largest and most successful banks in Salt Lake City is a Gentile institution and numbers many Mormons among its depositors. The most popular Salt Lake City newspaper, among the Mormon farmers of Utah, is a Gentile paper that is owned by bitter anti-Mormon interests, despite the fact that the Mormons have a paper of their own. The best department store in Salt Lake City is a cooperative Mormon institution, and is heavily patronized by Gentiles. This gives the rabid anti-Mormons a fine chance to blow off steam.

"What chance," they howl—"what chance has a department store got against the Mormon store? None of the Mormons will buy anywhere except at their own department store!"

From my observation, Mormons and Gentiles alike are anxious to buy where they can get the best goods at the lowest prices. A New York woman buys Chinese rugs from the Mormon department store in Salt Lake because the buyer of Chinese rugs knows his business. I hastened in there and bought a fishing creel because it was the best fishing creel I had ever seen. Inquiry developed the fact that it was invented by a young man who works in the store.

"They run their department store at a loss to kill Gentile competition," scream the anti-Mormons. I looked up the annual statement for 1925 and found that instead of being run at a loss, it was run at an excellent profit.

"The Mormon bank makes loans to unreliable Mormons," moan the anti-Mormons, "and it is in a dangerous situation from bad loans." On looking into this matter I found that a government bank examiner had recently been sent from the East to examine the books of the bank, and had at once gone out and bought some of its stock. He further remarked that no bank in the world could produce a better banking statement.

Anti-Mormon Literature

Anti-Mormons tell visitors peculiar things. They tell them, for example, that it is the duty of every Mormon to destroy every anti-Mormon book that he can find, so that young Mormons shall never see them and learn the truth about their religion. To test this theory, I went one afternoon to the library of the Church Office Building. One section of this library was devoted to published attacks on Mormonism, whether in fiction form or straight narrative form. All the exposures of ex-wives and ex-Mormons, which are the most feverish of all the attacks on Mormonism, were there. There seemed to be between 400 and 500 scorching and hair-raising blasts against the religion, and the librarian had become a connoisseur of anti-Mormon vituperation.

"Here," he would say, "is a very bitter one. It is bitterer than those on the next shelf, but not so bitter as the one with the red cover." And then he would fondle them affectionately. He told me that as far as he knew he had every anti-Mormon book ever published, no matter how virulent; and he obligingly offered me the free run of the shelves.

Gentiles use up a great deal of time telling visitors that the Mormon Church absolutely controls the politics of Utah, and sends its chosen ones to state and national offices at every election. This statement does not seem to be borne out by the facts. Utah sometimes has a Mormon governor and sometimes a Gentile governor. Salt Lake City sometimes has a Gentile mayor and sometimes a Mormon mayor. In the old days all offices were filled by Mormons; and it is nearly certain that if the church issued orders that a certain candidate ought, for the good of the church, to be elected, he would be elected.

Apparently, however, the church has kept its hands out of politics in recent years, and Mormons have voted according to their individual wishes. If the Mormon Church is responsible for returning Reed Smoot to the United States Senate, and the Gentiles of Utah have no hand in the matter at all, then the Mormon Church deserves a vote of thanks from persons who like to see economy and common sense applied to the finances of the United States.

Reed Smoot, it might be remarked in passing, is Number 2 on the council of the twelve apostles of the Mormon Church. In the event of the death of the president of the Mormon Church, the president of the twelve apostles acts as president. Rudger Clawson is president of the twelve apostles; and next to him, in length of service, comes Smoot. Smoot is therefore said to have one man between himself and the presidency of the Mormon Church.

Possessors of the Secret

Anti-Mormons are quick to explain that when a Mormon is defeated by a Gentile in Utah, it is done because the church wishes to administer a rebuke to the Mormon for some reason. It seems true that when a Gentile beats a Mormon, the Mormon is something of a flat tire; but the rebuke, if any, appears to come from the voters and not from the church.

Anti-Mormons howl fretfully because the church is in business, and owns its own schools, and puts money into nothing that doesn't benefit Mormons, and tries to keep industries out of the state and thus retard its development and the development of Salt Lake City.

The heads of the Mormon Church say that the church started in business in order to cooperate with the church members in making their lives a success. The Mormons were farmers, and the whole land was a desert when they came to Salt Lake Valley; so the church started a store at which they could buy the necessities of life. There was no bank, so the church started a bank. There was no theater, so the church built a theater. Now, incidentally, the church wants to sell the theater. There was no bathing place along Salt Lake, so the church built one a few years ago to insure a decent resort for the people, and sold it at a loss as soon as a buyer presented himself.

The church has always anticipated the state in educational progress. When schools were scarce and poor in the West the church built schools; but it has always held that schools should be under state control; so as fast as the state can take over the schools, the Mormons withdraw. Twenty years ago the church had twenty-one high schools in Western states. Today it has two. Utah Agricultural College, whose students are 90 per cent Mormon, is conducted exactly like the agricultural colleges of Iowa and Kansas. The state government and not the Mormon Church dictates its policies.

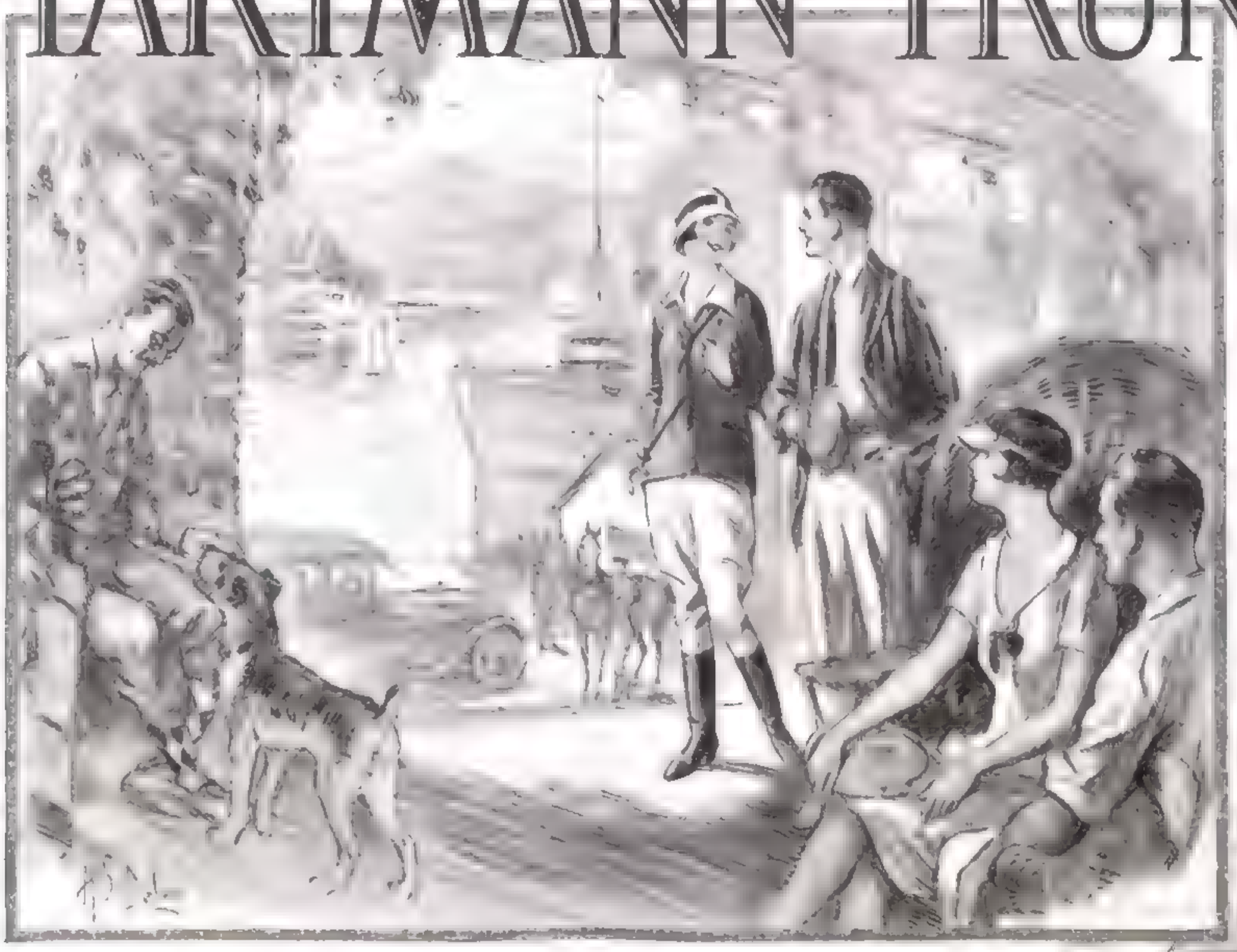
As for the Gentile charge that the Mormon Church tries to keep industries out of Utah, certain Gentile business men informed me that industries were fighting shy of Utah and going to the Pacific Coast because the freight-rate levels are not fixed in Utah by law, as they are on the coast. The Mormon Church has nothing to do with freight-rate levels, so there seems to be room for argument on this charge.

The Mormons themselves grow sad and weary when they hear Gentiles growling at them for retarding the development of Salt Lake City. They point out the fact that the Mormons, with their tabernacle and organ recitals and free guides and official information bureau, have brought more outsiders to Salt Lake City than any other agency.

The bitterness of the anti-Mormon attacks frequently puzzles the Mormons.

Times change, however, and it is possible that another generation, instead of attacking the Mormons, will go to them for inside information on how to keep farmers contented.

HARTMANN TRUNKS



Watch the trunks—
off the ships—
at the stations—
on baggage trucks—
why do Hartmanns predominate?
Users know.

Vacation Enjoyment-Insurance
A Hartmann Wardrobe

THE appearance of clothes has a great deal to do with the enjoyment of the vacation.

A maid to the woman—a valet to the man—that's the function of the Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk.

With watchful care, the Hartmann takes apparel safely anywhere—delivers it without a wrinkle or rumple—and then serves as a perfect wardrobe at the destination.

And the Hartmann dealer in your town—a reliable retailer—shows these trunks in a great variety of sizes, styles and finishes. Prices are in line with what you want to pay.

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, *Racine, Wisconsin*

M. Langmuir Manufacturing Company, Ltd., Toronto
Licensed Canadian Manufacturers

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LOOK FOR THE HARTMANN RED ✕ ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

Stop Timer Troubles

INSTALL the *one* timer that provides absolutely accurate, even firing—for *all* Fords, under *all* conditions—without oiling, cleaning, or attention.

Put it on and forget it! No excess oil, water or dirt can interrupt its precisely-timed Sprays of Sparks that produce even, full-powered explosions in all cylinders.

The Milwaukee Oil-less is *self-centering*—always truly aligned with the camshaft. This means even firing—a smooth flow of power.

Your first Ford-drive with a Milwaukee Oil-less will be a revelation in power, pick-up and quick starting.

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, INC.
MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

"Wipe-and-Break" Principle

Combines sliding cam action with positive make-and-break of tungsten points. Definite wiping action takes place between the points when pressed together. This keeps points clean and prevents pitting.

MILWAUKEE *Oil-less* TIMER for Fords $2.75

Your garage, accessory or hardware dealer can supply you. See him today.

TIMER HEADQUARTERS – *since* 1905

Milwaukee Timing System

Operates on same principle as Oil-less Timer. Runs on either magneto or battery, using Ford coils. Waterproof, oilproof, care-free.

No. 400 — for 1926 cars, trucks - $8.75
No. 500 — for all Fordson tractors - $8.75
No. 300 — for 1925 and earlier Fords $10.00

(includes armored wiring harness)

Milwaukee Oil-less Timer

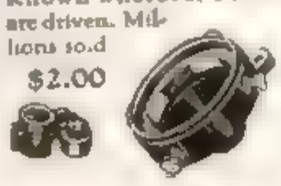
The self-centering, self-lubricating timer. Waterproof and oilproof—care-free. Genuine tungsten points. Imported clock-spring contact arms. Copper-plated case. Assures a smooth-running, powerful motor. Easily installed with a pair of pliers.

$2.75

Milwaukee Roller Timer

Shott-proof bakelite case. Dependable roller type—bronze brush assembly—alloy steel contacts locked in bone-hard fiber race. Known wherever Fords are driven. Millions sold

$2.00



ON AND UP

(Continued from Page 19)

with the pits full of dirty crooks tampering with the gasoline and putting sand in the oil.

The rival maker usually bribes the race driver for Iris' father and he disappears at the critical juncture, leaving nobody to drive Iris' father's shining car, which, of course, would ruin the father, send Iris to a convent and close the factory. Hero Bill dashes in on the nick of time, with the cars lined up for the start, throws off his outer garments with a manly gesture, puts on the standard racing pajamas, goggles and miscellaneous impedimenta, leaps into the throbbing seat, and as Iris gives him a hasty kiss, the great contest flashes under way; and a person who cannot finish up the rest of this motion picture would not be allowed to vote in Hollywood or to sit upon a jury.

"Yes," said Pete Jones, looking at Mr. Hartz, "I will try to think up a new one so that you will not have to make your automobile yarn all over again."

"Go ahead," urged the man, "and let me have a look at the synopsis immediately."

Having but one saga to his name at the moment, Pete carefully sketched a brief outline of the material in his book Robes of the Night, regardless of the fact that Sarah Blanche was diligently hawking it here and there, using her own peculiar sales system and cajoling the buyers. Anyhow, Pete would have argued, nobody could sell the book, and a person might as well make use of the material when he had a chance and was being paid a salary. He said nothing to Sarah, which was just as well.

Mr. Hartz took Pete's synopsis, read it carefully and decided that it was not a masterpiece, but that it might do for a quickie. He summoned his staff and hashed out another two-thousand-dollar job—a fast one in five standard reels, which, when completed, was no better and no worse than the usual output of Poverty Row; good enough for the back-street trade, but not good enough for the hundred Broadways of America. They finished shooting the opus on Thursday and sold it on Saturday, and Mr. Hartz wiped his hands and started on something else.

Sarah Blanche Newby, dining by herself, encountered a prominent studio official and mentioned Pete Jones, saying that if anybody happened to need a scenario writer, a young man with fresh ideas, it would do no harm to look up Mr. Jones, who had come recently from Kansas City. Pete presently stepped into a better job, moving up from Poverty Row, where he had learned a number of things.

In the meantime the little bare god of love dragged forth his arrows and shot Pete full of holes.

"If I ever get so's I can make a living in this town," he said to Sarah, "will you marry me?"

"Somebody ought to marry you," Sarah replied. "You are surely the most helpless male that ever reached twenty-one."

"Yes, but will you marry me?" Pete persisted, and Sarah hushed him with vague words, saying that for the present the main thing was to establish himself in the trade and get to where he could have a small automobile.

"I mean if I ever amount to anything," Pete explained in humility.

"You will amount to something if I have anything to do with the job," said Sarah, which shows, of course, that she intended to marry Pete later on, future or no future.

He worked hard, and in the course of his rise up the golden stairway to fame and substance he arrived at the palatial studios of Mink & Mink, wherein the employes are somewhat envied by the less fortunate. Mink & Mink have the largest and whitest buildings and spend money lavishly. The gateman is a grenadier in a blue-and-gold uniform.

With Mink & Mink, Peter had for the first time a real office instead of a casual cubby-hole; a desk instead of a table; a red rug upon the floor, a wastebasket, a telephone, ash receivers, a hatrack and a wire receptacle upon his desk to hold important documents. He was obviously climbing to dignity and distinction, and Sarah Blanche moved serenely in the background, giving Peter good advice and pulling a string here and there with velvet and skillful fingers.

One hundred dollars a week was Pete's salary with Mink & Mink, and Hymie Mink, the older brother, put the new man at work upon the script for a comedy drama. This job Pete completed with gusto, speed and considerable skill, and the Minks discussed him in their private office and agreed that he seemed to show promise. The drama, in its finished form, was nothing to shame anyone, and Pete's salary continued. Sarah Blanche called Peter on the telephone one morning, with good news.

"We can celebrate," she said gayly. "I have just sold your Robes of the Night."

"No-o!" said Pete in vast amazement.

"Yes," said Sarah.

"Who did you sell it to?" asked Peter, using the quaint English form popular among the movie folks.

"Mink & Mink," answered Sarah. "You come right over to my office, for I have something to say to you."

He found Sarah in a thoughtful mood. "Pete," she said, "we are glad to sell this book of yours to the movies, but there is one thing we must think of."

"What'd they pay you?"

"Not much—five hundred dollars."

"Pretty small for a novel," Pete grumbled.

"Yes, but more than you could get for it," she reminded him. "And here's the important matter: Robes of the Night is by Fergus Spind, and at this moment Mink & Mink do not know that you and Fergus are one and the same."

"What of that?" asked Pete.

"Hymie Mink had to read this book," said Sarah, "and I regret to say he doesn't think much of it. If you heard what he said about Fergus Spind or any man who would write such a book, it would move you to keep still about being an author."

"Why did he buy it then?" Pete demanded indignantly.

"He didn't. Some farseeing genius in New York bought it, and, as Hymie puts it, sawed it off on the west-coast studio. If the Minks find out you are Fergus it will do you no good rapidly."

"All right," said Peter. "You're the boss. Tonight we can go downtown and spend money riotously. I will buy you a diamond ring if the store is open. And speaking of rings, will you marry me while I still have a job?"

"Not now," said Sarah, thinking of other things; and Pete returned to his desk and dashed off a hatful of long shots.

It was Hymie Mink, the brighter of the Mink boys, who strolled into Pete's scenario office and sat down with the air of a man who brings important tidings. Pete merely wondered. Hymie was a plethoric man, almost completely incased in fat. Two holes in the front encircled his eyes and enabled him to peer out upon the world; but these holes were growing smaller and in time would probably close entirely. Hymie made the decisions for Mink & Mink. Maurice was the financial brother, who talked arrogantly to impecunious actors and wore a white vest. Under Hymie's arm, as he entered Pete's office, was a dark-covered book, Robes of the Night, by Fergus Spind.

"Here is a novel," said Hymie, who gasped and coughed a good bit while he conversed—nothing serious, but rather alarming to strangers. "Ever hear tell of this novel?"

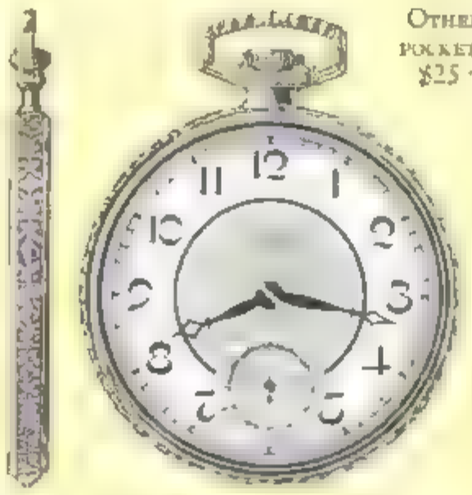
He held it aloft, so that Pete could read the green lettering.

(Continued on Page 199

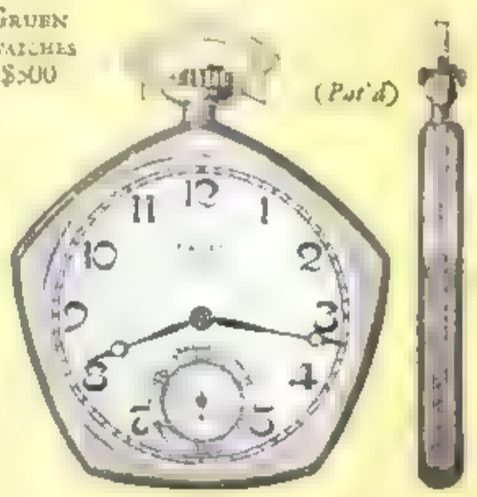
Gruen Cartouche, $150 *to* $165
PRECISION *movement*

OTHER GRUEN
WRISTLETS, $35 TO $3?0

Gruen Cartouche, $50



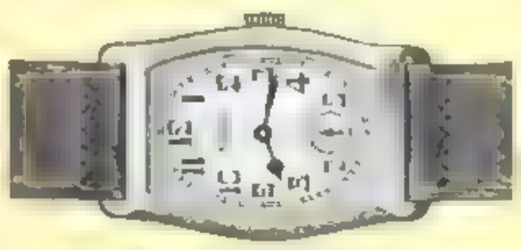
OTHER GRUEN
POCKET WATCHES
$25 TO $500



(*Pat'd*)

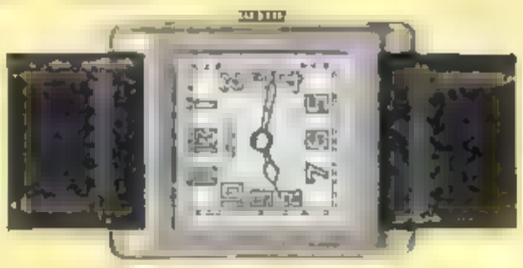
Empire VeriThin, $50

Pentagon VeriThin, $75
PRECISION *movement*



Gruen Strap, $80. 17-*jewel*
PRECISION *movement*

OTHER GRUEN
STRAP WATCHES
$25 TO $250



Tank, $60. 17-*jewel*
PRECISION *movement*

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

Today ··· *as ever* ··· guild watches remain perfect gifts

EVER since the invention of the first portable timekeeping instrument, fine watches have been esteemed the perfect tokens of affection or respect.

In every European court, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, kings and great nobles sought out eagerly the creations of the watchmakers' guilds, those little bodies of workmen who devoted their entire lives to the perfection of a single art.

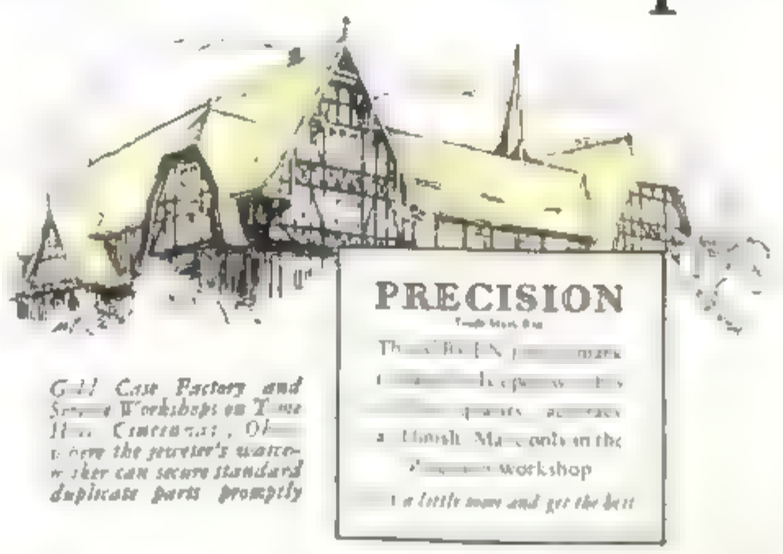
When handsome Robert Dudley, the ambitious Earl of Leicester, wished to gain favor in the eyes of Queen Elizabeth with a gift worthy of a sovereign, he chose to present her with a guild watch.

When Charles, son of James I of England, went to woo the Infanta of Spain, he too chose a guild watch as the richest gift even a prince could bestow.

Whoever was so fortunate as to receive such a gift counted it among his dearest possessions, object of the admiration and envy of his fellows.

Today, as hundreds of years ago, guild watches remain perfect gifts. Yet no longer now is their possession confined to the favored few.

The old guild spirit of finest craftsmanship is revived in the modern Gruen Watch Makers Guild, which has brought the "art and mystery of watchmaking" to new achievements in a new land



Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

In the creations of the new Guild is offered, at moderate prices, the same care in workmanship that marked the guild watches of centuries ago, combined with new standards of excellence made possible by the most advanced methods of modern watchmaking technique.

Recognition of this fact has brought to the Gruen Guild Watches a prestige altogether without parallel in the history of fine watchmaking in America

If you are planning a gift for son or daughter at graduation time, or to a beloved person on the wedding anniversary, why not, therefore, select one of the Gruen Guild creations?

The exquisite artistry of these fine timepieces, together with the prestige of the Gruen name, insures for them ready appreciation on the part of those to whom they are presented.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watches pictured here, as well as others in great variety of design and at a wide range of prices. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD

TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr., 1926, G W M G.

IN this picture, part of the heavy enameled steel jacket of the Florence burner has been cut away so that you can see the principle of ***Focused Heat*** *in operation. The intensely hot blue flame goes straight to the cooking. Its heat is* ***focused*** *where it is wanted—not scattered in all directions and wasted. Note you see how Focused Heat saves your time and money.*

Canning in comfort *with Focused Heat*

A DAY of canning, even in the sultriest summer weather, holds only satisfaction for the woman who uses a Florence—the Oil Range with *focused heat*. There's nothing to detract from the pleasure that comes from a full day's work well done—no unhappy recollections of long hours in a sweltering kitchen.

Florence kitchens are cool and comfortable for the simple reason that the cooking heat goes into the cooking—not out into the kitchen. The burners of the Florence are scientifically designed to *focus* the heat directly on the bottom of the pot.

The top of the short, wickless Florence burner is only 2½ inches below the cooking. But that's not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick and most intense clean heat. Hottest heat close up under the cooking—this is *focused heat*.

For cold-pack canning, for sterilizing jars, for the gentle cooking that keeps fruit whole and tempting—you can adjust the Florence flame to any height you need, simply by turning a lever. And the heat stays constant.

Of course it's pleasanter to use this oil range that leaves the kitchen cool. It's cheaper and quicker, too.

How the Florence saves your time and money

The Florence cuts fuel bills by working hard while it works. It saves time and money by getting the job done promptly.

The Florence burns a clear gas-like flame from the vapor of kerosene—one of the cheapest fuels known. And you will be amazed to discover how seldom you need to refill the tank.

Handsome kitchen equipment is always a joy to a good housekeeper. The Florence is a sturdy, attractive piece of equipment that makes any kitchen a pleasanter place to work in.

The oven for perfect baking

No other oven has the special features that make the Florence Portable Oven ideal for perfect baking and roasting—the baker's arch that prevents heat pockets, the patented heat-spreader, the sturdy construction that means years of good service.

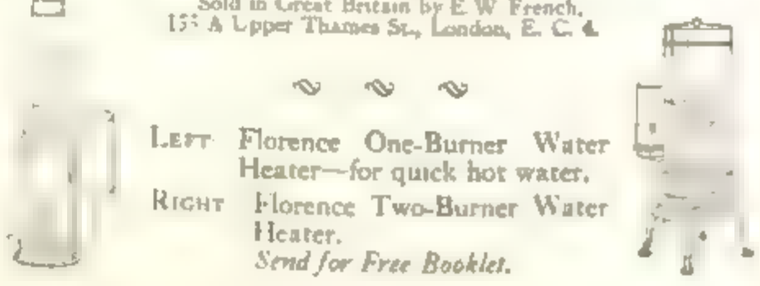
You really ought to see the Florence Oil Range at the nearest department, furniture, or hardware store. If you don't know the dealer's name, we shall be glad to tell you.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY
Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, San Francisco, Detroit, Columbus

Also makers of Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters, Florence Room Heaters

Sold in Great Britain by E. W. French, 153 A Upper Thames St., London, E. C. 4.



LEFT Florence One-Burner Water Heater—for quick hot water.

RIGHT Florence Two-Burner Water Heater.

Send for Free Booklet.

FLORENCE Oil Range

The stove with *Focused Heat*

(Continued from Page 196)

"Yes, I heard of it," Pete replied, maintaining the stoic air of a Piute chief at a christening.

"We have bought this novel," continued Hymie. "It's terrible. The New York office bought it."

"It's terrible, is it?" Peter asked, looking coldly at the fat face and the little holes through which the eyes gleamed.

"Nobody would read such a book," said Mr. Mink. "There is no sense to it whatever, and whoever this fellow Spind is, some kind friend ought to tell him how bad he is."

"It's that bad, is it?" Peter asked, cold and calm.

"Worse. The New York office says we can make a picture. All right. I don't say we can't. But why make it hard for us? Why buy such piffle as this when there are good books in the world? Did you ever hear of this Fergus Spind before?"

"Yes," said Peter. "I heard of him."

"Well, I never did, and I don't want to hear of him again. Anyhow we are going to make a picture of the book because New York says we must; yet anybody who will struggle through this here Robes of the Night will see immediately that it contains nothing of value to a photoplay."

"How are you going to do it?" asked Pete, faintly sarcastic.

"You are going to do it," said Hymie. "That's why I brought you the book."

"Me!" said Pete.

"Yes. You did pretty good work on that last script, and you may get away with this one, although it's tough. This Mr. Spind ought to be shoveling coal instead of writing books, because here's a whole book, a thick one, without what you could truthfully call a single idea in it."

"None at all, eh?" asked Pete with interest.

"Not the shadow of an idea—nothing. Just a lot of milk and water—pages of flapdoodle. I have a little tame goat at home that could do better."

Peter arose and walked to and fro in contemplation of the top of Hymie's skull, where the hair gave way and the scalp shone through.

"You may be able to put some punch into this Night Robes, Mr. Jones. If you do we can possibly get a picture out of it. Take it home. Read it if you can. Then think about it and let me know."

He tossed the midnight volume upon Peter's desk, arose with the obese murmurings of a fat man and walked to the door. "Put some action into it. Punch is what we require."

"Punch," repeated Peter in a respectful voice.

"Snap it up. Give it some heart interest. Put some drama into it—heart interest—action—punch."

"I got you," said Pete, and the vigorous Mr. Mink went away to his executive offices, leaving Peter Jones with his dead and wounded. He glanced down at the cause of his shame, with its ebon boards and its creeping green letters.

"A punch in the eye is what you need, Mr. Mink," said Peter, sliding momentarily back into the prideful days of his youth—youth that now seemed centuries away. "Fat little worm! What if you knew that you were talking to Fergus Spind?"

He looked out of the window and thought of Sarah, his manager.

"I would probably lose my hundred a week, wouldn't I? Yes, indeed, I would! So we will say nothing about Fergus Spind, the poor fish."

Having sweated honest salt over every word of it, there was no need for Peter to take his Robes home and read it. He sat down, stared intently at a calendar and wondered how a person injected punch into an otherwise flabby and worthless work. Being green, he still realized the value of experience; and so he sought out George Bissett, who came to California when there was only one orange in the state. To George the new man put it straight.

"How do you tackle such a job?" he demanded.

"Well," responded Bissett, "I generally throw away the book and do an entirely new story. I find it's easier that way than trying to patch things up."

"Thanks," said Peter; and returning to his office in a meditative mood, he pondered upon the strange ways of the movies.

"Throw you away," he said, fingering the green letters and the black binding of his maligned Robes. "And if I do throw you away, where will I get this punch they howl about, and where will I get a new story?"

It was not so difficult as Mr. Jones feared. Upon looking into the innermost recesses of his mind Peter saw at once that he had no new story to attach to the flimsy carcass of the novel; there was nothing he could think of to append to the work of the despised Fergus Spind. However, Peter reflected, if Mr. Hymie Mink was genuinely serious in his yearning for a full order of punch and heart interest, Pete happened to remember the one thing that might fill the bill.

His thoughts drifted to the automobile story of Poverty Row. There, he told himself, you had a tried and proved thing and not a wild shooting into the air; you had a veteran opus beyond the pale of mere experiment, and a tale which certainly contained plenty of punch, pep, zip, snap, heart interest and the various other thises and thats of the movies.

"I could take and chuck that automobile story into the Robes of Night," said Peter ruminatively, "and nobody would ever know it. I am pretty sure if I hooked it up right they would make a stirring photodrama in the end, despite what Hymie Mink thinks of my book. They would never miss it over on Poverty Row, and it isn't really stealing."

Having thus seemed to solve a perplexing problem Mr. Jones sat down before his desk, wet the end of a pencil with his tongue and began hurling continuity with considerable zest. Scene after scene roared off his desk and fell upon the floor beside him. Title after title splashed itself upon the yellow studio paper, good old mellowed subtitles that have earned their service stripes. Occasionally Pete tossed a Kansas City caption into the work to provide variety, and the job proceeded.

"You are fired, you young Judas," was one of the Poverty Row titles, at the point where the rich old automobile maker dismisses Bill, thinking the rival man has bribed him to betray his friends.

In no time at all Mr. Jones had his new story, or version, in shape for the contemplation and decision of his superiors. He did not slavishly follow the precepts of George Bissett and toss the book out of the window; but instead, he poked the automobile story into Robes of the Night. Where it did not fit evenly and accurately Peter pounded it in. He jammed it here and he pushed it there; and when he had finished, there were loose ends, to be sure, and odd pieces of action that seemed to go nowhere and had to be laid on top, to be used or not, as higher minds might determine.

Hymie Mink, Maurice Mink, Edgar Drum and other experts scrutinized the offering and concurred in the belief that it offered elegant opportunities to a wide-awake director of the new school; not that there was anything remarkable about Pete Jones' treatment of Robes of the Night; but anyone could see, as Hymie pointed out to Maurice, that Peter's version contained usable material, whereas the book itself was merely dull.

The director, who was expected to take the raw material and manufacture a commercial product, looked over the prospectus and merely grunted. It was the low-toned, dismal, pessimistic grunt always heard when a director first scans a new script. The man's name was Fish.

"Not very good," he said slowly, speaking to Hymie and his associates. "Poor and uninspired. But I might be able to whip it into shape. I will take it home with me and fix it up."

(Continued on Page 201)

"A Little *thing made my career* Big!"

A PROMINENT executive, talking to a lagging assistant, mentioned shoes. He pointed to his own. "They helped me", he said. "My nerves are steadier, my energy greater, since I've been free from foot aches and leg weariness."

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

doesn't allow the least bit of sagging, straining or cramping. There is support where needed, because of the concealed, built-in bridge. There is undisturbed ease for bones, nerves and blood vessels because of the flat inner sole (crosswise). Heel-to-ball fitting, a new method, insures correct placing of the foot in the shoe. No other shoe can be like the Arch Preserver Shoe because it is patented.

More than thirty smart styles and in a range of prices to suit every man.

Send for our Check-up Foot Chart and find out about your feet and their needs. The coupon will bring it by return mail.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S-38, Rockland, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is also made in Canada by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass., for women and misses by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio
Sold by Leading Dealers

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Centre Last No. 155
Imported Black Calf Oxford
Also in Tan Calf

Let us send it
Our Check-up Chart will get you acquainted with your feet

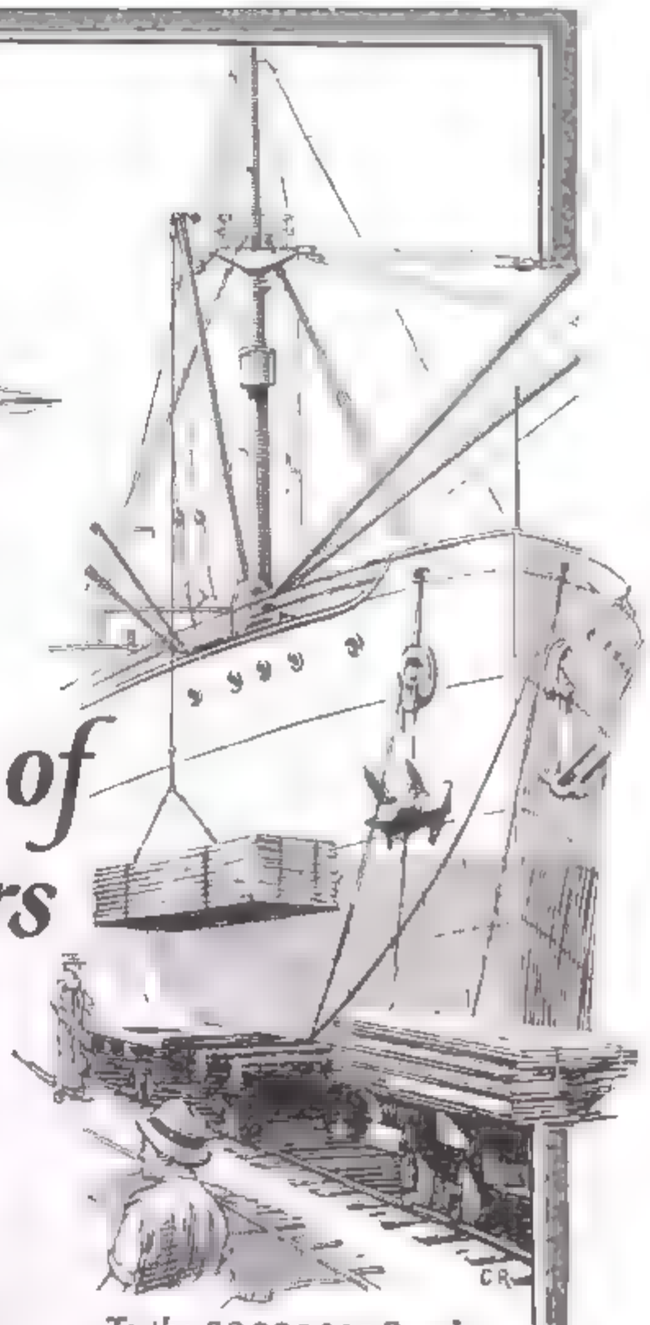
The Check-Up Foot Chart—

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-38, Rockland, Mass.
Send me the "Check-up Foot Chart" and name of nearest dealer.

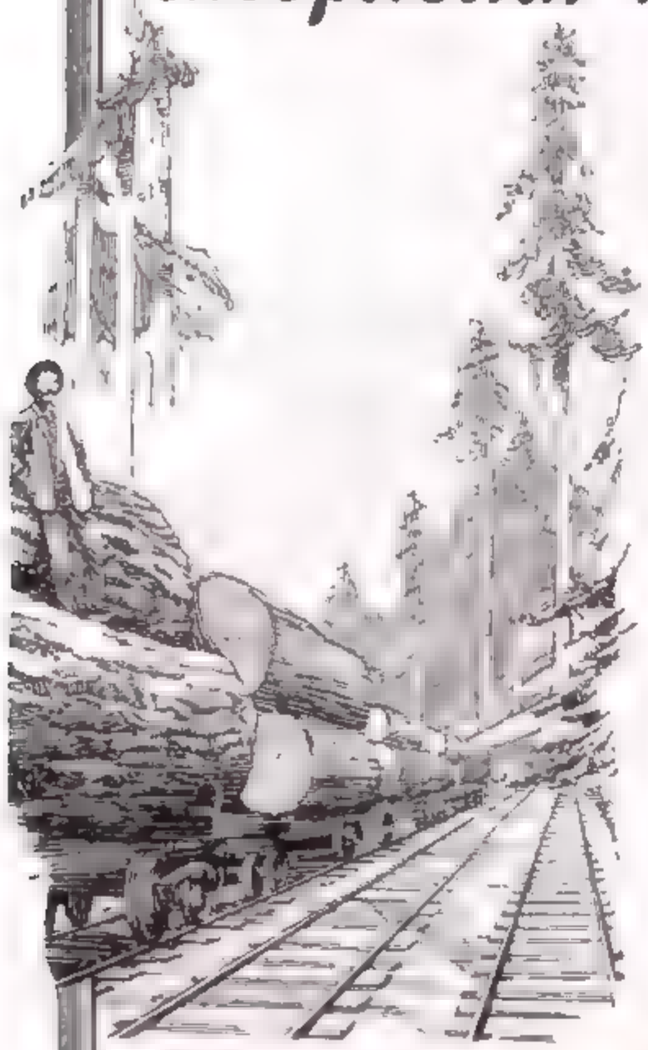
Name

Address

City State



AN ANNOUNCEMENT *of exceptional interest to Lumber Buyers throughout the east*



From the Vast Forests of the Pacific Northwest

Douglas Fir
Pacific Coast Hemlock
Western Red Cedar
Sitka Spruce

Mammoth timber, capable of producing any size, grade, or quality of lumber that may be wanted.

Structural lumber, shingles, siding, or factory lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Mills at Snoqualmie Falls, Washington.

Three Weyerhaeuser Mills on Tidewater at Everett, Washington.

Three new mills being constructed at Longview, Washington.

Nine complete manufacturing units in Idaho.

Three complete manufacturing units in Minnesota.

IN PORTSMOUTH, Rhode Island, on June 7th, the *second* of the three great Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants on the Atlantic Seaboard will be opened for service.

The *first* of these Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants was opened in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1921. The *third* is now under construction in the Port of Newark, New Jersey, only 7 miles as the crow flies from the New York City Hall.

Serving 30,000,000 *People*

If you are living anywhere in New England, New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey, you are a member of the most concentrated community in America; 30,000,000 men, women and children.

You can imagine the lumber requirements of so many human beings—and their greatest lumber supply today is in the Pacific Northwest.

The two states of Washington and Oregon contain 50 percent of the total forest reserves of the United States. A sure resource of the finest kind of lumber for many generations.

But—between the *forests* and *you* lies the *whole breadth* of the United States—3,000 miles!

Three weeks, four weeks, by rail—a long costly haul.

The Meaning of Weyerhaeuser Plants in the East

Baltimore and Portsmouth today (and Newark in the near future) are stocked to the full with fine, wanted varieties of lumber.

Back and forth through the Panama Canal go the Weyerhaeuser ships—moving the best forest products of the Pacific Coast right to the very door of the Eastern markets.

A dream—a service unthought of even five years ago.

A supply of lumber continuous for many years—with more and more mills being built to see that the people who depend upon us today shall have good reason to do so tomorrow.

To the 30,000,000 People of the Atlantic Coast by Weyerhaeuser Ships via Panama Canal.

The three Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants will comprise—

A half mile of deep water frontage.

4500 feet of dock.

More than a half mile of loading platform.

Ten miles of railroad trackage.

9500 feet of storage sheds holding 125,000,000 feet of Weyerhaeuser lumber, ready for immediate delivery.

25,000,000 feet of timbers.

3 re-manufacturing plants.

Cheaper water transportation.

Lumber for almost every purpose shipped in 24 to 48 hours.

Quick delivery to dealers all over this section.

Dealer's turnover speeded up.

He is never "out."

His investment is reduced.

Economy in piling room.

Emergency stocks for railroads and big industries.

All around an achievement in better service at lower cost, of intimate personal value to everybody.

Supplied by fleet of Weyerhaeuser-owned and Weyerhaeuser-operated ships carrying cargoes of Weyerhaeuser lumber via the Panama Canal to Baltimore, Portsmouth, and (soon) to Newark.

Economical water transportation instead of costly rail haulage.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 285 Madison Ave., New York; 812 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and Portsmouth, Rhode Island; and with representatives throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 199)

"Think you can shoot it?" Hymie asked anxiously, his mind turning to the pay roll and to persons who were not actually working, but were at the pay windows on the appointed hour.

"Oh, yes," said Fish in a dank, hollow voice, "I can shoot it. I will get a picture out of it, Hymie. Do not worry, because I am now taking this in charge; but you know how these things are. You got to fix them up, Hymie."

"Sure," said Hymie, with pathetic eagerness. "Go right ahead." So Mr. Fish went home.

"How are you getting on with your job?" Sarah Blanche asked when she and Peter next went to dinner in the little restaurant over the garage.

"Fine," said Peter. "I just turned in a treatment. What do you think I've been working on?"

"What?"

"Robes of the Night," said Pete, grinning cheerfully. "Hymie handed it to me and said to give it some punch. Funny, isn't it, that I should be working on my own book, filling it with ideas, and the Minks not knowing who I am?"

Sarah looked at Peter's chin, which was his weak spot, and nodded thoughtfully.

"Do your best with it," she suggested, "and keep still about Fergus Spind."

"I will," agreed Pete. "He certainly is a fellow without punch. . . . How about us getting married?"

"Not yet. You do not know the uncertainties of this business, and you have your career to build."

Later they went to a movie at the Gem, where the heroine tripped over a root and fell into the shy hero's arms. This was good movie stuff, as Sarah indicated to Peter; but when the heroine tripped four more times and fell four more times into the same shy arms, that, as Sarah said to Peter, was the sort of movie making that a wide-awake man should try to avoid.

Mr. Fish applied his giant intellect to the task and rapidly shot the Minks a motion picture, which, as it grew day by day, and was studied in the projection room by Hymie, Maurice and associates, seemed to contain veins of pure movie gold. Punch was written all over the daily takes. Hymie summoned Mr. Fish, after two weeks of shooting, and looked at him with shining eyes.

"Fish," said Hymie, "we have landed a live one." Fish nodded with quiet assurance. "This is a box-office picture."

"I believe so," said Fish.

"The lid is off on this baby," said Hymie, walking up and down excitedly and slapping his hands together. "This is no ordinary program release, and don't you forget it. We have here a box-office success; and from now on stop at nothing, spare no expense, go at it big, take all the time you want, if it's a year." Mr. Fish smiled the quiet smile of a man who knew it all the time. "Hire all the people you want; get anybody, no matter what he costs. Give her the gun, Fish!"

"Good!" said Mr. Fish. "Why not make a special of it?"

"Certainly. That's what I'm saying. I know when we've got something, and right now we have got something."

"Splendid!" agreed the director, who saw salary rises, limousines, interviews in New York, trips to England, maybe a picture in Germany and all the jolly rewards that follow a smash.

In the course of time, and greatly to his astonishment, Pete Jones was laid off and deprived of his weekly hundred, which seemed to him a trifle unjust. He was not discharged, as the officials pointed out. He was merely given a leave of absence, with suggestions to hold himself in readiness for further employment.

"Didn't I make good around here?" he asked Hymie in wonderment.

"Yes," replied the studio czar. "You are all right, Mr. Jones, and we think well of you, and it is only on account of certain studio conditions that I am now forced to lay you off awhile. The treatment you did on that book was pretty good. It just happens that I haven't anything for you to do at the moment; but I will have something for you later on, and I don't doubt that. Leave your address and telephone number so that we can get you."

"I thought I'd made good," Pete reiterated rather stupidly, and Mr. Mink again went over the facts as they appeared to him. Peter then walked out into the pleasant sunshine of California, leaving behind him his cheerful office, his red rug, hatrack, wire basket and all the other symbols of his advance, which was now suddenly halted without fair reason. He reported to Sarah Blanche.

"Not discharged?" she asked indignantly.

"Oh, no," replied Pete, imitating Hymie's voice and manner. "Merely laid off indefinitely, without pay, while they hunt up a job for me to do. It seems that there is at this instant nothing for me to tackle, so Hymie is saving my salary. . . . How about getting married now?"

"No," said Sarah Blanche. "I don't like their methods, Peter."

Presently Mr. Fish concluded his rousing photoplay from which the lid had been removed, cut it into rough form, and studio officials looked at it solemnly in the little back room with the permanent smell of iodine.

They said that if this was not a knockout they wished someone would tell them about it.

"Wait till the New York office sees this one!" said Hymie, his eyes smaller than ever and a glad film of perspiration shining upon his countenance. "Fish, I congratulate you. You have done a remarkable thing. You have made a name for yourself in the industry."

"Thank you," said Fish.

"Of course," another put in, "we must remember that this fellow Jones did an excellent job with the continuity."

"Apple sauce!" said Fish, with the greathearted generosity that has made the motion-picture director a kindly figure in an otherwise selfish world. "That continuity was just plain junk. I practically rewrote the whole thing up at my house nights while I shot."

Mr. Hymie Mink was correct in his estimate; and the New York office, after officially viewing the rough opus, began sending telegrams of hearty congratulation. Mr. Hayward Wood, actual head of the organization, stepped to the front, took a bow and said that they were prepared to spend a huge sum of money exploiting Robes of the Night.

"One of the master pictures of the present century," Mr. Wood wired. "Sign Fergus Spind to a contract immediately at any cost."

Maurice Mink looked up from this telegram at Hymie, who blinked.

"Read that over again," said Hymie, and the financial brother did so.

"What," asked Hymie, "has Fergus Spind got to do with it?"

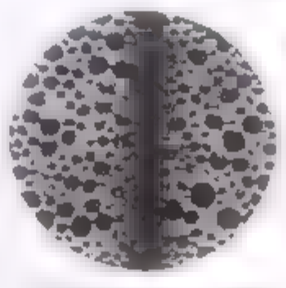
"Nothing," answered Maurice, "except that the picture was made from a book, and he wrote the book. The picture is going to be a sensation, and so Fergus Spind will be a sensation. This makes his novel famous, and every motion-picture company will want him to step in and repeat."

"There is something in what you say," Hymie admitted. "Where do you suppose we can find Mr. Spind?"

"Ask Sarah Newby."

It was a matter of no difficulty at all to get into communication with the bright-eyed agent at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, which is the art center of the universe. Pete Jones, like a true philosopher, spent his time playing pool, now that there was nothing to do. Sarah informed Hymie that she would be pleased to drop into the Mink studio at three o'clock and discuss business of a general nature. She arrived in a pink frock and a pair of the new silk stockings that

See what happens when you soften the beard at the base



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard

Here is a shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent—that softens the beard at the base, where the razor does its work—that penetrates right to the bottom of every hair and soaks it soft with water.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

SOME lathers merely cover the horny surface of your beard. Others go partly through. But here is a lather that actually penetrates deep down to the base of every hair—and soaks it soft with water.

Colgate's softens the beard in the only scientific way—by saturating it with moisture right where the cutting is done. And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

It is really shaving cream in concentrated form—different in action and result from anything you have ever known before.

In this lather the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring

and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

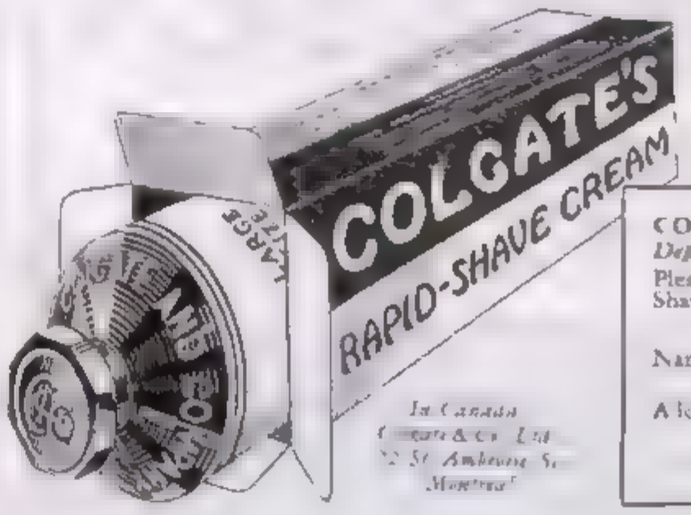
Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened at the base, where the razor does its work. In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate's lather lubricates the path of the razor—makes it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A new shaving experience awaits you

If you want a quick, smooth shave every morning, clip the coupon below and let us mail you a generous trial-size tube of Colgate's.

Then compare it with any other shaving cream you may have used—note the remarkable difference. Find out what this new shaving method offers. See coupon below.



In Canada Colgate & Co. Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St. Montreal

Colgate

Est. 1806 NEW YORK

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Dept. 110-F, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name

Address

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

Smart

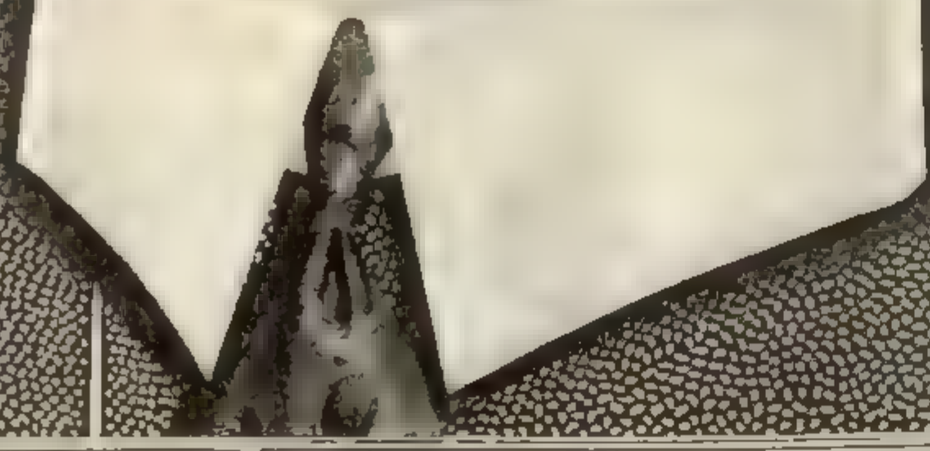
There never was a Collar like

van York

(*it's a* Van Heusen)

It has a nonchalant swagger all its own. Unlike all other collars, it is made in a single piece of multi-ply fabric, needing no bands or starch. The fold is woven in. Put one on today—and discover an entirely new collar comfort.

The new Philcuff Shirt *has cuffs made on the same principle as the* Van Heusen Collar. *The cuffs can be instantly and accurately reversed.*



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have caused so much talk lately about Rome and Nineveh.

"Where can we find Fergus Spind, who wrote Robes of the Night?" demanded Hymie Mink, a note of truculence running beneath his words.

"Fergus Spind," repeated Sarah suspiciously. "Why do you want him?" She had sudden visions of a career blasted at its start.

"Mr. Wood wants the studio to sign him to a contract. The picture is going to be the big thing of the year, and Mr. Wood wants Spind."

"Oh!" said Sarah, taking a long breath. "So it's a big picture."

"'Big' isn't the word," said Hymie in a reverent voice. "There is no word that fits. How about the novelist? Who is he, where is he and what do you suppose we can get him for?"

"Easily answered," said Sarah, looking out at the busy studio. "I am his agent. If you wish to tie up this particular novelist it will cost you seven hundred and fifty a week."

Hymie grinned and his eyes disappeared. "Don't talk foolish," he said. "Seven hundred and fifty a week for a novelist—and such a novelist, with one little measly book that nobody ever heard of!"

"They'll hear of it," said Sarah. "They have heard of him, or you wouldn't be talking to me. Do you want him or not?"

"Not at that price," said Hymie firmly.

"All right," said Sarah. "I'm on my way."

"One moment," said the studio head. "We must sign this gentleman, of course, Miss Newby; but let us get down to a reasonable, sane basis."

"Seven-fifty," insisted Sarah, powdering her nose. "I am merely Mr. Spind's business agent. Nothing to me, but if you don't get him, someone else will."

"How about five hundred?" Hymie inquired, and with that figure as a basis of argument Mr. Mink bargained with the business representative. He sent telegrams to New York, insinuating that Fergus Spind was not only a novelist but did a little holdup work on the side. Mr. Wood merely indicated in his reply telegrams that if Mr. Mink dawdled too long another studio might snap up F. Spind, as there was already considerable talk in New York about the coming sensation.

The end of the pleasant enterprise was that Sarah Newby drew forth a contract form, whereon she wrote out certain terms by which Mink & Mink agreed to employ and did hereby employ Mr. Fergus Spind, sole author of Robes of the Night, at a weekly stipend, salary and wage of six hundred and fifty dollars, gold or other coin, payable into the said Mr. Spind's hand every Wednesday at the usual window on the stroke of noon.

For this fair and reasonable award Mr. Spind would be expected to have certain bright thoughts or suggestions, and would be further expected to turn them over to the studio, including also original situations, plots, stories and mental usufruct of a miscellaneous character; also he might be called upon to help out directors if they stuck in the middle of a job, and to title pictures if titles were needed, and, in short, to give to the moving-picture business of Mink & Mink the benefit of his genius.

"I suppose he is back in the East," remarked Hymie when he had read and approved the documents. "The pay ought to start when he gets here."

"The pay begins now," corrected Sarah. "Mr. Spind is not in the East. He is here in Hollywood."

"What is he doing?"

"Unless I am mistaken he is probably playing the eight ball into the corner pocket," said Sarah.

"Tell him to come over here and get acquainted," urged Hymie.

"Better than that," said Sarah. "I will bring him myself. You might prepare an office for him and put some nice furniture in it."

"We will," promised Mr. Mink, and Sarah gathered her papers and departed. Later she learned by telephone that Pete Jones was, as she coldly suspected, playing pool with the boys over the drug store.

"Is that any way for an author to be acting?" she asked, holding up the contract. "Playing pool with genteel loafers while big business is looking for you!"

"I didn't have anything else to do," Pete said apologetically. "What have you got there?"

"A contract."

"Yeh?"

"For you. Look it over, for it's rather interesting."

Pete sat down and read the document, beginning with the first whereas and noting the figures in typewriting.

"Are you trying to kid me?" he asked, looking up.

"It's true," said Sarah. "Nothing but facts."

"Six-fifty a week," said Peter in a wistful voice. "Six hundred and fifty dollars every seventh day! No, Sarah."

"Only for the first year," Sarah returned encouragingly, and she rapidly sketched the varied details of the new job and told what Mr. Wood had said in his telegrams to Mr. Mink about Fergus Spind.

"Sarah," said Pete, shaking hands formally, "you are a high-class agent and do well by your clients. Can we get away with this new job?"

"We can."

"Would there be any chance of our getting married?" Peter demanded.

Sarah reflected. "We ought to wait a while, I think," she said finally.

"We ought to wait a week," said Mr. Jones—"till the first Wednesday at noon."

They continued to discuss matters of a uniformly pleasant nature, seated in Sarah's office and marveling at the turns taken by affairs in the movies. In the afternoon Sarah escorted Pete to the studio, where Maurice and Hymie were waiting to receive the new and soon to be popular author.

Hymie had fresh flowers upon his desk and papers to be signed by all parties concerned. He glanced up as the two young persons entered.

"This," said Sarah, "is Fergus Spind."

Maurice replied that it couldn't be Fergus Spind, while Hymie Mink strangled as he always did when confused.

"No," said Maurice, "not Fergus Spind."

"Yes," said Sarah.

"Not Peter Jones?" Hymie quavered.

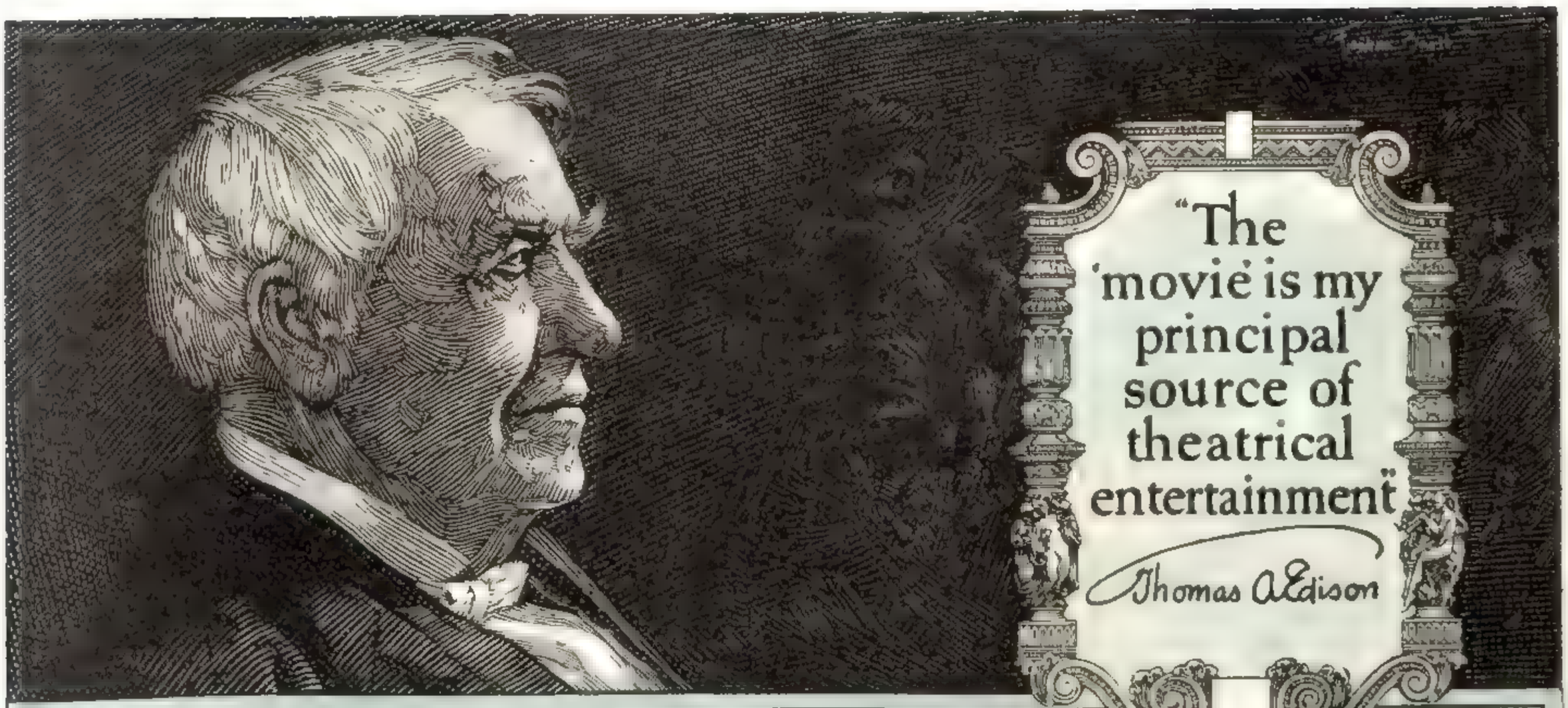
"That's just his real name," replied Sarah, and she glanced proudly at her handiwork.

"When do you wish to start, Mr.—Mr. Spind?" Hymie inquired, glancing at Pete with the air of a man who discovers that both his garters have been dragging for two blocks.

"Me?" said Pete, thinking of the harsh things Hymie had said about Fergus. "I've started already. What I want to know is, can I draw two or three hundred in advance on this week's pay?"

"As you wish, Mr. Spind," replied Maurice promptly.

"Call me Jones," said Pete. "That's what I'm going to be married under."



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THAT PAL IDEA

(Continued from Page 6)

it's that. But even so, they are no different from what we were at that point in our development. Take this bunch of the moment between sixteen and twenty who like to style themselves the younger generation, as though this conferred upon them some especial honor. They think they differ from us, when, as a matter of fact, they are of exactly the same stuff. Even what they are doing is probably what we under the same conditions would do."

"Ah," Monte interrupted, "you admit as much?"

"Certainly. But an admission of that fact isn't any justification. That's merely saying that youth will follow its natural bent—will pursue blindly instincts, passions, desires, up to the point where it is checked. We did just that, and so did the young cave man before us."

"You aren't trying to defend the old-time disciplinary system?"

"What's the argument against it?"

"It wasn't rational, but was arbitrary—unintelligent. It suppressed without changing. It was based on force."

"And experience," I put in.

"And hypocrisy and cant. Think back a little, man. If we did not indulge in the liberties of some of these youngsters of today, it was not because we were any better at heart, but because we did not dare."

"Well, let it go at that, and still we had something left in our favor. Admitting our instincts to be no different—and of course they were not—and that our motive for controlling them was at first based on fear of punishment both by society and the parental razor strop, the fact that we did exercise a certain amount of self-control, even willy-nilly, counted for something. That was at least the first step in the right direction. And out of it came eventually, as we grew wiser, something rather fine and beautiful and true."

"And a lot of hypocrisy!" Monte exclaimed.

"Yes," I confessed. "Below the surface, human nature was the same then as now, but some of the more primitive passions actually were kept below the surface, where they belong if civilization has any meaning whatsoever. I was neither better nor worse than the average of my years brought up decently in middle-class society. I was neither a prude nor a darned fool. Probably I had more actual contact with the world than a good many, for I had lived both in the city and in the country, both abroad and in New England, and finally spent five years at a small-town academy. Before I was full grown I had run across the usual percentage of smut in its various forms. But—and here's the point—that angle of life never predominated. It remained always something to be ashamed of. Most of the time it was kept distinctly in the background. It had its own province—dangerous and unwholesome enough, but restricted. Nine-tenths of the time it was forgotten."

Progression or Merely Change?

"I can say honestly that my attitude and that of my fellows toward the decent girls who made up most of our life was cleanly romantic. It contained even an element of chivalry and an element of responsibility. We had our love affairs, dozens of them, but if these culminated in a single stolen kiss—as apt to land on the nose as the lips—this was something to be remembered. The game went no further than that. The code of the day forbade and we took the code seriously. The proprieties, however artificial, accomplished something; and even if they did not change human nature, put it on a better basis. Week in and week out, that relationship was sounder than it is today. You'll admit that, Monte."

"But it led to many disasters. Ignorance is no substitute for knowledge."

"The mistake made in talking that kind of bunk is this," I answered: "First it supposes that the youngsters of our day knew less than actually they did know. Both were and are ignorant enough. But as I look about me, all I see is one type of ignorance substituted for another—a false sophistication substituted for a false innocence. In the process, something of beauty and reverence has been lost without any gain. If this new crowd were progressing, there wouldn't be any argument. But are they? Are their lives any more satisfactory, either to them or to society?"

"They think so," answered Monte.

"But is it true?" I insisted.

Monte rose. Prolonged conversation on any one theme bored him. Besides, he felt that I was incorrigible—and I knew that he was.

"You're sadly out of touch with the spirit of the day," he concluded, with a slow shake of his handsome head. "I'm going to drop in somewhere for a bit of jazz."

Ideal Comradeship

He left me to my pipe and my reflections, but hardly had he gone when the door opened and the boy thrust in his head.

"Where's Monte?" he asked.

"Just went out," I answered. "Come in and sit down a minute."

"Gosh, I wanted to see him," he answered, and disappeared.

I was left alone, and my thoughts went back to those days when I had so many bright ideas on how to bring up this boy. They seemed like sound ideas, too, for I prided myself on being no crank, but only a well-intentioned middle-class American citizen. I had not sought to develop either a paragon or a prodigy. Having been in a position to observe both, I wished, rather, to avoid any such catastrophe. I did feel, however, that it ought to be possible to give him a head start over many of his fellows, because I was so situated that I could spend a good deal of time with him, and so, more or less, direct his activities. We were to be partners in this new enterprise, I, as senior, giving him the full benefit of my experience. I could show him how to take advantage of the opportunities I had passed up and how to avoid the mistakes I had made. This sounded both simple and reasonable.

We made a fine beginning. From the moment he was able to detach me from what James describes as "the big, buzzing confusion" of this new world into which he had popped, we were playmates. We tumbled about and laughed together and in moments of difficulty helped to sustain each other. We had a bad stretch when it came to cutting teeth—a couple of hundred of them, it seemed—but he used to put his hot cheek against mine and we'd walk the floor and try to get our mind off the hurt by talking of fairies. When that was mostly over, he liked to be with me in the morning when I shaved. I made some cards upon which I had printed in red ink the letters of the alphabet, and in an amazingly short while he had learned to identify them all. It was not long after this before he was reading, and then his real education began.

We jogged along over the regular route through the magic forest with its familiar figures, picking up Mother Goose and Santa Claus and all the rest of them by the way. We allowed our imaginations to run wild, adding the while dozens of heroes and heroines of our own, reveling in that romantic world which the modern pedant passes over in scorn as false. But I agreed rather with that sweetly sane teacher, Professor Royce, and remembered a passage in his book on Loyalty.

"Too great literalness in the interpretation of human relations is, therefore, a foe to the development of loyalty," he writes. "If my neighbor is to me merely a creature of a day, who walks and eats and talks and buys and sells, I shall never learn to be loyal to his cause and mine." But the child who plays with ideal comrades, or who idealizes with an unconscious wisdom our literal doings and his own, is, in his own way, getting glimpses of that real spiritual world whose truth and unity we have hereafter more fully to consider. It is in his fantasies, then, that a child begins to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Sophistication comes soon enough today, inevitably. We must get our fairies young or not at all. And though in the end we may be obliged to thrust them aside, there is some hope for a man who has known them once.

Every summer we went into the country, and there we all but saw these funny folk peeking from behind the trees in the dense woods back of our house or hiding beneath the blue waters of the lake in front or stealing in and out among the blades of grass. Or at night we saw them frantically shinnying up the star beams to get away from the whippoorwill and the owl, their traditional enemies.

This was a colorful, buoyant period and we learned a great deal from each other. In this way everything went smoothly and according to schedule for the next ten years. When he entered high school he was, I figured, at least one year ahead of his fellows in his studies and at least two in all-round development. He had read twice as much good literature as most boys and had had eight solid years of music. This was balanced with all sorts of outdoor sports, including a season at a summer camp, where he learned to handle himself in the water like a fish, to manage a canoe and to care for himself in the woods. He came back husky and brown as a berry.

He grew rapidly during this next year and became conscious of himself as a distinct personality, both mentally and physically. This was natural, and I did my best to help him toward this new self. I tried not to preach but to explain.

The Parting of the Ways

"It's like this, son," I said: "You've reached a stretch of rough country now where the trails aren't so well marked as they have been. It's going to be easy for you to get into a bunch of trouble. I want to give you the benefit of my experience as an old woodsman who has been over the ground. Even so, your path will be different from mine; but at least I can point out some of the dangerous places."

So I did, but I realized that he did not listen with a great deal of interest. I was disappointed, and a little later made a second attempt to talk over these matters, even with less success. It was quite evident that he resented as interference my well-intentioned counsel. It was not in accord with the spirit of the day.

Here was an unexpected turn in our relations. I had followed all the rules which should have led him to listen to me as a comrade, but instead of that he began to avoid me. What had become of that pal idea? We used to walk, play tennis and even a little golf together, but from this point on he began to find excuses for not joining me. I did not expect him to turn from friends of his own age, but his attitude was the same even when he had nothing in particular to do. In fact, not wanting to have anything in particular to do became one of his marked characteristics. I let this go as a phase of growth, but of course it resulted in a slump in his work all along the line. He was fifteen now, and this year lost all the advance ground he had gained.

I should still have felt that the fault was mine had I not, in looking about, found the same conditions existing elsewhere. Whenever I was able to get below the surface to the family problems of my neighbors, I discovered that there was nothing

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unique about my own difficulty. In fact in many respects I was to be congratulated. I listened to many stories of this new relationship between parents and children that were so extreme as to sound fantastic.

Underlying them all, the most significant and startling revelation to me was the fact that the change was most marked among the families of the better middle class and involved the boys and girls of high-school age. The better the environment, the more conscientious the parents, the more unfortunate was the result. Here was something new. We have come to expect excesses from the upper class, with an overindulgence resulting from luxury, and from the under class, with an overindulgence resulting from ignorance; but in the middle class we have looked to find the golden mean. Today it is in this class that we find the problem in its most acute stage.

The dangerous age is no longer from eighteen to twenty-one, but rather from fourteen to eighteen.

The most noticeable feature of this new attitude on the part of these youngsters is the apparently sincere belief that at this age they are fully matured and able, without adult guidance, to care for themselves in all their social relationships. At first I thought this merely a case of what we used to call "being too big for your breeches," which is, of course, a more or less natural development; but it goes deeper than this. This idea that they have a right at this period to manage their own affairs is something of a creed. It is extraordinary how universal it has become and how thoroughly it is believed. To find a parallel it would be necessary to go back to the days of Jean Jacques Rousseau and his doctrine of the natural man.

Let me give a few instances that came within my own notice. A boy of sixteen in whose veins ran the blood of his Puritan fathers was home for his summer vacation at a Massachusetts seaside resort, where his parents had a cottage. His father and mother were modest well-to-do folk, cultured and conservative. The boy himself was clean-minded and alert and by no means spoiled. He wished to give a dinner to half a dozen friends of his own age and circle, and the parents entered heartily into the project.

But when the day arrived and the mother was overseeing the preparation of the table, the boy startled her with the query, "What are you and dad going to do tonight?"

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"Of course you aren't going to hang around here."

"We were to have dinner with you, I supposed."

"That will spoil everything! We want the place to ourselves."

"You are asking father and me to leave the house to you?"

"You bet! This is my party."

The mother was both hurt and alarmed. She had been a good deal of a companion to the boy and this was unexpected.

"I—I'll have to see dad about that," she answered.

Parents Non Grata

She saw dad. He was neither a tyrant nor altogether a relic of the past, but this was too much for him and he sat upon the proposition hard.

"Just remember that this is my house," he informed the boy, "and that as owner I have certain rights here. One of them is the privilege of sitting down at my own table. Your mother and I are glad to help you entertain your friends; but if that entertainment is going to be of such a nature that you can't have your parents, we'll cut it out."

"Gosh, dad, it isn't that," answered the boy honestly enough. "We aren't planning any rough-house."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"Nothing, only—well, you and mother are so old!"

"Well, we'll be a good deal older than we are now, and incidentally you'll be somewhat older than you are now, before dinners in this house will be conducted on any such basis as you propose," he returned.

Beyond smoking more than was good for them and following the dinner with jazz, I do not believe the boy or his friends had anything vicious in mind. The whole point was that at sixteen he and his friends felt like twenty-one.

Another father of my acquaintance, an extremely busy man, planned to give up the greater part of his time last December to the entertainment of a daughter and son, home from boarding school for the Christmas recess. He was a man filled with the old-fashioned virtues and he accepted the responsibility of fatherhood seriously. Although active in one of the largest industrial enterprises in the United States, he spent almost as much time and thought on these children as he did on his business. His ideals for them were high; but, after all, they were fairly simple and reasonable, even if, in the old sense, somewhat conventional.

Objection Sustained

He had attempted to bring up the boy to be honest and clean and active, and was willing, so long as he kept within these bounds, to stake him to anything in the world. He had already put him under the influence of the best private schools and summer camps he could find. The result was, to say the least, not satisfactory, and had ended in something of a clash between father and son.

Of the girl, he asked that she in her turn be normal, affectionate, and observe the proprieties. He objected to bobbed hair, but he finally surrendered that point. He objected to lipsticks and rouge—abhorred them—in a girl of sixteen, but had been obliged to wink even at this. He objected to overshort skirts, rolled skin-colored stockings and high-heeled shoes, but was slowly giving ground even on these. He objected to cigarettes and unchaperoned tea dances and was still fighting hard on this field.

Neither this boy nor this girl was abnormal according to the standards of the day. That was the trouble. They were doing and wanted to do only what their fellows were doing, girls and boys of equally sound families and careful bringing up. How much further they would have gone if let alone, or how much further their companions were going, I do not know. I am willing to concede that their bark was worse than their bite and that left to themselves they would have imposed their own limits. After all, I suppose there is some horse sense even in the boy and the girl of today.

This father took the two children to a round of dinners and theater parties, but this did not satisfy them. They wanted to dance. All right, he would provide a dance. He made up a dinner party for New Year's Eve at one of his country clubs, dancing to follow, and proposed to drive them over—some thirty miles—have dinner with them and sit around, a boring and tiring prospect for him, and let them dance to a finish. But that morning the air seemed heavy.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded of the boy.

"I don't feel like going tonight," he answered.

"Eh?"

"If you'd let us take the car and go alone ——"

That party was called off right there and then, with the result that both children returned to school in the sulks.

A little later I had a talk with the girl. "What's the matter with you fellows, anyway?" I asked.

"Dad is so strict," she pouted.

"I don't see it," I answered. "But what's your own idea of what he should do?"

"He ought to let me do as I please," she answered unhesitatingly.

(Continued on Page 209)

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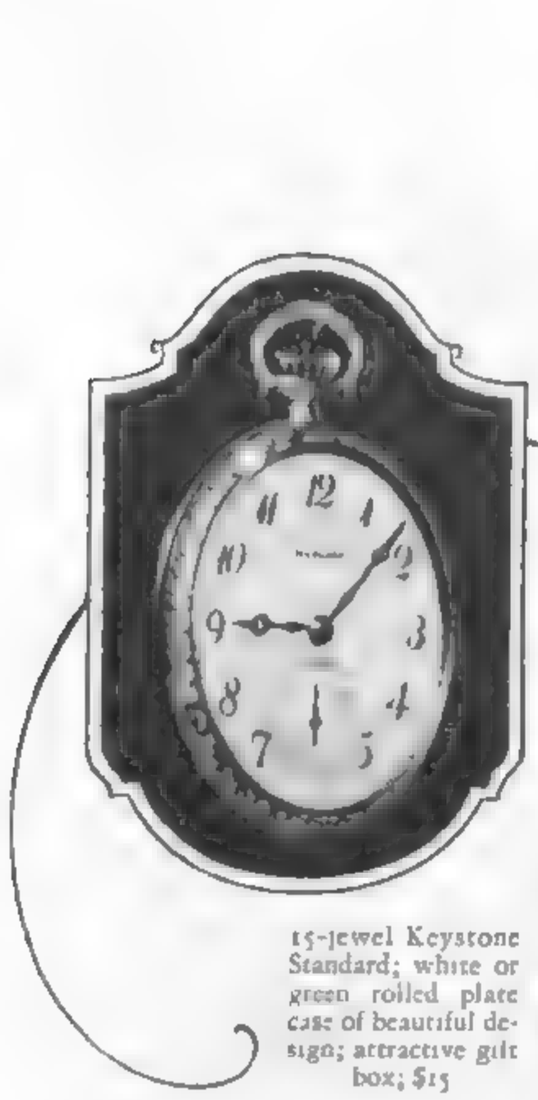

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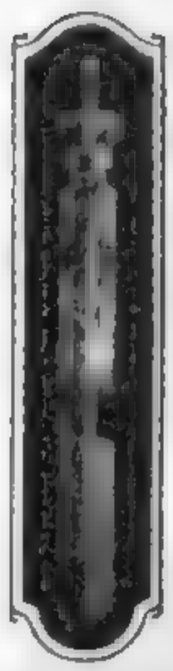
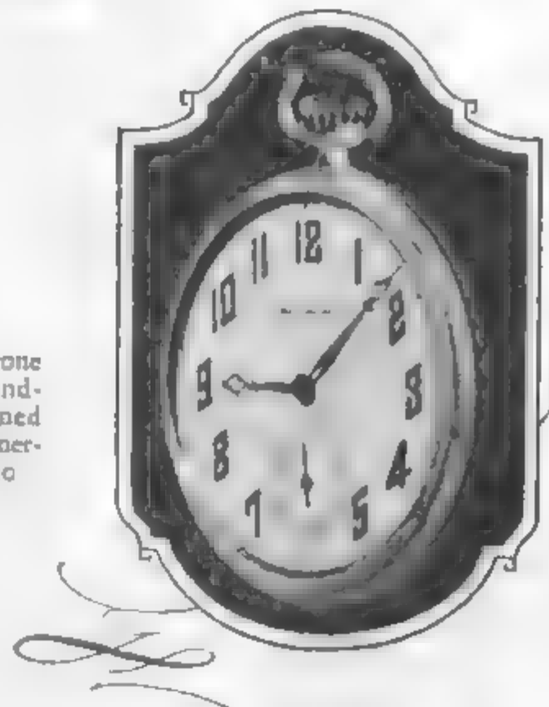
These new values are so revolutionary as to cause every thinking person to recast his ideas of what a given price will buy in a watch: $8.25 to $13.50 in the new Keystone 7-jewel movement; $13.50 to $25 in the new Keystone 15-jewel movement.

Many leading jewelers are featuring the new Keystone Standard Watches in their windows on display stands as shown above. To be sure of complete satisfaction, *choose your watch from this display!*

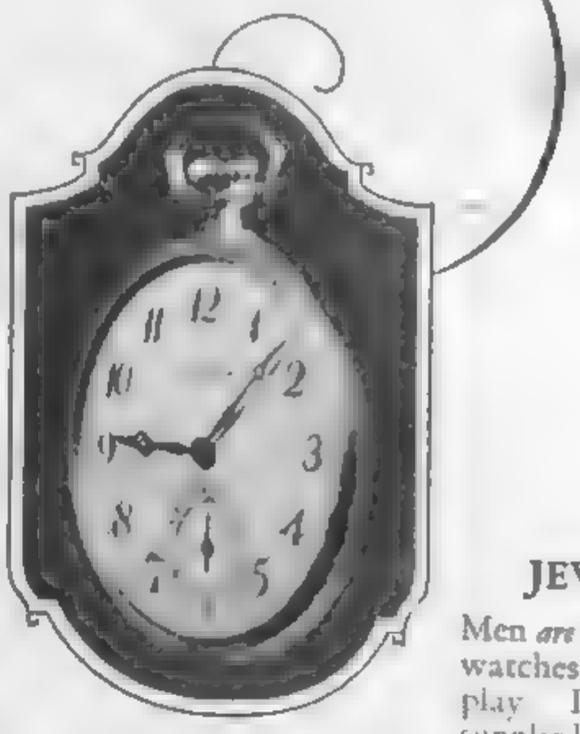
THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY
Established 1853
Riverside, New Jersey



15-jewel Keystone Standard in the famous Jas. Boss 14K white or green gold filled case; handsome gift box; $25



7-jewel Keystone Standard; handsomely designed case; raised numerals on dial; $10



7-jewel Keystone Standard, plain, sturdy nickel case of excellent proportions; satin finish metal dial; $8.75

KEYSTONE
Standard
WATCHES

JEWELERS

Men *are* choosing their watches from this display. If you are not supplied with a Keystone display stand and a representative assortment of Keystone Standard Watches, write us.

(Continued from Page 206)

"At your age?"

"I guess I can take care of myself," she declared.

"I have no doubt you think you can, but that is one of the reasons why I believe you can't – that and the kind of freedom you demand. If you knew as much as you think you know, you wouldn't want to do the sort of things you want to do. Leaving out of consideration everything else, you must admit that your elders, as the result of experience alone, are in a better position than you to judge what is wise and what is not."

"They think so, but they are old-fashioned."

"Yes, they are old-fashioned," I admitted. "But so are a lot of other things. Human nature, for example, hasn't varied much, for all the change in styles, down through the centuries. And the sort of trouble you can stumble into is old-fashioned There is nothing new or original in what you want or the consequences that follow. In another ten years you'll be old-fashioned yourself and wonder what a little fool you were."

"Maybe," she answered pertly; "but I'm not that way now."

Moreover, she seemed to pride herself upon the fact. This attitude gave her a feeling of superiority. It was the jeer of the mocking children to Elisha, "Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head." And yet, too, there was something more back of it. This was no mere personal expression of peevishness, but a fair reflection of the point of view of her set.

We used to be young, it seems to me, without knowing it. If, under certain conditions, it was called to our attention, we were rather ashamed a moment and then forgot. We accepted our status, for the most part, as a fact to be taken for granted. That was true of the restrictions under which we were placed. But today youth is blatantly aggressive. It has become self-conscious almost to the point of forming cults. Abroad it has actually culminated in new-youth movements, the key to which is the renunciation of codes of responsibility and the airy following of the instincts. Young men and women, many of them university trained, breeze through the forests and meadows interpreting Nature according to their own uncontrolled desires. The only new feature about this is the fact that it is involving extreme youth and the middle class, whereas formerly it was limited to a certain more mature so-called æsthetic element.

Carefree But Careless Youth

In our own American colleges this tendency is reflected in a dozen directions, not only in the liberal groups but in the rank and file. That would not be so bad, although even here it leads to many unfortunate consequences; but this spirit is equally manifest in the preparatory and high schools. For example, I picked up recently the undergraduate publication of one of the oldest and largest prep schools in America. The leading editorial was as violent an attack upon chapel as anything made recently at Yale. Regardless of the merits of the question, the fact that these boys of sixteen are demanding the privileges of their elder brothers is significant. A recent editorial in a large daily commended a student council in a high school for taking a stand against the drinking of hooch by pupils, without a comment upon the fact that such a condition existed.

There was more or less drinking at the high school which my boy attended, although it was not general enough to make a scandal. But the thing I did not like was that it was considered the sporty thing to do, whether actually done or not, and that this standard was established not by the roughnecks but by the sons from respectable families. Smoking was, of course, the rule among both the boys and the girls. I tried to keep my boy away from it on account of his health, but when he came from social affairs with the statement that he was the only one present not smoking, including mothers and daughters, it was not easy. At this point I am deliberately leaving out gossip of another nature as unverifiable and possibly exaggerated. But there is plenty of it current and much that can be substantiated.

It was the point of view the boy was acquiring to which I objected—the apparent lack of any sense of social or personal responsibility. It even ran through his work. I had put him in a public school of some three thousand students from all grades of society, because I believed in democratic institutions. Of course, the teachers had more than they could handle, but on the whole they were capable. Furthermore they were willing and in a position to give a boy, willing to work, adequate preparation for college; but they had no time to waste on loafers.

Getting Gentlemen's Marks

The foreign element was too pressing in its demands to leave them any surplus energy to spend on those bright boys of old American stock who affected an indifferent attitude. For the foreigners, dull and handicapped as they might be, were the workers in that school Greeks, Armenians, Lithuanians, and those Irish who had not become too thoroughly Americanized. These were the fellows who were digging in their toes and running away with the honors and scholarships. Coming from homes where conditions, either for health or for study, were none of the best, where they received no help, but had to grind out their work by themselves, where success or failure lay in their own hands—they moved steadily on.

Take by contrast my own boy, who was no exception to his class but on the whole rather saner in his tendencies. He was well housed, well clothed, well fed and had a warm room to himself in which to study. I had insisted on regular exercise, diet and sleep. Outside his school he had received and could receive expert advice on any of his studies, because both his mother and I were college graduates and interested. Every summer he had spent under the best possible conditions, where he was free to indulge in outdoor activities -swimming, mountain climbing, tennis and golf. There was no branch of sport or study in which he had not received help and encouragement. Further than this, he had been in contact all his life with intelligent and able people who believed in him and who introduced him, in one form and another, to the best in the arts and the sciences.

In spite of this he was barely getting a passing mark, and in some studies not doing this. What was worse, he was neither disturbed nor interested in this fact. He had several illnesses, to be sure; but even making allowance for this, he remained in the slough of the middle group and shrugged his shoulders. In the same position, or a worse, were, with few exceptions, the fellows of his own station. It interested me to find among them the sons of several professors of one of the most famous universities in the world. These chaps prided themselves on their "gentlemen's marks," even to the extent of feeling hurt if any criticism of them was made.

In the face of this, the boy was demanding more freedom. He was going on seventeen now, and thought he ought to have a night key and be allowed to come and go as he pleased without explanation.

"Good Lord," I exclaimed, "how do you get that way? You aren't keeping even with your work as it is."

"You make too much fuss about those things," he answered coolly. "I'm doing as well as the rest."

"That isn't saying a great deal, is it?" I replied. "Lads with half your advantages are pushing right ahead of you."

"If you'd only let me alone!"

He was beginning a new term and I saw an opportunity here. "All right," I agreed, much to his surprise, "I'll try that out. I won't mention your studies for the next

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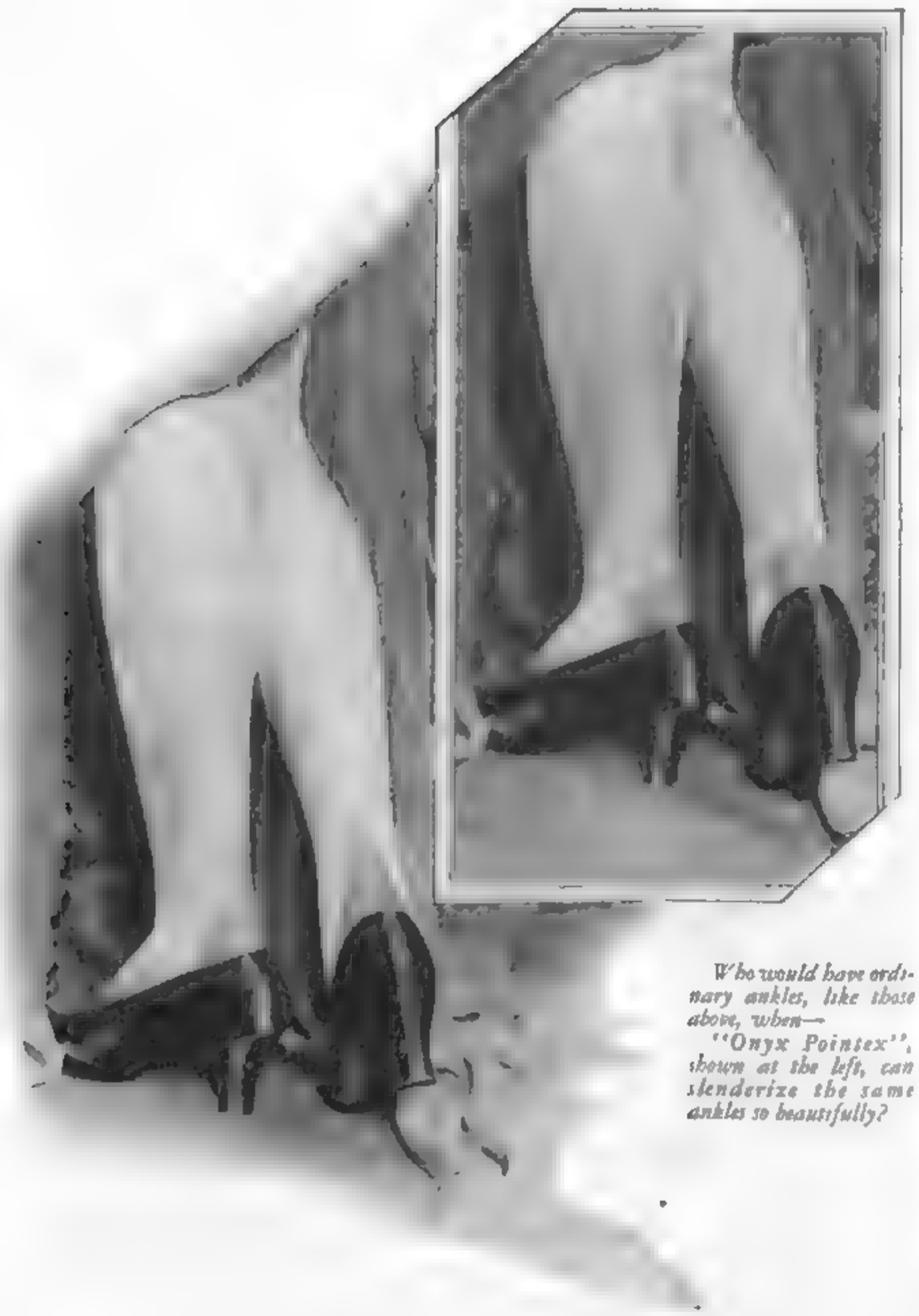
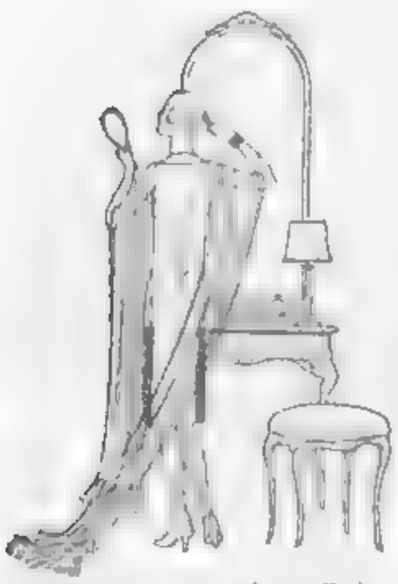


Who would have ordinary ankles, like those above, when—

"Onyx Pointex", shown at the left, can slenderize the same ankles so beautifully?

Ankles look so different when slenderized this way!



YOU know how vertical lines in a dress can slenderize the figure; you can imagine how such lines in *stockings* can slenderize the ankles!

The twin tapering lines that meet in a point above the heel in "Onyx Pointex" stockings make ankles look slimmer—more graceful—more shapely. Ankles naturally well-molded are emphasized with a note of trim smartness; those a bit too wide are given an illusion of slender charm.

Because stockings are no longer a mere detail of costume, it is well worth while to insist upon "Onyx Pointex," with their re-inforced point. You will find them at better hosiery shops everywhere.

Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below:

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight . $1.65
Style 255, Service weight . } $1.95
Style 355, "Sheresilk" . }

Pure Thread Silk

Style 350, Service weight . . } $2.75
Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands }

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. Manufacturers New York

"Onyx" Hosiery
"Pointex"

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four months; I'll put the full responsibility upon you. Upon the way you handle it will depend those other privileges you demand."

Did it work? It did not. His record went from bad to worse. Furthermore, he was quite undisturbed, and began to harp again on this matter of wider freedom.

This was getting serious, for his chance of making college was now in jeopardy. I fell back upon pure reason again. I knew the boy had intelligence and capacity, and it did seem as though he was old enough to handle himself better than this. I cornered him in his room one evening and began once more.

"Look here, son," I said, "this last score card indicates that either you're a fool and incapable or lazy and indifferent. Which is it?"

"What's the matter with it? I passed everything, didn't I?"

"By the skin of your teeth. But you don't get into Harvard any more on passing grades alone."

"I should worry."

"Yes, you should. But you don't. And yet in the face of that you ask to be treated like a man. You act like a ten-year-old toward your responsibilities and expect me to look upon you as twenty years old in every other respect. I don't see it. You are up against the same problems outside of school that you are in school, problems demanding judgment and self-control. You aren't exercising either. Every time I give you an inch you take a yard. I've tried to be fair, but if I give you permission to stay out until ten, you remain until twelve; if I make a limit of one night a week, you extend it to three; if I make your leisure conditional upon a decent amount of work, you take the leisure and neglect the work—then complain because you are held up.

"Now I don't want to be arbitrary. Furthermore, get hold of this idea—that it's no fun for me to butt into your affairs. I have plenty of my own to occupy me. On the other hand, I can't neglect them, because I have a certain responsibility; a responsibility toward society and toward you which I can't escape. If you're as mature as you pretend to be, you ought to be able to see that. Until you actually stand on your own two feet, I have to bear the burden of what you do and do not do. But even brushing that aside, I have a still deeper feeling about your career, based upon the fact that you're flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood. Some day you'll get the meaning of that. Let's put it that way now—what in thunder would you do if you were in my place?"

The Age of Unreason

The boy thought a moment. "Just as you're doing," he answered.

I was startled. He spoke seriously. "Now we are getting somewhere," I exclaimed. "Then you admit that what I ask of you is reasonable."

"Sure, dad."

"Then what the deuce ——"

"It's too darned reasonable—that's the trouble," he broke out. "It's all right for you, but I don't like everything that way. Maybe if I was your age I shouldn't mind, but you keep telling me I'm not, and I guess that's true. You spoke the other day about guiding me through the woods, but, gosh, I don't want to keep tagging at your heels! I'd rather get lost now and then. Maybe, too, I ought to study hard, but that doesn't make it any more fun. I like to do a lot of foolish things even if they don't get me anywhere. Of course, I don't blame you for kicking, because you're only asking what good I get out of them. I don't get any good, but I get a lot of fun and—well, dad, I suppose some day I'll see things your way, but now ——"

The boy had spoken impulsively, but certainly he had spoken frankly and given me for the first time a real glimpse of what was going on inside his head. For a moment I was taken off my guard. I was facing a new point of view and realized that, within certain limits, it was justified. I had been asking him to be reasonable, to rationalize his life, when in a way this ran directly counter to those elements which made youth what it was. Youth might almost be characterized as the period of irrationality, to the domination of the emotions over the intellect. The whole business of education was to readjust this condition and establish a more effective balance; but when that was done, youth vanished.

And now I saw what the matter was with that pal idea. I had known for five years that something was wrong with it, but it remained for the boy to strike at the heart of it. Admitting that as a result of the difference in our ages we were bound to look at life from two different angles, it was impossible for us ever to get together on the same level unless one of us sacrificed his honest position. Either the boy must assume a wisdom beyond his years, a wisdom that destroyed his youthful heritage, or I must surrender forty years of experience and revert to adolescence. Obviously, neither of us could make this change consistently with self-respect. This, however, did not imply, as Monte argued, that because of this I was unable to understand the younger man's point of view. I could and did. Nor did it imply that the boy was incapable of understanding mine. He had just shown that he could and did.

Meeting Your Parents

Had we then reached an impasse which left us helpless? Not by a jugful. We had succeeded in clearing away a lot of rubbish and now stood face to face. But my own duty was better defined than ever.

"I get you, son," I began. "The thing for us to do is to admit frankly that you're seventeen and that I'm forty-seven. That means that we look at life in two different ways. I have this advantage, however—that I was once seventeen while you've never been forty-seven. Furthermore, I'm your father, which gives me, as I explained a moment ago, a certain responsibility toward you which you haven't toward me. Under these circumstances it is right and fitting for me to be the boss to the extent of judging what you ought and ought not to do.

"And the boss, about certain matters, I intend to be, whether you like it or not. Put that in your pipe right now and smoke it. There will be no pal business about this much. I shan't even explain my orders. If you try to evade them, the evasion will be followed by certain consequences—curtailment of liberty, curtailment of spending money, and if worse comes to worse, something more so long as I remain in sound physical health.

"In other words, within certain zones martial law is going to be established. This will include your studies, where I shall demand a better grade than you have been getting whether you enjoy studying or not. It will include your health, where I shall demand more regular hours whether you like this or not. It will include conformity to a certain code of propriety whether for the moment you approve or not. Outside those limits you can be as dog-goned foolish as you like. Do I make myself clear?"

Monte drifted in one evening not long after this to smoke a cigarette. "Met the boy going upstairs with his books," he observed.

"Yes?"

"Bucked up a bit, hasn't he?"

"Considerable," I nodded.

"I knew it would work out that way. You're beginning to understand each other."

"I think so."

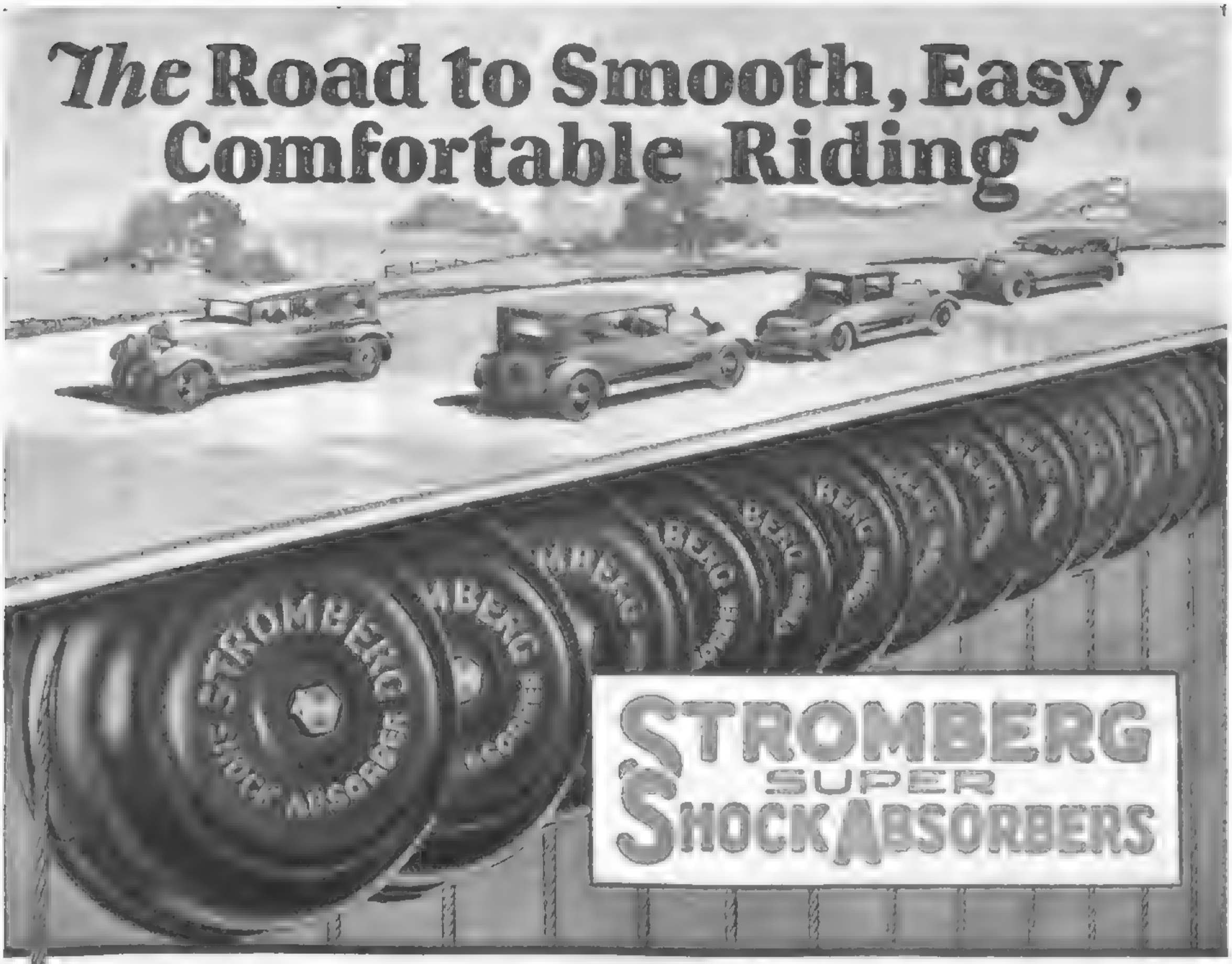
"Fine! After all, these kids of today are all right when you get to know them."

"And when they get to know you," I observed.

"Sure! It's the little old pal idea, isn't it?"

I did not try to disillusionize him. After all, he was only a bachelor, so it did not make much difference what he did believe.

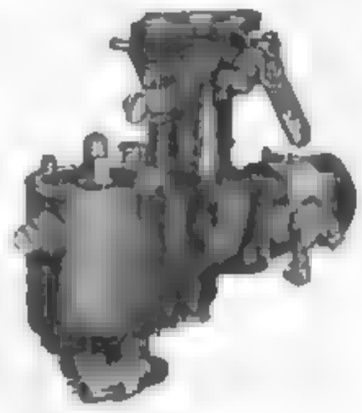
The Road to Smooth, Easy, Comfortable Riding



STROMBERG Super Shock Absorbers transform all roads into smooth, even, easy-riding highways, permitting you to relax and to travel in restful repose.

Stromberg Super Shock Absorbers control the action of the springs in an entirely new and different way. They smooth out the bumps on the roughest roads, give absolute free-play on smooth roads, correct the galloping motion developed by balloon tires, and make driving easier and safer.

The satisfaction and pleasure of motoring are increased many fold if your car is equipped with this most efficient, comfort-giving device. See your automobile dealer today or write direct to us giving name and model of your car.



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The only carburetors built special for each model of engine. Give that complete satisfaction desired by all car drivers. Maximum power—quickest pick-up—smoother running at all speeds—greatest economy.

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8—Operate uniformly Summer and Winter.
9—Built to measure for each make of car.
10—Last as long as your car
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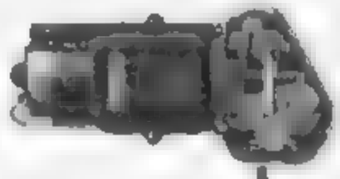

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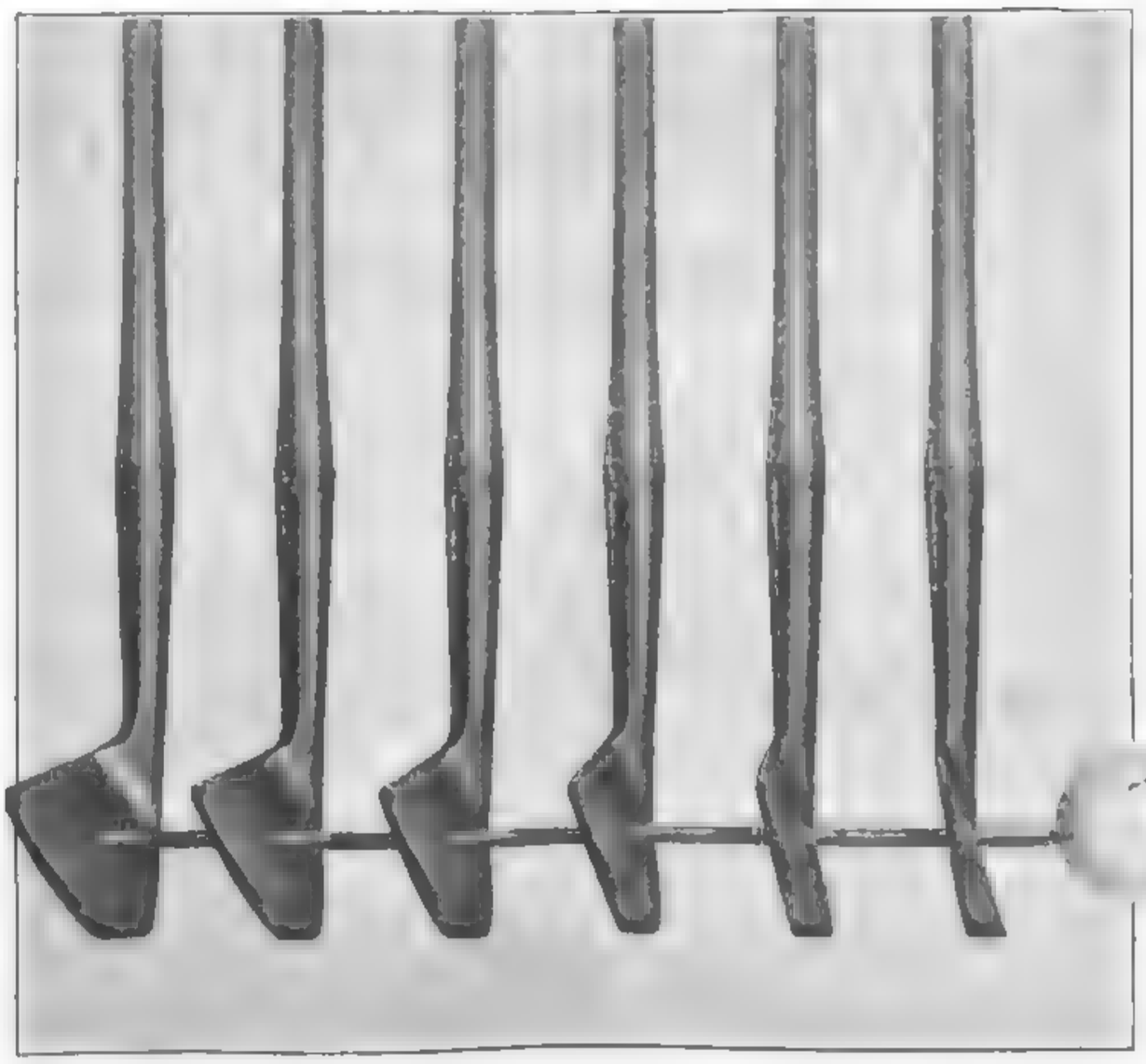
Try these tests on any set of golf clubs



The metal bar in the special display set illustrated above passes through the "sweet spot" on each club. That's uniformity.

then you will realize what Spalding's revolutionary principle in club-construction means to your game . . .

THESE tests are mighty interesting to make. And they show what a great thing Spalding did for golf by originating matched sets of wood and iron clubs.

Hold a golf club, face up, in your hand. Drop a golf ball on it, beginning at the toe of the club and moving towards the center. With one exception, each time the ball hits, the club will shiver—will tend to turn in your hand.

At some one spot the ball will meet solid resistance. The club won't shiver. Or turn. That spot is the "sweet spot"—the point that will give you the greatest distance and accuracy, and the sweetest "feel" under impact.

In the ordinary bag of golf clubs, the "sweet spot" is located in a *different* place on each club face. Sometimes the variation is as great as shown in the accompanying picture. This helps to make golf difficult.

In the sets of matched irons, Spalding has so planned the distribution of metal in heads of varying weights as to locate the "sweet spot" in exactly the same position on every club face and *marked* it for you to see.

Now make this test. Balance each club over a pencil. Mark the centers of balance. If your pencil marks were connected in a line, it would probably look like this illustration . . .

Now look at the picture of a set of Spalding matched irons at the right. The line through the centers of balance *parallels* the tops of the shafts.

Here you have balance so perfectly matched that the clubs feel exactly alike—with your eyes closed you couldn't tell which you were holding. And you swing them all alike. Perfect timing for one is perfect timing for them all. No need to speed up your swing for one shot and slow it up for the next.

Because Spalding matched clubs are absolutely uniform, your game becomes more uniform. And in uniformity lies the biggest reason why the star golfers are stars.

Uniformity in Spalding matched clubs goes even further than balance. The shafts are *exactly* matched in torsion and resilience. There is an *exact* increase in pitch from one blade to another. The variation in lies is *exact*—so that the distance you stand from the ball is automatically determined for each club. These features are exclusively Spalding's and patents have been applied for covering them.

The Matched Woods

The wood sets are named the Spalding Autograph Registered Sets. Driver and brassie are perfectly matched. The price is $30. Spoon to match, made to order, $15.

The Matched Irons

This is the Spalding Registered Kro-Flite Set. It must be bought complete—8 irons to the set at $65.

Every Spalding Registered Set is given a number, and a record of every club is kept. If one is lost from any Registered Set, it can be exactly duplicated by sending us the set number and club number. You can get a Registered Set which fits you perfectly in length, weight and balance.

Individual Spalding Clubs

Any Spalding club you buy is the greatest value you can get at the price. And it has the distinction of being made by the world's foremost club makers. You will know that it has been made of the finest materials—of which Spalding has the first selection. You will know that it is perfect in its balance—a suitable implement for any golfer. That is why a majority of the world's leading golfers use Spalding clubs.

You can buy individual wood clubs from $10 to $2.50. Separate irons from $6 to $2 each.

Let your professional outfit you

Your professional has or can get Spalding Registered Clubs for you. You can also buy them at Spalding dealers'. And, of course, from any Spalding store.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE GOLF CLUBS. ORIGINATORS OF MATCHED AND REGISTERED SETS OF WOOD AND IRON CLUBS

THE PLUVITOR

(Continued from Page 25)

on a profick-sharin' basis widout no ante." Punic Grasty displayed half a dozen four-line clippings from the want-ad columns of a local paper. "I fo'got you kain't read, Wilecat. Dese clippings says, 'Fer a nominal 'vestment my pardner shares fifty-fifty in de proficks."

"How nominal is dis 'vestment?" With his eyes on the twenty-thousand-dollar reward, the Wildcat enjoyed a fleeting vision of big business wherein a boy doubled his money before Thanksgiving Day.

"Gittin' de outfit ready, 'spense money, 'sentials, 'quipment, cash fo' de 'lectric people, current 'spenses, overhead, fixed charges, incidentals, an' goodwill comes mighty close to—lemme figger a minnit." Punic Grasty occupied the next two minutes in setting down a column of figures while his mind flittered around an estimate of the Wildcat's financial condition. Finally, basing his total on guesswork and exaggerated reports from the scene of the Wildcat's recent victory, "Comes to fo' thousan', 'leven hun'ed an fifty dollahs—say, a even five thousan'."

"Hon'able, whut was dat goodwill you spoke about?"

"Wilecat, dem Portugee white folks in de Salt Valley country, an' 'specially in de town of Eden, holds me to be de best friend dey's got, pervidin' I pluves 'cordin' to contrack. I figgers dey goodwill is easy worth a hun'ed dollahs. Was I plumb bust an' needed some change, dat's de figger I sot it at."

The Wildcat drew a long breath. "Hon'able, Ise got five thousan' dollahs, or mighty near dat much, an' Ise minded to put in wid you. De on'y thing dat holds me back is whut if you fails to pluve—whut if dey ain't no rain, 'cordin' to contrack?"

Punic Grasty hit the table a wallop that rattled the dishes. "Wilecat, fust off, leave me say dat yo' exhibition of bizness instink gratifies me beyond words. Dey ain't nobody, did I have my ruthers, dan whom I would ruther 'filiate wid except you. Gittin' down to de meat of de questium you axed, whittlin' mighty close to de bone, does I fail to pluve—or in other words, if dey ain't a inch of rain by Thanksgivin' in de Salt Valley districk—all you gits outen yo' five thousan' dollahs is de salvage value. To be strickly honest wid you in mighty few words, does I fail to pluve you loses a definite, nonrebatable minum' of about twenty-five dollahs. Dat's dat. Now de nex' thing whut I aims to do is demonstrate my perfessional ability to perduce de kind of rain you craves, hot or cold, whah you wants it, at de very minnit you calls fo' it to come. Inside de nex' two hours I rigs up a small po'table outfit whut kin be carried by hand an' which will show you whut I kin do. De machine ain't gwine to make it rain oveh no wide stretch of country, 'cause it ain't got de strength. Takes a mighty big machine to handle a county. All I does is perduce a local rain fo' you dis evenin' whah an' when you says. How dat strike you?"

"Hon'able, dat seems reasonable enuff to me."

"Sho it is. Nobody could do mo' dan dat." Punic Grasty held out his hand. "Wilecat, us shakes hands on dat. Now I got to do some mighty fast work to git dat li'l' demonstrator rigged up in time. Whilst Ise runnin' round mebbe you kin find some facks dat will strengthen yo' belief in whut I kin do by readin' dese pieces f'm de newspapers whut tell 'bout me. I is pluved to de satisfaction of one an' all in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska an' Texas. Some of dese pieces f'm de paper is got pitchers of me an' my pluvitoriums in 'em, so you kain't make no mistake. Whilst Ise gone yo' friend Cassius King will read whut dese papers say. I meets you here sometime befo' five o'clock." The speaker addressed the third member of the party. "Cash," he said, handing Cassius King a thick envelope filled with newspaper clippings, "read de Wilecat de scientific record of whut I is done in otheh parts of de country."

For the next half hour the Wildcat listened to the reading of a series of second-hand newspaper clippings, summarizing the general tenor of the pluvitor's credentials. When he had done reading, "Wilecat, all of dat sounds mighty fav'able," Cassius King commented. "I kain't see dat you makes any mistake puttin' in wid de Hon'able. If dat boy kin make it rain like he says he kin, you an' him is got twenty thousan' dollahs sewed up in a sack. Dem Portugee boys is good fo' ten times dat much, an' dey'd be mighty glad to spend it fo' a heavy rain. Ain't had no rain down dere in two years now. If you an' de Hon'able delivers de goods, chances is dey boons you wid a couple of farms, oveh an' above de cash prize. Looks to me like you is got a mighty gratifyin' future."

"Looks dat way to me, Cash," the Wildcat agreed, "an' does ol' Hon'able come through wid a fust-class sample rain dis evenin' like he said, Ise gwine to join on wid him."

"Looks like you kain't do no betteh. Gittin' double fo' yo' money is middlin' good proficks."

"Plenty good enuff fo' me," the Wildcat agreed. He got to his feet and put on his hat, sauntering toward the front door of the Clover Club.

A shadow of anxiety covered Cassius King's face. "Whah at you gwine, Wilecat?"

"Gwine down de street to buy me a hat. Dis ragged ol' cap ain't no good fo' de high-class bizness whut I aims to precipitate into wid ol' Hon'able."

"You git back heah befo' five o'clock," admonished his counselor and guide.

"Sho will, Cash. Ain't gwine to let no solid-gold chance git away f'm me kin I help it."

Returning to the comparative sanctuary of the Clover Club, after regaling Cassius King with a recital of his adventures, the Wildcat listened to a preachment on the perils of life in a great city.

"Naw, suh, Wilecat," his adviser concluded, "when you craves de wide lonesome spaces wid lots of outdo' scenery, you craves right. Rest yo'self heah in my office whilst I sees is de Hon'able come back yit."

The Honorable had come back, and was at the moment in his room above the Clover Club, engaged in adjusting the alarm mechanism of a three-dollar clock. Interrupted in his work by the voice of Cassius King, he opened the door and admitted him with a stealth that spoke of deep conspiracy.

"Come in an' set down," he invited. "Ise got de machinery all rigged up an' in a minnit I'll have dis clock so it rings de 'larm 'zackly on de hour."

"What hour you got it set fo'?"

"Five o'clock. You got to argue dat boy into sayin' he wants de demonstration at five o'clock. All dese town whistles blows at dat time."

"Whut 'bout dat hot an' cold rain?"

"Make dat Wilecat crave a warm rain."

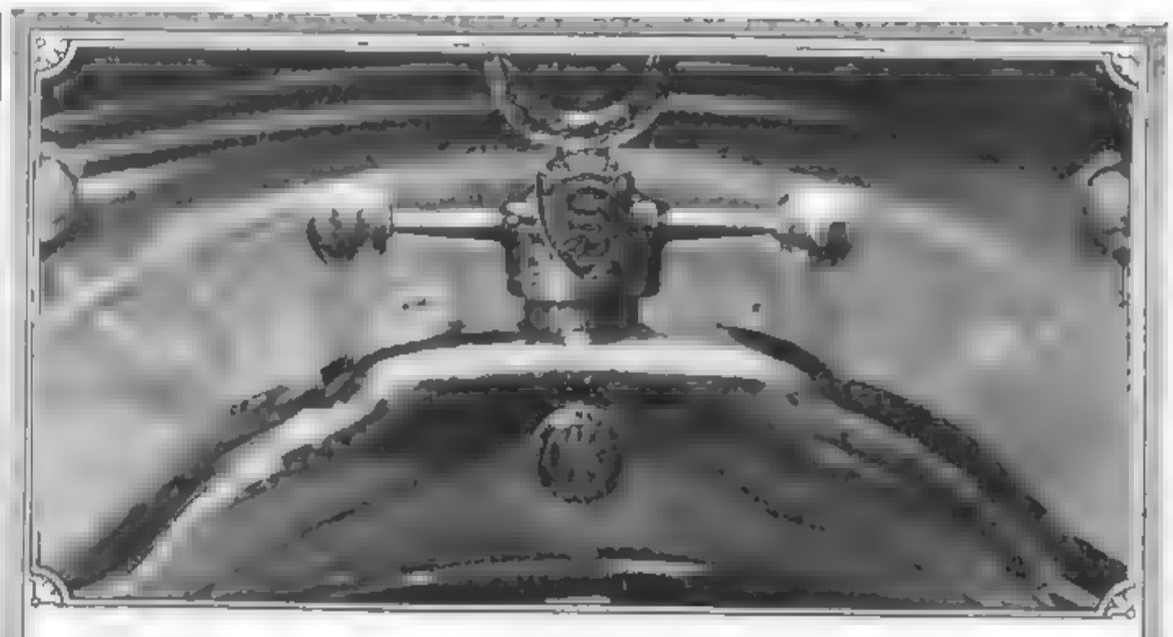
"Whah at you gwine to take him fo' de demonstration?"

"Oveh by de cable-car house. Dey's two or three other places whah at de miracle kin happen, but de cable-car house is de most a'questered. Does ennything go wrong, I kin claim de enjines an' de machinery in de power house is disruptured my po'table pluvitorium."

Cassius King smiled broadly at the word. "Den whut—s'posin' somethin' goes wrong?"

"Den you gits up on de roof an' us holds de demonstration here in de back yard whah at de boy is got his mascot goat, whilst you turns on de hose."

"Leave us live in hopes dat yo' warm-rain demonstration will win de money. Whut's dat other thing on de front of yo' li'l' black box?"



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"Ise ready de minnit I sets dis clock into de box. Lissen whilst she rings on five."

A final test of the alarm clock showed that it rang exactly when the minute hand touched the black dot above twelve. Punic Grasty wedged the alarm clock in its place in the black box, and now, with the radio dial and the timing mechanism concealing their mystery, the pair returned to their waiting victim.

"Hon'able jus' got in wid his machinery," Cassius King announced; and then—"Wilecat, wid all dem farmers cravin' warm rains whut makes ev'ything sprout, an' wid ev'ybody hatin' dese cold drizzly rains whut brings on chilblains an' de 'fluenza, whut kind of a rain does you puffer de Hon'able to demonstrate?"

"If it's all de same to de Hon'able, us craves a good comfo'table warm rain."

"Dere you is, Hon'able; demonstrate yo' warm rain fo' de Wilecat."

The first specification being named, Cassius King took the detail of time into his own hands. "You betteh git out dere an' rain right away, Hon'able, whaheveh you is gwine, 'cause de cook tell me dey is a mighty fine ham gwine to be ready fo' de knife at six o'clock. Dey's lots of rain falls on de just an' de unjust in dis world, but 'cordin' to whut de cook says, hams like de one in de oven at dis minnit is few an' far between. Rain yo' rain at five o'clock, an' git back here whilst us regales hearty at de banquit table."

Punic Grasty softened the bludgeon with a question directed at the Wildcat. "Considerin' whut Cash says 'bout de ham, is de hour of five o'clock suitable to you fo' de demonstration?"

"Suits me fust-rate," the Wildcat agreed. "Perduce yo' li'l' ol' warm rain at five o'clock an' Ise 'suaded whut you kin do, Hon'able."

"Fair enuff. Git yo' hat an' come along whilst dis po'table pluvitorium demonstrates how us kin 'cumulate de gran' cash prize outen Salt Valley."

Following the guide, the Wildcat walked for fifteen minutes before he inquired as to their destination. "Hon'able, whah at is us bound fo'?"

"Dey's so many 'lectric wires in de middle of town dat us is got to git to a s'questered place so de 'lectric things won't mitigate dis li'l' pluvitorium. Out by de cable-car power house dey is a high brick wall whut shuts off all de 'lectric trouble. Ain't hardly no mo' 'lectricity whah us is gwine dan dey is in Salt Valley. Dis li'l' ol' pluvitorium ought to work real good by dat brick wall."

The marching pair arrived beside the cable-car power house at four minutes before the hour of five. Punic Grasty set his mysterious machine down beside the high south wall of the power house.

"De li'l' pluvitorium is sot to ring a bell right 'zackly at five o'clock," he explained. "You don't have to take my word fo' it, 'cause you hears all de whistles blowin' at dat hour. I is got de pluvitorium 'ranged to perduce a warm rain fo' you right at dat time. When de li'l' bell rings, hol' out yo' hand an' see kin you 'preciate de full strength of de greatest livin' pluvitor in de known world."

"Sho will. Whut time is it now, Hon'able?"

"'Bout two minutes to five—gits dark early dese nights." Thereafter for sixty seconds a nervous tension marked the bearing of the pair. "One minnit," the pluvitor announced. "Half a minnit—git ready, Wilecat, hold out both yo' hands—quarter minnit—*few seconds now.*"

"Dog-gone, Hon'able, somehow I kain't help but shiveh!"

"Hush up, boy, an' hold out yo' hands."

A sudden muffled tinkle inside the portable pluvitorium, the mellow note of a distant whistle blowing on the hour, a nearer whistle bellowing a deeper note. The Wildcat twisted with nervousness. Lifting his set face to the dark sky, the pluvitor grated a harsh order from between his clenched teeth.

"Heaven, I command ye, pluve!"

"Lawd gosh, Hon'able, whut dat?"

A gargling boom, and the power house whistle above in the darkness added its crescendo note to the event.

"Pluve now an' pluve warm—hold out yo' hands, Wilecat!"

The Wildcat, his eyes bulging with the mystery of the moment, held out his hands, and on the instant they were splashed with a dozen drops of warm water. He lifted his face to the shower and the miracle was verified.

"Hot dam, Hon'able, us says you kin pluve! Warm rain at de word of comman' f'm a li'l' ol' pluvitorium no bigger dan a satchel! Boy, you is sho done noble!"

The Honorable, engaged at the moment with his professional duties, barked a second command at the heavens. "I command ye, unpluve!" This accomplished, he turned to the Wildcat. "Dere you is. I done whut I said."

"Hon'able, you did an' den some. I hereby congranulates you on bein' de most magniferous scientific pluvitor whut de known world is yit perduced. Shake hands wid yo' new pardner!"

The handshake, christened with a film of the condensed vapor which had gargled as an overture from the booming steam whistle above the power house, seemed to inspire the pluvitor with a sudden recollection of earthly things.

"Pick up dat li'l' pluvitorium, Wilecat," he directed, "an' come along whilst us precipitates at de 'naugural ham banquit whut Cash told about. Dese pluving events leaves me plumb famished fo' strength. Jus' like a trapeze ack—man looks agile after his pufformance is finished, but was de truth known, he is dog-gone near worn out."

"I knows how it is, Hon'able—somethin' like de unknown trembles. Kain't say why yo' strength leaves you, but sech is de case. Whuff! Pardner, I feels almost dat way myself."

The ham banquet opened with a festive air whose sincerity was founded on the transfer of five thousand dollars in cash, paid by the Wildcat to Punic Grasty. Before the ham had been completely demolished the vigilant Cassius King had created an opportunity which enabled him to derive his cut of the proceeds.

"Betteh git dat Wilecat away f'm here an' out on de job right away," he advised the pluvitor after the division of the spoils had been made.

"I aims to git started befo' tomorr' noon," the pluvitor returned. "Kain't expeck de luck to hold fo'eveh. So fur dis deal is been mighty raw."

"Kain't tell 'bout dat Wilecat luck. Might like as not rain de inch an' give you boys de gran' prize, wid him an' his mascot helpin' things along."

"Cash, de odds is a hun'ed to one agin us, 'cordin to de weather reports fo' de last sixty years."

"Whut you gwine to do wid de Wilecat in case you loses?"

"Dat trouble is ten days off. Right now my main job is to keep him pacified fo' de nex' ten days."

"Git him down dere in de Salt Valley country an' set him to work scoutin' fo' clouds," the proprietor of the Clover Club advised. "De further you gits him away f'm here de mo' I likes it."

"Us starts tomorr' like I told you."

On the following morning, with the goal a short nine days away, the pluvitor and the Wildcat started out on a rented truck, and by noon the rain maker had accumulated his high-powered professional equipment. The equipment consisted of blankets and rations, a portable garage, a few pieces of two-by-four lumber, some inch boards, a saw and a hammer, some nails, and a mysterious box four feet square wherein were concealed the solid-gold decimals and other intricate elements of the pluving

(Continued on Page 217)

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(Continued from Page 214)

mechanism on whose successful functioning depended the twenty-thousand-dollar prize.

Leaving San Francisco at noon, the truck rumbled southward into Salinas at six o'clock, and here the pair laid over for a substantial meal, midway of which the Wildcat asked a question: "Hon'able, does us sleep here tonight?"

"Ain't gwine to be no sleep, Wilecat. Us heads south an' travels all night. Ought to git to de Salt Valley country by mawnin'."

True to schedule, following a thirty-mile detour from the main highway, the pluvitor headed his truck down a long winding grade which presently ran into the floor of a parched and level country extending flat as the sea for twenty miles to the opposite foothills. When the sun had illuminated the landscape before them—"Wilecat, dere you is—dere is de dried-up promis' land whut fetches us de money, kin us pluve on it a inch in de nex' eight days. Dat li'l' cluster of houses ten miles south is de town of Eden. Dey ain't no farms round dis end of de valley 'count of de alkali. Mighty s'questered place. De railroad runs into Eden, an' dat's whah de rich farms begins. Dis is de place whah at us instigates de pluvitorium. Us 'stablishes out in de flat country dere 'bout two miles, an' widin de nex' eight days us sees whut yo' Lady Luck an' my solid-gold decimals kin do."

The next two days of the campaign saw the portable garage erected and, rising twelve feet above it, a spindling tower of two-by-four posts which carried a platform six feet square whereon, according to the pluvitor's orders, the Wildcat maintained a constant search for clouds, rain, snow, hail and other items of current interest. With six days between them and the dead line, the pluvitor left the Wildcat to his lonely vigil and journeyed to Eden for the purpose of vitalizing his compact with the drought-stricken inmates of the district as a first objective; and as a second, with the intention of renewing a meager stock of provisions which had melted away at an alarming rate under the Wildcat's vigorous attacks.

For the first time in what seemed a year the Wildcat found opportunity to enjoy a little uninterrupted sleep.

"Dog-gone if I ain't glad to git rid of ol' Hon'able even fo' half a day," he said to his mascot goat, which had suffered through long stretches of hardships with the Wildcat. "Seems like I ain't slept me none since I landed West. . . . Somehow I wish de lootenant ——"

The wish, half expressed, was interrupted by the beginning of the Wildcat's slumbers, which endured until he was awakened late in the evening by a hail from the pluvitor, who had returned.

"C'mon down here, boy, whilst us eats supper. Ev'ybody in Eden is gittin' anxious, but I tells 'em not to worry—us pluves mighty soon now." The clear night sky contradicted the pluvitor's prophecy, but in spite of weather conditions, buoyed up no doubt by the roll of currency which adorned his inner pockets, the Honorable's hopes rode high for the next four days. Then, to the delight of himself and the Wildcat, the pluvitor's hopes were justified by the beginning of a gentle shower which persisted through the night of the eighth day.

"Hot dam! Hon'able, us sez you kin pluve! Look at dat refreshin' miracle!"

The shower strengthened after sundown, and on the morning of the ninth day the rainfall had increased enough to justify the pluvitor in making his second trip to town. "Chances is all de farmers in de country is watchin' dat 'ficial rain gauge in de city hall right dis minnit."

"I goes along wid you, Hon'able."

"Naw, suh, Wilecat, you stays right here. You sho is done noble. Does you relax in yo' duty, dey is no tellin' whut might happen to dat machine an' dem decimals in de box down below. I comes back tomorr' an' gits you an' us makes a triumful entry into Eden to colleck de gran' prize. A quarter inch of rain has fell, near as I kin guess. Us is got one mo' day to perduce three times dat much. F'm now on, whilst Ise gone, I wants you to r'ar back yo' head ev'y hour, shake yo' fist at de sky above an' give de word of command—'I command ye, pluve!' Right after you says dat, foller it up by makin' believe it's me talkin'. Yell out, 'Dis is Pluvitor Punic Grasty!'"

"Who be listenin' to whut I yells out?"

"Nemmine 'bout dat. Dey's some things in dis bizness you ain't learned complete."

"Ain't no voodoo, is it?"

"Nuthin' like voodoo. You believes in angels, don't you, Wilecat?"

"Sho do."

"Den go ahead an' yell like I says."

"Us yells, Hon'able. Seems mighty foolish wid dem high-powered decimals workin' so good. Don't look like it needs no help de way de rain is fallin'."

"You do whut I tells you an' don't run no risks wid dis twenty thousan' dollahs whut us gits day after tomorr'. I depends on you to do like I says."

"Us does. . . . Seems to me like de rain is gittin' heavier."

"All us wants is fo' it to keep goin' dis way, an' de money mule win de race. I comes back fo' you tomorr'."

Coincident with the pluvitor's departure the rain increased. By the time he arrived in Eden, and after the Wildcat had bellowed his second command into the wet skies, it had become a steady downpour. Night brought a gale of wind rolling in from the distant sea, and, borne on the gale, there came an endless drift of black clouds.

With his fourth admonition to the unseen angels of the storm the Wildcat fell under the sinister spell of Nature's black mood. "Seems mighty scary up on dis platfo'm yellin' at de spiriks. Wish I could git down into de li'l' cabin an' shut de do'. Wish de lootenant had me!"

Around seven o'clock that evening the Wildcat ventured his final attempt at oratory. He climbed to the top of the tower and shut his eyes. "Dis is Pluvitor Punic Grasty!" he began. The howling wind flung the words back at him. Something seemed to clutter up the source of his voice. "Hot dam! Lemme down offen here!" He scrambled down the cleats of the tower in a frenzy of fear and ducked into the wide door of the pluvitorium. He slammed the door behind him and sought shelter in a corner between the mysterious box and the wall of the frail building.

Welcoming the Wildcat, Lily bleated an abrupt note into the heavy silence. The Wildcat jumped. "Dog-gone you, Lily, shut yo' mouf befo' I kicks it down yo' throat. Nemmine yellin' to me in de night time. Save yo' remarks fo' tomorr'." The Wildcat's words were drowned by a peal of thunder crashing out of the night above him and reverberating through a mile of tortured atmosphere. "Lawd gosh, Lady Luck, come an' git me!"

Balled up like an armadillo, he clawed a blanket over his head and sought to wedge himself more deeply into his corner of the pluvitorium. He opened his eyes for an instant under the blanket, but this made the darkness more absolute. He lay quiet for five minutes while his scalp slid back into place, relaxing the tension on his ears, and then suddenly something as cold and clammy as a frozen lizard crept around his forearms where they rested in contact with the ground. As yet the solid earth had not failed him, but now, recoiling from the new menace, he realized that a sheet of water was pouring in under the thin wall of the pluvitorium.

"De dam is bust—dey ain't no dam—de river is riz an' us is in de flood!"

Lily answered with a bleat of alarm. The Wildcat stood up, and now the water was around his ankles. "Come 'long here, goat, us climbs up to de roof. Flood time is come!"

Memories of broken levees and submerged farms in the Mississippi country came to him, bringing, strangely enough, a relief from the terror which had bound him. Here was a tangible enemy defined in past experience, and, greeting this new danger, half his fears were gone. "Come oveh here,

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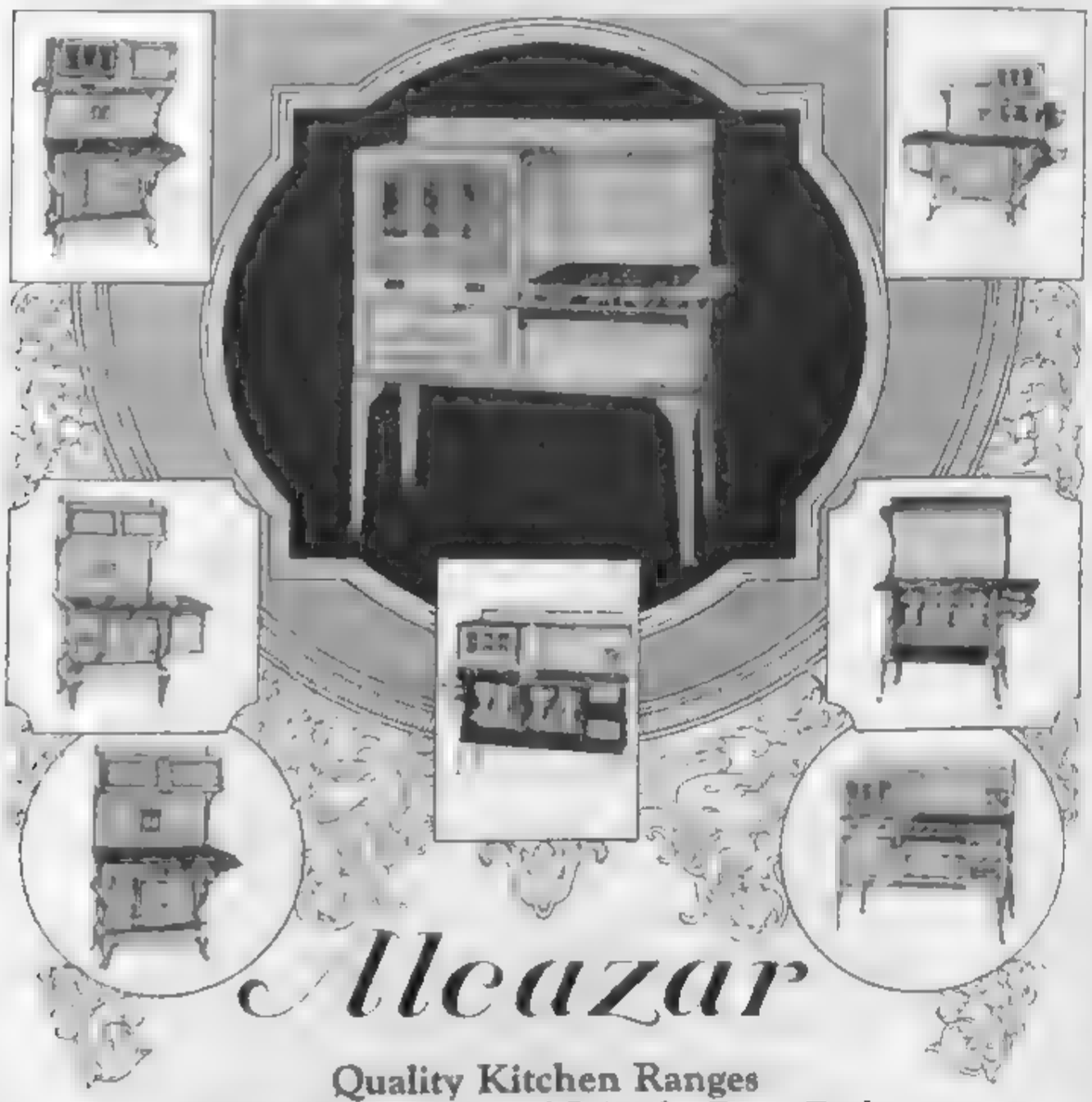

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goat, whilst I boosts you up de ladder." He yanked at one of Lily's horns and, dragging a pair of blankets with his other hand, he kicked open the wide door of the pluvitorium. Outside the frail building he stood for a moment cowering from the drenching gale, and then, with the mascot goat pinned firmly against the sheltering wall, he compacted the two blankets and threw them upon the low roof of the building. The wind opened them and they were gone.

"Dat's dat! You betteh button yo' rough woolen raiment mighty close to yo' hide, Lily, befo' de wind strips you plumb nekkid. Come 'long, goat, wade wid dem laigs an' don't be a-skeered. I holds yo' horn so you kain't float away."

With the water up to his knees now, he edged along the wall of the building to the far corner, where a line of cleats nailed against the wall provided a means of mounting from the swirling flood. He stooped down and lifted Lily up out of the water.

"Goat, dis gwine to be de hardes' climb us eveh clumb," he admonished. "Hang on mighty tight." He perched the mascot on his shoulders, and holding his awkward burden with one hand, he reached upward for a handhold. Finding it, he stepped high with one foot and a moment later he was out of the current, with his shoulders level with the roof of the rain maker's studio. He launched his cargo upon the roof and, still retaining hold of one of Lily's horns, leaning into the gale, he crawled up over the edge, where he lay for a while sprawled flat in the beating torrent of rain which splashed upon him out of the black night. "Whuff! Lily, you li'l' water dog, heah us is!"

Bam! The lightning. The Wildcat ducked like a snipe and received the subsequent cloud-burst in a posture which was a compromise between a prayer to Allah and a fear-stricken ostrich. The spasm of fear which had convulsed him gave place for a moment to an incongruous burst of laughter. "Whoo-ee!" he yelled into the cavern of the night. "Lawdee and den some! Kain't help but laugh, a-thinkin' 'bout ol' Hon'able an' his measly inch of rain. Inch! Us is had ten foot so fur an' it ain't begun yit. Ol' pluvitor neveh knowed his real strength!" He thrust his arm over the side of the flat roof on which he lay. "Yas-suh, I'll say de ol' riveh is raisin' raisin' an runnin' swift. Lily, you betteh git ready to swim. Thought dis pluvitorium was doin' part of my tremblin'. Nobody kin tremble as much as me an' it both."

The surface of the flood was increased now with surging rollers, two or three feet high. One of them, breaking over the roof of the pluvitorium, brought on its crest a new problem that demanded quick decision. "Ol' riveh runnin' ten feet deep right now. Dis shanty house kain't hold much longer. Us stays heah an' rides it out or else us does a high dive if de steeple rolls oveh."

"Bla-a-a!" Lily answered as best she could, gargling her advice out of a soggy mask of goat hair.

"Come 'long, goat; us does like you sez. Climb up de tower an' last as long as it does."

The Wildcat, exploring the roof ahead of him, lifted himself to his knees and crawled slowly toward the lookout tower from whose platform he had invoked the flood which swept about him. Halfway to his goal he felt the thin boards of the roof moving beneath him. In a crash of splintering wood he heard a shrieking of stubborn nails tearing out of the fabric of the collapsing tower.

"Dere goes de ol' steeple! Hang on, Lily; us is launched an' headed fo' Eden!"

He clutched at the edge of the thin roof, and presently the upheaval about him had quieted and he was floating along with the current, half submerged, still with a tight grip on the mascot goat, which was perched fairly out of the flood on the floating roof slab of the wrecked pluvitorium. "Solid gold decimals, fare ye well. Hot dam, I wish de lootenant had me! Git calm, Lily. Ise floatin' high, right 'longside. Lady Luck, rally round befo' I gits my feet wet on de inside. Duck blood is whut I needs. Whuff! Mawnin' got to come sometime."

After the first mile the Wildcat made no more efforts to control his course. He turned the whole matter of destination over to Lady Luck. He drifted thereafter beside the raft, headed for wherever he was bound.

Waitin' fo' de dove wid de branch in his mouth,
Waitin' fo' de pigeon of hope;
Ridin' de flood an' headed south,
Slippin' down de hell-boun' slope.

"Neveh seed a mawnin' take so long to come. Dog-gone if it don't seem like it ought to be noon. Mebby de sun is sunk too."

A beacon in the night, a flare gleaming fitfully through the storm. The Wildcat squinted his eyes and strained his vision in an effort to define the source of the flickering light that gleamed from afar off across the surface of the troubled waters. "Us is ketchin' up wid it. Mebbe it's a gov'ment boat comin' upstream fo' us survivors. Mebbe dey's bringin' coffee an' bread relief. Sho would relish my relief right now." He closed his eyes and held them closed for a minute. When he opened them the light had come nearer and it seemed to him that he could distinguish two or three flares above a mob of people. "Settin' too high fo' de lo' deck of a steamboat," he reflected. "Guess it ain't a-movin'. Us is doin' all de movin'. Mebbe it's a island."

Approaching the clustered lights, now less than a hundred feet away, the Wildcat cleared his eyes and for an instant, through an avenue cleft in the storm by the whirling gale, the group of people became visible. The drifter filled his lungs and yelled toward them: "Somebody betteh come here! Somebody betteh come an' git me!" But his words were lost in the tempest. Opening more clearly, the scene before him was presently revealed. He counted half a dozen lanterns, and above them, sputtering in the rain, as many coal-oil torches. The lights disclosed the faces of fifty people. The gathering seemed to be standing on a platform five or six feet above the flood and the platform was walled with a coping of concrete blocks. "I knows whut it is—dat's Eden!"

Over in one corner of what was left of Eden, standing in the center of a gesticulating group of Eden's citizens, the Wildcat saw the black face of the Honorable Punic Grasty. The pluvitor's countenance was defined sharply against a canvas tarpaulin under which, roosting on the roof of Eden's combined jail and city hall, were the women and children of the submerged community. Facing the pluvitor, his threatening fist within an inch of the Honorable's flat nose, the Wildcat saw a heavy-set Portuguese landowner. "'Splainin' somethin' to ol' Hon'able!" Whatever the text of the explanation may have been, it required lots of menacing gestures.

"Hot dam, Lily! De farmers is tellin' him much obliged fo' de flood. Looks like dem Portugee folks is fixin' to hang ol' Hon'able!"

"Bla-a-a!" Lily's reply seemed to indicate that she understood the situation.

"Shut up, goat! One mo' sound whah at dem folks kin heah you an' overboard you goes." The Wildcat turned a farewell glance toward the fading tableau of retribution. "Cash prize, good-by! Money, farewell! Pluvitor, you sho give good measure. See kin you unpluve yo'self, ol' Hon'able, befo' dem Portugee boys transfers you to hell. Lady Luck, heah us is! Hang on, goat, whilst I swims fo' land!"

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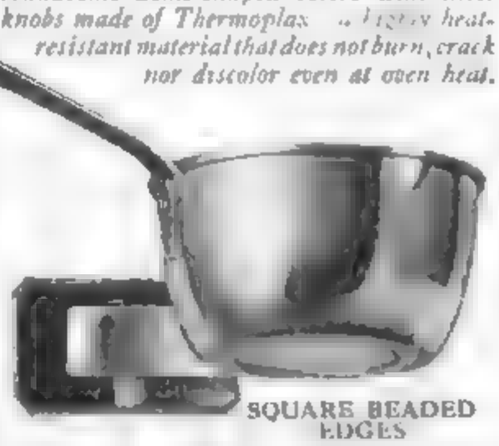

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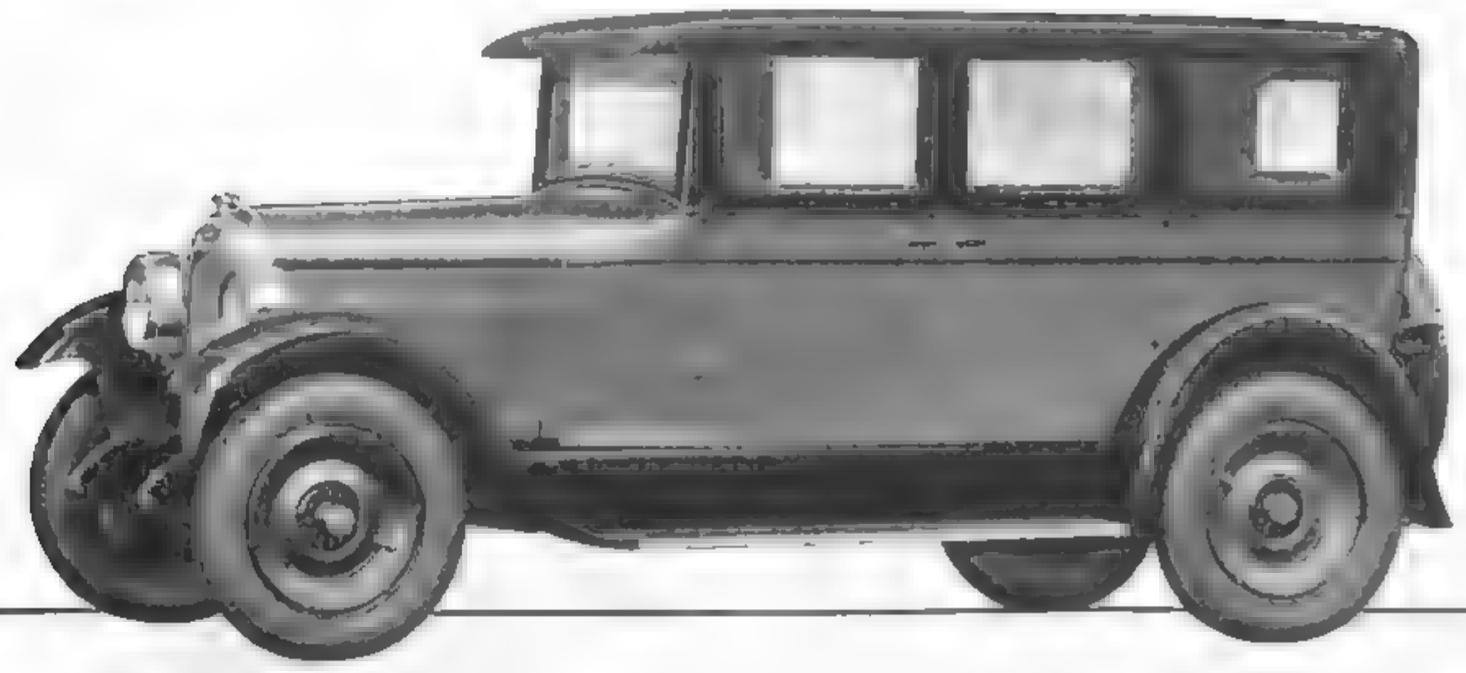

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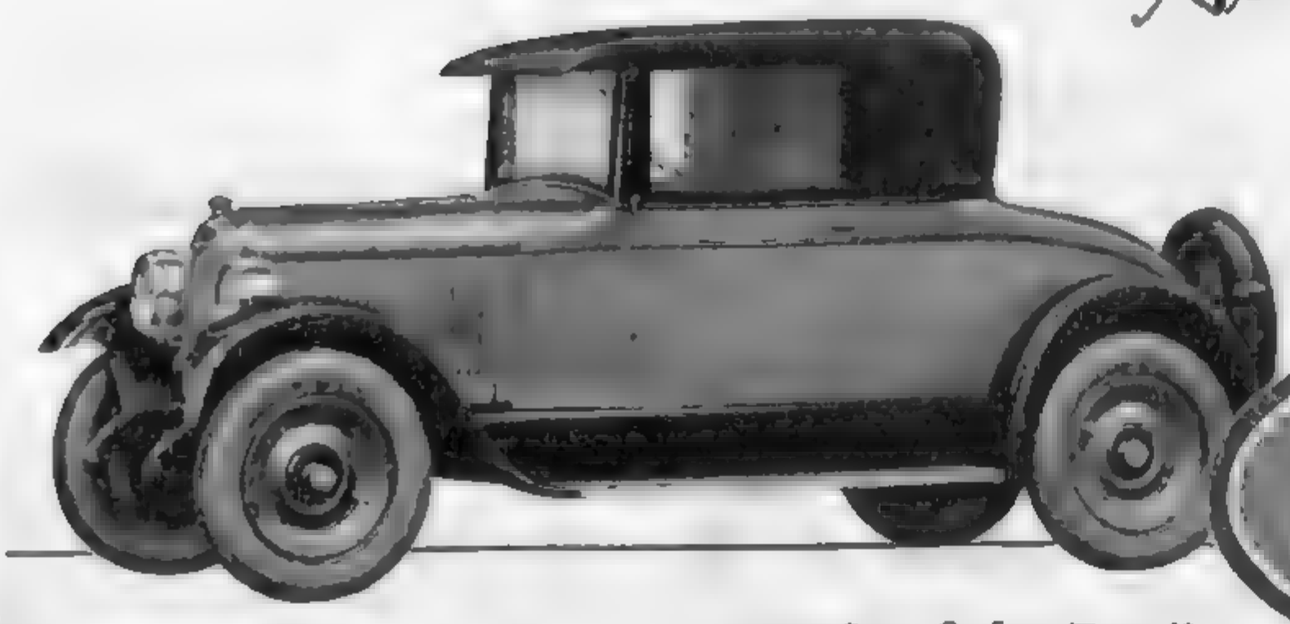

DAVIS

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FILMS ACROSS THE SEA

Continued from Page 27

colonies, it puts forth huge sums of money for the maintenance of schools and educative facilities which will inculcate the beliefs and the customs of the mother country into the minds of its subjects. It wants its people to think nationally and believe nationally, following the national mannerisms. Therefore imagine a nation's chagrin when, after putting forth its usual amount of money for home propaganda, it finds its own people paying forth their hard-earned cash for the privilege of going to a theater and there witnessing the most violent kind of propaganda from another country!

"I use the term 'violent propaganda' not in the sense that Americans would use the term, but in the sense upon which it is looked over here. And it is violent for the simple reason that it is unconscious. Nobody in Hollywood stops to think, for instance, when he works upon the filming of an industrial picture, how many thoughts he is going to put into men's heads for the improvement of foreign factories by the installment of American machinery. Or how many automobiles he is going to sell, or how many minds he is turning toward a desire to live in America, and have a home furnished in the same style as some of the homes which have been seen in the movies. It's done unconsciously, and therein lies its efficacy."

Styles Sold by the Screen

"There was a time, for instance, when we Americans had a saying that a plumber would starve to death in France. There are still regions, and many of them, where his sales wouldn't even begin to keep the wolf from the door. But there are a great many more plumbing-fixture stores than there were ten years ago; and though I will not presume to trace it directly to the pictures, with their unconscious propaganda for products of the most sanitary nation on earth, I do say that one finds those plumbing shops more often in villages and cities which possess motion-picture theaters than otherwise. The same is true of a thousand other things—styles of dress, the lessening of the native costume for more modern things.

"It isn't the modernism that these nations are fighting; not that at all. What they object to is that their people are becoming modern upon American lines. That's what hurts. The pictures, to my mind at least, have become America's missionary, and are busily enough teaching Americanism to get other nations fretted about it. Turn the shoe to the other foot, if you please. Suppose all America should suddenly decide to have nothing but Russian pictures. And think of Leningrad instead of New York, sovietism instead of our vaunted democracy, sleighs instead of automobiles, beards instead of safety razors, and on the whole begin a complexional change of the nation simply through its thought.

"Don't you think that there would be a great many speeches in Congress about the loss of our fine old American spirit through this invasion of 'vicious propaganda from the frozen steppes'?"

Unconscious Propaganda

"The same thing is true of Europe, and with the paradoxical result that the more they try to stop it over here, the more they unconsciously aid it. Personally, I should like to see more of reciprocity on the part of the United States, more of a spirit of acceptance for foreign-made pictures. It would aid greatly those of us who are constantly up against the argument that America will not take European pictures, but selfishly desires to keep everything it possesses and cram its own pictures down the throats of everybody else in the world.

"Of course that is not true. Foreign pictures fail in America for the very reason that they fail in the countries in which they are made. They fail either for the reason that the stories they tell are boresome, dragged out and vapid, or their acting so terrible that it looks like the flickering efforts of the old open-air studios of fifteen or twenty years ago, or because they are so loaded with designed propaganda that they cannot survive the burden. The man who tries to combat our unconscious propaganda does it with conscious propaganda, and people have the same rebellion the world over against being preached at.

"Then too there is a dearth of acting in Europe, and of direction. There have been good European actors, it is true, and good directors. The trouble is that they are sporadic; they are the exception rather than the rule, while in America the percentage of good directors and good actors is high enough for the average picture to be worth while.

"Then there is something else in Europe. With the exception of one man, Emil Jannings—America knows him well through The Last Laugh—the eyes of everybody in the picture business in Europe are on America. The minute a good star or a good director is developed, across the sea that star or director goes, to the golden harvest of Hollywood. There's a very good reason for it.

"In a recent picture on which I happened to have seen the cost sheets, the leading people got an average of from 5000 to 10,000 francs a month. In American

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BLACKHAWK

money, that would approximate for a maximum less than $400. Small wonder that an actor or actress looks to Hollywood as the place of ultimate ambitions. More than that, the Continental actor knows that once ensconced in America, he will be a stronger European favorite than he was when he lived and worked in Europe."

Naturally, there was an excellent reason for the last observation. That reason concerns the fact that all of picture making is not simply in the writing of scenes, the acting of them before a camera and the cutting of the film into a show of reasonable length. Once a picture is made, there remains what is technically known as the exploitation, so that the public will be interested in it and desire to see it. At least, that is the process that the American film producer follows. The European thinks more of his picture and less of the results. As an example:

I roamed one day through the grounds of one of the few remaining motion-picture companies of Italy, which was then working at its studios in Rome upon the concluding scenes of a spectacle picture which had taken more than a year in its filming. It was a pretentious affair, with sets which had occupied city blocks and had been created with a fidelity and care unusually painstaking. Scenes, they told me, had been filmed and refilmed and filmed again so that the ultimate might be produced. Tremendous storms had been reproduced, and a volcano scene in which a city had been destroyed, done with a slow faithfulness to detail that would have driven an American director frantic. I was surprised that I had heard nothing of this gigantic production, and made some inquiries about the company's press department.

"Oh, yes, we have one," said the manager. "But he is very busy now."

He continued to be very busy. Days passed and a meeting which was scheduled at the first opportunity still remained in the offing.

Then one morning, very apologetic, the missing publicity director presented himself at the hotel.

"Now," he said, "the picture is finished. I will have some time to pay attention to my publicity."

Then the secret came out. All that had prevented him from giving the publicity department his attention before was the fact that he was devoting all his time to playing one of the leading rôles in the picture! Naturally, while he was busily working before the camera, he couldn't be bothered with the thought of promoting the interests of that picture so that the public would know something of it when it was finished; that had to wait until the picture was done and the sets torn down and the photoplay itself ready for showing.

Unballyhooed Pictures

Quite different from the American system, where the picture is ballyhooed from the time of the buying of the story, and kept before the eyes of the public through its making and to its conclusion; when—with a short version of the story itself, aids for exhibitors, ready-written press notices, blurbs about the stars, cuts for reproduction, billposting already printed, exploitation books published containing every possible suggestion for promotion, and in many cases, canned reviews made ready for tired critics—the picture is launched upon a sea of attention that has been steadily pacified to its reception. The European producers do not seem to think that far ahead, with the result that often good pictures are not put over, and American photoplays take their place.

This does not mean, however, that any American-made picture can find a home abroad, or that the same American-made films sweep Europe from one end to the other. The facts are quite opposite. Choosing pictures for the European trade is, in itself, a bit of an art built from long experience. I sat one day recently in the projection room of a big American firm on the Champs-Élysées in Paris, watching portions of pictures being flung upon the screen while a keen-minded man directed their destiny. First came a serial, of the rough-and-ready, shoot-'em-up-jack variety, with train wrecks, cowboys speeding to the rescue and all the other requirements of a first-class improbable thriller. The picture chooser turned to his secretary.

"South of France, Spain, Algeria, Morocco, Egypt and Italy," he said, and the secretary made the necessary notations. Then he explained to me:

"That's the kind of stuff for those countries. Volatile nations want volatile stuff. Especially in serials. Over here we've got to watch that serial matter pretty closely. It's a big business. They may be comparatively dead in America, but then you must remember that America has had about ten years more of intensive picture going than Europe. Serials are important enough that 85 to 90 per cent of the houses use them, with different kinds going to different countries. That one we just saw, for the more excitable nations, and historical serials for the heavier-thinking ones. The latter have been a boon to French companies. They put out such things as Les Misérables in four and five episodes, showing each episode for a week at a time, and the public watches it as a reading public would follow a serial in a magazine." Then to the secretary—"What's next?"

Sheik Pictures for Sheiks

"That letter from Cairo about a sheik picture."

"Send 'em The Sheik's Revenge." He laughed. "Sheik pictures are our best in sheik countries," he said to me. "Possibly because the real sheiks like to see themselves portrayed as they really aren't—minus the dirt and the camel perfume. Anyway, they're great sellers. The Sheik, with Rudolph Valentino, broke all records for Egypt; just as The Hunchback of Notre Dame and The Phantom of the Opera had 'em standing in line here in Paris. Incidentally, there's a good comparison. Hugo wrote both The Hunchback and Les Misérables. The latter, made by a French company, does very well as a serial, but it doesn't create a furore. The former, made by an American company, creates such an impression that the guides at Notre Dame now make it a point of their lectures to show exactly where the true Notre Dame differs from the one in the picture, and how search has been made through every bit of existing documents to prove or disprove the assertion that in the time of the story the great cathedral really had steps to it!" Then again to the secretary—"Next."

This time it was a psychological picture, which went to Northern France, Belgium, Germany and farther north; followed by an action picture, which again went south; and then a picture of small-town life.

"That's out!" said the manager decisively. The secretary sighed.

"I don't know why they keep on sending those," she said. "We've written them three letters about it."

For Europe does not want one thing from America—its stories of the small town. The doings of Hickville, the excitement about the new parson, the enthralling story of the soda-fountain clerk who wins the heart of the banker's daughter—these are things in which Europe is not one whit interested.

It is the one phase of American life which Europe cannot understand.

A cowboy picture, with its frontier town, will be accepted; for that, in a way, is a depiction of what might be called, from a European's standpoint, a foreign country, just as one could understand the introduction of a Congo village in a romance of Africa. But when the ordinary life of an ordinary small town of the United States is introduced, there is a lack of perception which is damning to the success of the film. Cities are cities the world over, with but little to differentiate one from another

(Continued on Page 225)

A B C

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The height of union suit comfort comes *only* in "B. V. D."—with its patented construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch. But be *correctly measured.* From over 60 sizes, for widely varying "builds," yours can always be determined by 3 simple encircling measurements: 1-*Chest*-2-*Waist*-3-*Trunk* (under crotch and over shoulder). If your dealer is in doubt as to your size, write the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, N. Y. C., giving above measurements.

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Union Suit
(*Patented Features*)
Men's $1.50
the suit
Youths'
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Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

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(Continued from Page 222)

except the language and certain variances in the style of living

As a whole, however, life and its motivations run in the same groove; country people of a European nation can understand a city picture of American life because they know the city life of their own nation. But when the story is hinged upon the activities, the customs, the thoughts and viewpoints of a small American town, there arises a gulf of misunderstanding as wide as the poles are apart. A Parisian, for instance, knows country life from what he has seen in his own country. A Roman knows the life of a hamlet of the olive country, a Venetian the style and customs of an Etruscan town perched upon a hill. There is no such thing as a comparison for an American small town; everything is different—the style of living, the appearance of the place, the people themselves. So the small-town yarn languishes and dies, without customers.

It is, however, about the only offering of the entire United States that does not find a home somewhere, and a welcome, even to pitiful attempts at an American presentation. I found that element even in a basement picture house in Naples, where the offering consisted of five one-reel reissues of Harold Lloyd comedies so ancient that there were even the Keystone brand of cops and the height of humor was the casting of a custard pie. The audience was entirely Italian, reading its evening paper and sipping coffee in the seats until time for the picture to start. But with the beginning, there emanated from the out-of-town piano a horrible collection of discords, mixed time, slurred notes and operatic inclinations which I finally deciphered as:

"Yes, sir-r-r, 'at's my baby,
Yes, sir-r-r, an' I don't mean maybe,
Yes, sir-r-r, that's my ba-hay-by
now-w-w-w!"

It seemed this was quite a requirement for the proper rendition of an American picture; all through the bewhiskered five reels there was an incessant flow of massacred American music, which the audience seemed to enjoy in equal measure to its enjoyment of the films.

Taking Broadway to Paris

That system of American presentation exists, in greater or less degree, from the high-priced house of Paris, where the sucker pays as much as twenty francs for a seat while the initiated presents a coupon—almost every theater puts them out by the thousand—and takes the same seat for half price, on down to the slum houses of Marseilles, where American stars hold forth just as they do everywhere else, but at a price of three and a half cents if one cares to see just one show, or five and a quarter cents if one desires to view the picture twice. Even the best of these presentations are woeful; poor music, often nothing more than an automatic organ, mediocre projection, haphazard houses which compare to the picture palaces of America in the same ratio that a dime novel would compare to a well-bound best seller. The reason is, of course, that the picture as a wholesale form of amusement has had a shorter life in Europe. It has really come to Italy, for instance, within the past six years, and this despite the old spectacles which emanated from that country the first real filming of Dante's Inferno, Cabiria, and others, which in reality led the way for the present-day superspecial. Those were made when picture shows were rarities, even in cities; the progression has been more rapid in the past five years than in all the time preceding since pictures were invented. And now, for Europe, it is entering a new phase. There is building in Paris, the Vaudeville, backed by American capital upon American picture-house ideas, where there will be the same prologue, the same tremendous symphony orchestra and the same quality of presentation which envelops a Hollywood opus on Broadway. After that, things will move faster in the European picture world; the Vaudeville will seat as many persons as the far-famed Grand Opéra of Paris.

The prediction is that American pictures will hold sway there just as they are holding sway in the cheaper houses which now entice the audiences in spite of their poor accommodations and presentation. For, after all, there is something in an American picture, in its American making, and in its production and promotion which the European producer does not seem to grasp. More, with all the lavishness of Hollywood, the high salaries, there is not so much difference between the cost of the American-made photoplay and the European product as one would think—even when stars receive from 50 to 80 per cent less, extra people work for a dollar a day instead of the five to eight which they claim in California, and all other things in proportion.

Film Making Abroad

The answer lies, of course, in waste, and a waste of the most valuable thing of all—time. It was the inability to combat this which sent the American Ben-Hur Company home after spending thousand upon thousand in the building of sets just outside the gates of Rome—sets which they were not able to use because so much time had been consumed in building them that winter had arrived with its bad lighting before they could be filmed.

It was this waste which caused a year to be consumed in the making of The Last Days of Pompeii by an Italian firm, when in America the picture could have been made in six months. And it was this same spirit of *poco tiempo* which added many a heartache to the experiment of Rex Ingram in making Mare Nostrum in France. But it led to happier things—even to the strange situation of practically unknown European actors, working in Europe for the American screen that, through this work and through the fact that America has accepted the picture, they might come back to their own country by means of the films as accepted stars.

The plot of Mare Nostrum, by Ibáñez, was laid about Barcelona, Spain, Marseilles, France, and Naples, Italy. Ingram therefore bethought himself of going to a central location out of which he could work, and shooting the scenes in the exact places where they were laid. He therefore settled upon Nice, on the French Riviera, where conveniences would be at hand, and where there were several studios which had been used from time to time by French companies. One of these he bought, selected his company, bringing Tony Moreno and Hughie Mack from America for his male leads, his wife, Alice Terry, playing the feminine star part. This done, he started hopefully toward the making of his film.

But with the starting of the picture there started something else—the delays. The sets were ordered, carpenters began work enthusiastically, pounded and hammered and sawed with a will, but the set steadily refused to progress. Then it was discovered that instead of building a motion-picture set, they were building the interior of a house that could be all but lived in. If two boards joined, those two boards must be planed and shaped and molded to the fineness of a gnat's eyelash; was this not something that was to be photographed? At last heartbroken carpenters saw their art taken from them, and by dint of persuasion and eternal vigilance, sets went up in motion-picture fashion, the best part toward the camera and the rest what a temporary structure should be.

Then the furniture was ordered. Ah, yes, the furniture. It would be there. The dealers were, indeed, grateful for the order. But there was one little item which must be disposed of first—the furniture couldn't be rented. It must be sold. No one had ever heard of renting furniture and properties, such as antiquities, for a motion-picture set and then sending them back again. Thus things halted while an educative process was put into effect. Finally it was all

Slice **Oh Henry!** this evening . . . thinly . . . daintily! Serve it as you serve any fine chocolates. Then, watch it vanish under the avalanche of hungry hands!

People like Oh Henry! . . . at any time or any place. At home, evenings, after dinner and at social gatherings, this new way of serving Oh Henry! *sliced*, has been winning ever-increasing hosts of hostesses with its novelty, convenience and inimitable quality.

Order a few bars of Oh Henry! . . . and serve them *sliced*.

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The **Kamphook** *in the illustration is No. 8, with built-in oven and heater. Does everything you . . . with your kitchen range. Price in the U. S. $11.00*

Write for free copy of "Kamphookery," a valuable handbook on motor camping. Address nearest office. Dept. 6.

Kampkook—
The Weather-Proof Camp Stove

RAIN or shine, storm or calm, ***Kampkook*** is always ready in a jiffy for any cooking job. It's as handy, speedy and safe as your kitchen range. ***Kampkook*** being the original folding gasoline stove, has many fine features you cannot get in any other camp stove. Ask your dealer to show you ***Kampkook*** with its detachable, easy-fill safety tank, non-clog burners, rigid locked-in-position legs, built-in oven and heater, and folding wind-shield. See how sturdy it is, how handy to carry, how easy to operate; then you will understand why it is used by more campers than all others combined. Name of nearest dealer on request if yours cannot supply you.

American Ready-Lite Lantern. Lights the camp as bright as day. Burns gasoline, lights with matches . . . proof—safe. Price $7.50

AMERICAN KAMPKOOK
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CAMP STOVE

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
Factory: Albert Lea, Minn. Eastern Office: 78 Reade St., New York City

War brought him his pipe-tobacco thrill

English Tommy introduced to a certain American tobacco by friendly Doughboy in France

While Mr. Ellender of London isn't in favor of war for the purpose of finding a better tobacco, nevertheless one of the unforgetable memories of the last one seems to be his discovery of Edgeworth.

And the fact that Edgeworth tobacco is available throughout most of Europe has made it possible since the war for this Londoner to enjoy his pipe of peace.

Read his "hands-across-the-sea" letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.
Gentlemen

I've just read in a magazine the remarkable letter of the traveling man in Seattle, who smoked five-eighths of a ton of Edgeworth tobacco.

Until early 1918 I didn't know that such pipe tobacco as Edgeworth was waiting to be enjoyed.

It was a U. S. Army man who gave me my first can, and with the idea that it couldn't be as good as the usual tobacco I had smoked since 1911, I decided to try a pipe.

I've smoked all kinds of tobacco during the war with the British Army. I even smoked tea leaves when I couldn't get tobacco—in fact, I smoked anything that would fill a pipe, but Edgeworth won all battles.

Right from the first can I've kept to Edgeworth at Base 3, Headquarters Section of the United States Army.

Your traveling man didn't have any trouble to obtain his supplies like I have had. Running around England for a dealer who stocked Edgeworth is not an easy run, but I have been amply rewarded when a dealer did say, "Yes, I have a stock."

Edgeworth doesn't bite the tongue—doesn't give that thirsty-after-smoking-feeling, satisfies always, and always comes in tip-top condition. I have to hide my can, for others like it like I do, but I cannot afford to supply them all. Let them search for it like I have done. Then they will enjoy it better.

Yours very sincerely,
Theodore Ellender

Some pipe smokers get acquainted with Edgeworth accidentally, some deliberately, and others have "just always smoked Edgeworth."

If you haven't been introduced to Edgeworth as yet, here's a suggestion:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 18 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

settled. The deal was made. Then the furniture didn't appear.

There was no reason. *Voilà!* Which means, "There it is." But it wasn't there. Would it appear on the morrow? It would. But when the morrow came, *voilà*, there it wasn't. Again there was no reason; it was simply the fact that a French merchant promises delivery of a purchase with the same childish faith that a ten-year-old youngster promises that when he's grown he'll whip the world. He doesn't mean to be dishonest. He just promises and then promptly forgets about it. Thus another educative process went on. And about that time the studio manager looked at the cost sheets.

Something was wrong. He inquired. Could it be possible that the purchasing agent was accepting commissions from various firms and buying from the firms which gave those commissions, thus failing sometimes to get the best price? The French purchasing agent nodded blandly. Of course he was!

In America, that would have been the signal for the calling out of the wrecking crew and the installation of a new purchasing agent. But it meant only a new educative affair in the Nice experiment. It was quite right and proper to accept commissions—everyone did it. So that was that, and while one delay piled on top of another, slow progress was made toward shooting time.

A League-of-Nations Cast

At last everything was ready. The cameras began to grind, the actors to act. Three o'clock came. Then four, and with the striking of the hour ——

"No juice!" said the chief electrician, or words to that effect.

"We'll wait a while," came the reply. "Probably just a little something wrong at the power house."

The electrician spread his hands. "Oh, no," he said, "there is nothing wrong. They shut off the electricity every afternoon from four until seven on account of the overcharge in the city."

Thus a complete electrical unit had its inception—pictures can't be made without lights. And while it was building, a new difficulty stepped into the picture. Summer had come. The studio was of a type which passed out of existence in America years ago—the old greenhouse variety, made completely of glass to admit as much light as possible under the theory that pictures shot in daylight were better than those done by artificial illumination. The summer sun was streaming through now in a blazing glare which, augmented by the intensifying qualities of the glass, turned the studio into a veritable bake oven. There was nothing to do but to stop work in the daytime and shoot from ten o'clock at night until five in the morning. When winter came, the opposite was true—there was no heating system, the place was cold and drafty; windows cracked at the slightest change in temperature, vagrant breezes blew here and there, illness made its appearance. At last came the time when two of the principal members of the staff, one of the stars and two lesser actors were ill of double pneumonia, one of the latter dying.

It resolved itself finally into the rebuilding of the entire plant—studios, carpenter shops, tank, developing rooms, electrical unit; the overcoming of almost impossible obstacles that a picture might be made in a land where no one seems to desire to hurry.

Incidentally, however, it developed a queer solution to a condition which has existed as an accepted fact—the overacting of foreign performers. For it showed that this fault, which has kept many a foreign picture from popularity in the United States, was not the fault of the actor himself, but of the director.

"Pick out the American actors in that scene," said Harry Lachman, the studio manager, to me one day as we sat in the projection room. I named five of them. He shook his head.

"Wrong on every one," he said. "They're all foreign."

"But they don't act like foreigners. There's no scenery chewing, wringing of hands, biting of nails and attempts to eat up the rugs."

"American direction," came the answer. "Pictures in Europe naturally followed the style of the European stage. That, naturally, was built upon the ancient idea of high dramatics, and it persisted in the pictures. An actor of Europe can be molded as easily as any actor of America—easier in fact, for he works naturally, even to the veriest extra. All that was necessary was to show them how to put over their points by repressed mannerisms, and they did it. There's not an American in that scene, but there is a Spaniard, a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Arab boy, a Hindu woman, a Rumanian, a South American, a German, a Russian and a Pole. A sort of motion-picture League of Nations, as it were; not one of 'em amounted to anything in the picture world before they started to work here; one was a circus strong man, others had experienced but little picture work. But now that they've learned the American style of acting, and granting that the picture is a success, they'll be known all over Europe in less than six months."

One day as we walked about the studio yard, Lachman said, "See that statue? We made $25,000 on that thing." He said it with the air of a man who had just won at some sort of game. "Not in profits," he continued. "But in the saving of loss. It gives an indication, incidentally, of how a person has to work if he is going to beat the game over here. We had a bunch of scenes in which that statue figured. It was as necessary to the picture as the actors themselves. It simply had to be there before a wheel could turn.

"The statue itself was a copy of one in Paris. The only way we could get that copy was to buy a cast from the sculptor owner. This we did, for 50,000 francs, with a perfect understanding that this was to be a rush affair and that it must be shipped to the studio at Nice at the first possible moment. Three weeks passed. No statue. I began to wire our agent in Paris. An investigation followed, with the final news that the statue had been shipped by slow freight!"

Allowing for Slow Freight

"That can mean anything—slow freight is slow freight in France. I immediately sent out men to check all along the railroad line from here to Paris. Back they came with the word that the statue couldn't be found. A new investigation followed. This time the packers were interviewed and asked just how they had sent that statue. They were very sorry, but it hadn't been sent at all. In getting the thing ready for shipment the base had been broken, and so they had just laid it aside for future reference, without even mentioning the matter further. But"—and he grinned—"we'd had that sort of experience before. In ordering that statue, I had taken the maximum time which should have been required to get it to the studio, added ten days and then multiplied by two, which allowed the repaired statue to arrive and work to proceed on schedule."

Then he walked into one of the studios. "Please, won't you hurry?" he asked of a group of carpenters. "Look at that sign! Look at it! And here this set isn't more than two-thirds done!" He pointed then to a large placard, which read:

TO WORKMEN: ALL SETS AND PROPERTIES MUST BE READY FOR SHOOTING NOT LATER THAN MARCH THIRD

"It's March eighth now," I said.

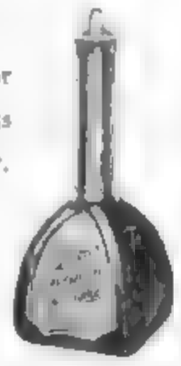
Lachman nodded. "Yep, March eighth," he agreed. "We'll start on time. You see," he confided with a grin, "one has two starting dates when he beats the delay game over here. That sign is just for the workmen. The actors aren't ordered to appear until March fifteenth!"

from The **Seat of Success** *to Your Recreation*

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

From the barber's chair to the pleasures of the week end! Out in the country, feeling fine and fit. Ready for what comes next. But remember! Well shaved, hair trimmed, shoes cleaned—you present a proper appearance—expected of you, as you expect it of your companions. It's the *barber* who can contribute most to your personal appearance—and it's the well groomed man who WINS

Koken's Tonique De Luxe



Has satisfied critical men for a quarter of a century. It is recognized as the best today. Where true sportsmen foregather—there'll you find this ideal hair dressing generally accepted and used. It is the fitting finish to complete good personal appearance. Your barber knows how to apply it properly. Ask him for it.

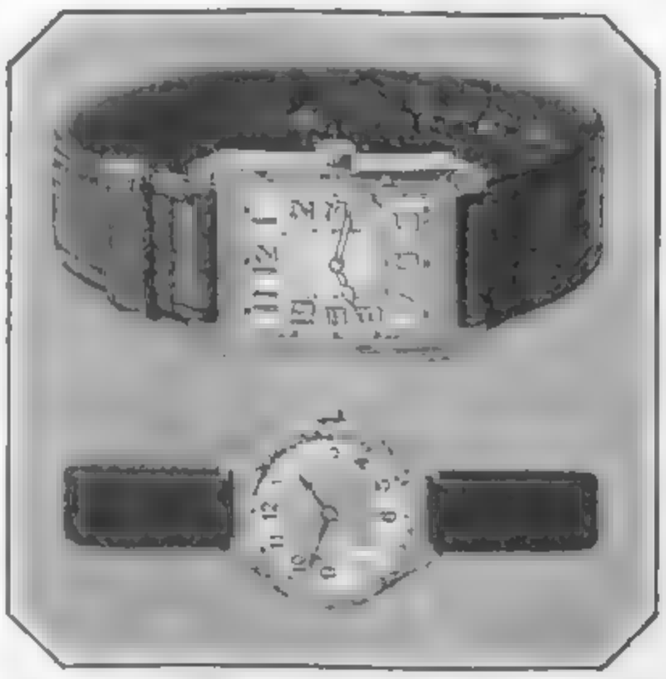
The barber shop is a service station for men who care to keep well groomed.

KOKEN
COMPANIES
Saint Louis

"The Time of Your Life"

MINUTES of ecstasy. Hours of delight. Years of happiness. Time is priceless. For centuries men laboriously studied the stars and sun seeking the riddle of time. Today the universe is in miniature upon your wrist.

Now comes an improvement of equal importance. As wearing apparel once sufficed if it afforded protection, so watches were sufficient if they "told time". But today style is the arbiter of clothing, *and also of watches.* Dueber-Hampden offers time in its most fashionable form—a watch correct for every social, business or sporting occasion. The Man O' Fashion, the most fashionable watch made in America, is the first American-made watch with curved case to fit the wrist. It is the new vogue, the highest development in the watch making art, as far advanced over ordinary wrist watches as the original wrist watch was over the old-fashioned "alarm clock" men used to carry in their pockets.



Above—Man O' Fashion $60 Below—Lady Jane $47.50

Dueber-Hampden quality stands without a peer—and has stood for over sixty years as the epitome of highest quality, fine movements, perfect time keeping accuracy and a life time of service. The Dueber-Hampden factories are the largest complete watch factories in the world and every watch is made in its entirety, both movements and case. Ask your home town jeweler to show you the Dueber-Hampden complete line of wrist strap and pocket watches for ladies and gentlemen.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN

CANTON, OHIO—ESTABLISHED IN 1865

Comfort and Good Taste demand them

BEAUTIFUL materials and excellent fit are not the only reasons why Gates *Distinctive* Seat Covers are demanded by good taste. They protect your clothing and your upholstery, too—add a distinctive touch to the interior of the finest car. And as for comfort—they do not get excessively hot or cold—do not pull or wrinkle the clothing. If your upholstery is in good condition, now is the time to give it Gates protection—if it is already worn these seat covers will dress it up to appear like new again.

GATES *Distinctive* SEAT COVERS

Gates Distinctive Seat Covers are tailored from fine fabrics by the oldest maker of seat covers in the country. You will like their fit and beauty. And you will be surprised to learn that they are not expensive. Where only seats and backs are to be covered, they may be had for as low as $9 to $15 for most cars—only slightly higher for side and door panels also.

To get Gates style, fit and beauty you must insist on seeing the name Gates on the buttons and the neat silk label. Gates Distinctive Seat Covers are sold almost everywhere. Any dealer can get them for you through a nearby jobber. If you have any trouble obtaining them, mail the coupon below.

The Gates Line also includes Glass Enclosures for Ford, Chevrolet and Overland cars; Tire Covers and Top Recovers.

GATES

GATES MANUFACTURING CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Send me full information about Gates Distinctive seat Covers and have your jobber in this territory advise me of the nearest dealer.

Name _____

Street _____

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State _____ Make of Car _____

If a Dealer, Check Here ☐

VELVET

(Continued from Page 17)

intrude, but the arrival of a party like this at a desert station like Acme was of itself interesting.

"The diamonds were in a fat leather wallet," said the sheriff, but they did not hear this. "Am I right?"

"Black leather," replied the prisoner.

"None of them loose on the ground?"

"Not a blinker. That's all you'll see—just a black-leather wallet shoved down a tin culvert."

"How far inside that culvert did you shove this wallet?"

"Not far. Nobody ever looks into a culvert."

"Did you count the diamonds in that black-leather wallet?"

"Nobody could ever count that many diamonds, sheriff. They was thousands."

They walked out on the embankment without noticing the trio behind them. When they stopped above the culvert the San Quentin men decided that they would have to rest also, being very tired.

"I'll have a look at that culvert," said the sheriff. "If I need help I'll sing out."

The San Quentin men saw him clamber down the slope to the floor of the wash. The culvert had been set with its floor slightly higher than the sandy bottom of the arroyo, so as to remain free of silt and bowlders. They saw him stoop over the mouth of this culvert and peer into it. Then they saw him straighten and brush his eyes. They saw him sink then upon his knees in the sand and look more carefully. He looked long and earnestly, like a man displeased or in grief.

When he sprang to his feet, his face had gone black for wrath.

"Come down here, you, Rafferty!" he cried.

Not only the officer named Rafferty, but the other man likewise, and the two prisoners handcuffed to them as well, clambered down the embankment. The San Quentin men also lazily rose and sauntered forward. When the sheriff strode over to the talking prisoner, they quietly joined the party.

"Now will you tell me what you did with the diamonds you stole?" they heard the sheriff demand.

"I hid them inside the culvert," repeated the other.

"The culvert is empty!" said the sheriff.

The San Quentin men pressed nearer.

"Did I hear that bird speak of diamonds?" one of them asked of the second prisoner.

The man grinned his delight. "Diamonds? Sure. Somebody got into our plant."

"Many?"

"A couple handfuls of loose."

"Say, bo! How long off was this?"

"Not so long. They was there three days ago."

The San Quentin men exchanged glances among themselves. That which had been obscure suddenly became plain. They looked again at the rock-crowned hill opposite, which their companion had climbed scarcely an hour before. A hill is not a culvert, but they did not doubt that Crickets had blundered upon the sheriff's diamonds.

"The son of a dog!" cried the inquisitor softly. "What won't we do to that blank dash pup of a bug chaser!"

"When we catch him!" added the man at his elbow fervently.

"When we catch him tonight!"

But the sheriff did not hear any of this, and after a while turned away to return to the station.

When Crickets at last crawled out over the axle, his muscles were almost too benumbed to support him. Night had fallen swiftly, as it always does in California. Keeping hold of the air pipes overhead, he felt his way forward until he was clear of the wheels, then swung himself free. His first thought was for the diamonds in his pocket. The parcel remained intact, he found. The feel of it beneath his fingers caused him to straighten.

"I'm no hobo," he repeated to himself. "I'm rich. I could buy into this railroad if I wanted to. I could ride on a ticket in a Pullman. But I don't want to."

He was rich, but he did not have a cent to his name, or one article of value he could sell, save the diamonds, which he was clear-sighted enough to see could not be sold at any price by a man as disreputably dressed as himself.

He found himself standing amidst a tangle of sidetracks, and guessed that he had arrived in the junction town of Piute. Behind him lay what railroad men called the hill—the grade up the mountain canyon through the pass. He glanced along the train. Every brake shoe in sight had become red-hot from the friction of the descent. Ahead of him lay the desert. The town stood at the edge of a saucerlike basin; had the light permitted, and perhaps also the tangle of cars, he could have looked across the desert to the further edge, though not in all directions.

"I'd better make myself invisible," he thought. "I'd hate to be arrested carrying all these diamonds. Nobody would ever believe that I found them."

He at once began making his way among the cars toward the edge of the yards. After a little he came out into the open. Here he paused for a moment to look at the sky. For nearly two hours his sky had consisted of a ceiling of wood and steel; his bones still ached from that blind ride.

At one time he had known the names of some of the stars. He tried now to remember these. Overhead hung Arcturus, in the southeast the red star Antares, in the west the white star Regulus, in the north the Pole Star.

"I forget your name," he said, addressing Regulus, "but you're standing over mighty sweet country. I wish I were there this minute"

The sweet country lay beyond the desert, and there was no railroad. A moment later he laughed. He had forgotten the appearance he would have made there, dressed as at present.

"I'm better off where I am," he thought. "What I need first is clothes and a shave."

What he needed first was a whisk broom and water. He began brushing his clothes with his opened fingers to sweep off the worst of the dust that had gathered on them. Then, seeing lights approach, he darted back into the shelter of the side tracks.

Had he intended riding farther he would have concealed himself here until his train was ready to start. Instead, he began winding in and out among the cars toward the pumping station which supplied water for the engines. It also supplied water for the upkeep of a tiny lawn. He knew about this lawn, and about the hydrant that served it. This hydrant he now put to an unusual use. When he rose from bending over it his face, neck, hair, hands and forearms were clean.

Again he made sure that his diamonds remained intact.

"Funny thing," he thought. "Yesterday I would have bummed my supper, but tonight I couldn't do it. Too much money on me. Now why is that?"

But too much money sometimes means no money. He did, indeed, have too much money on him, but if he had tried to spend the smallest fraction of it, say a six-hundred-dollar diamond, he could not have paid for doughnuts and coffee with it.

"What I need is a supper job," he thought, "at that all-night restaurant opposite the station."

He entered the restaurant, conscious that its owner's appraising eyes were upon him. But because of the diamonds in his pocket he did not apply for his supper cringingly, as he might have done the evening before, but with his head up. He wished to wash

'Round and 'round the floor he goes—sublimely unconscious that his shirt needs tucking in. But others notice it. He is conspicuous because of this one flaw in his appearance

You have doubtless been troubled, too, with this uncomfortable condition around the waist. You have hitched up your trousers and tucked in your shirt, dimly aware that it was annoying. But you didn't know how to correct it.

SNUGTEX is the remedy. It is the new trousers curtain (the strip of fabric that goes around the top of the trousers, inside). It grips and clings, comfortably. It keeps shirts smooth and trousers snug—as they should be. It makes you feel better and look better.

SNUGTEX insures neatness and comfort for all men in all walks of life. Ask for it in your next suit, and have your tailor or clothier put it in the clothes you are wearing. If he doesn't have SNUGTEX send us his name and address, and we will see that you are supplied. Made by EVERLASTIK, INC., 1107 Broadway, New York.

EVERLASTIK

SNUGTEX

PATENT PENDING

Keeps Shirts Smooth and Trousers Snug

Dainty Frocks and Finest Gowns *protected*

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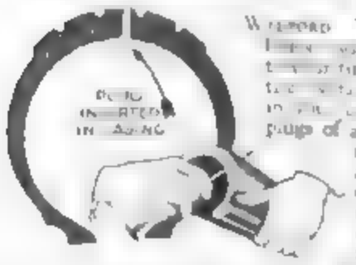

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dishes, or scrub the floor, or clean the windows, taking his pay in food. An arrangement was quickly made. If he would wash the mountain of dishes piled in the kitchen sink he would receive all the beef stew and coffee he could consume.

"Eat first and wash the dishes later," the owner told him, waiving an important point.

"Watch me," replied the boy.

He had been engaged in the kitchen for nearly an hour when he heard another freight train arrive from the north. He feared that it carried his late companions. He did not believe they would go out of their way to look for him, not knowing of the diamonds, but he had no doubts about what would result if they found him. Probably they would begin by giving him a beating. Then they would search his pockets and find the diamonds.

Once they found them, his life would not be worth the price of this supper.

"I haven't much sense," he thought, "or I never would have got mixed up with them. All right. I have sense enough now to keep out of their way. No camp fires for me tonight."

But it is one thing to keep away from trouble and quite another to keep trouble away from you. Even as he decided how he meant to avoid meeting the San Quentin men, they entered the outer room. There was no mistaking their raucous voices.

He used the proprietor's peephole to make sure. He had not been mistaken in the voices. He saw his former companions seat themselves before the counter, where they began noisily insisting upon ham and eggs and coffee for each. The proprietor, who acted as both waiter and cook, demanded payment in advance. They made difficulties, became abusive; but in the end they counted out the money from a considerable roll, possibly influenced by the sight of a nickel-plated star the man who took their order had pinned upon his vest. For the owner was also the town marshal.

They calmed down instantly after that into a show of friendliness. A moment or two later Crickets heard them ask about himself. They did not ask about him by name; but their description fitted him so exactly no one seeing him could have failed to know who was meant.

"Yes, such a man was in here for supper," they were told.

"He stole the money to pay for it," one of the trio said. "All I ast is, let me catch up with that guy."

"We'll break every bone in his body," said another.

But the third of the trio, more farsighted, turned the threats into playful banter.

"He's a square guy—that bird," he said. "He's got jake of his own he can pay with. We lost him back there on the hill. If you see him, tell him we're here."

"I'll tell him, if he comes in," the owner replied.

But when he reached the kitchen he told his assistant that he had better take his coat and make for the tracks; three crooks were looking for him to beat him up. The voices may have been overheard, or the men in front may have become suspicious; the boy saw the door slowly open, saw behind it the leering face of the convict who had been a killer. Then, snatching his coat from its nail, he dashed through the back door into the night. He heard the cries of men in pursuit, but his start enabled him to reach the shelter of the yards, where he speedily lost himself among the shadows.

He did not again seek the shelter of a brake beam, however; his pursuers would pretty surely hunt him out from any such cover. Instead, he crept toward the point at which he had crawled from under his car. A road crossed the tracks near there, he remembered. He found the road, clambered past the train that blocked it; then, bending low, he stole out into the desert until the car masses behind him became indistinguishable. After that he walked upright, but softly, until he could no longer hear the pump at the station. When he had reached this safe distance he began talking aloud.

"Anyhow, I pulled it off," he said. "I earned my supper and dodged the crooks and kept every diamond I found. Now all I have to do is to get busy."

III

YOUNG Healy flattened himself against the shadow side of a canyon white oak and listened. The sounds he heard were the minor sounds of a mountain ranch—the interrupted stamping of a windmill, the movement of horses through dry grass somewhere, the puzzled inquiry of a dog, the sound of a girl singing lightly to herself. These sounds continued, now one, now the other, or were added to by the sounds of doors closing, or of speech.

He listened for a moment, then again gave forth the snarling, breathy roar of the mountain fox.

This time his call produced an important result. The horses moved through the dry grass as before, the windmill still gave an occasional lurching pull, the dog on the porch decided midway that he would not bark after all; but in the house the girl suddenly stopped her soft singing. A moment later he saw a flash of light on the chamisal above the house as the kitchen door opened and shut.

He did not repeat the signal, but stood waiting behind the oak like a man assured. Patience has many names. After a little he heard another sound threading the sounds of the night—the light footsteps of someone approaching. But as yet he saw no one; the sound came from the shadows along the edge of the brush, instead of from the window-lighted flat that lay in front of the house.

She stepped out of the darkness beside him with a suddenness that was a little startling.

"Tim," she breathed, "where are you?"

But she had already seen him, and a moment later he had her in his arms.

"Jinny! Jinny girl!"

They clung to each other without speech while long repressed emotions found expression.

"I'm back again, Jinny," he said at last.

The statement did not seem obvious to her. "Are you, Tim?" she asked.

Later, after they had retired from the shelter of the white oak to a point farther removed from the house, he told her about himself. He did not spare the flagellum, but what he told her she interpreted in her own way, so that he did not receive the censure he may have deserved.

He had left her eight months before from this same meeting place after swearing he would remove mountains. Her father had called him lazy. Probably he had been right. Yet the boy had been something of a student and had had ambitions. He had been right, too, it may be. At any rate, although he possessed no means, he had undertaken to earn his way through college.

But his adviser had not understood that he was handicapped and had let him register for more hours than he could carry. The result was that, although for once he worked himself thin, his days were not long enough to permit him to pass his courses. The result of that was that at Christmas he was warned, and at the end of the semester suspended, or as the phrase went at that time, flunked out.

The experience had left him embittered. The roads of youth are roads of short curves. He fell in with a pair of runaways and decided to see the world without working. A railroad trip to Portland and Seattle followed. Later a doting aunt sent his companions the money to return by Pullman, but without including their comrade of the road. Later still, but just how late does not matter, he picked up three discharged convicts not long out of San Quentin and started south with them. He had at this time no intention of returning home. Nevertheless, some of his former interests had persisted. One of these interests had gained him the name of Crickets.

"But now I'm back," he said. "If you want to I can go to college, and so can you. I'm a rich man, Jinny."

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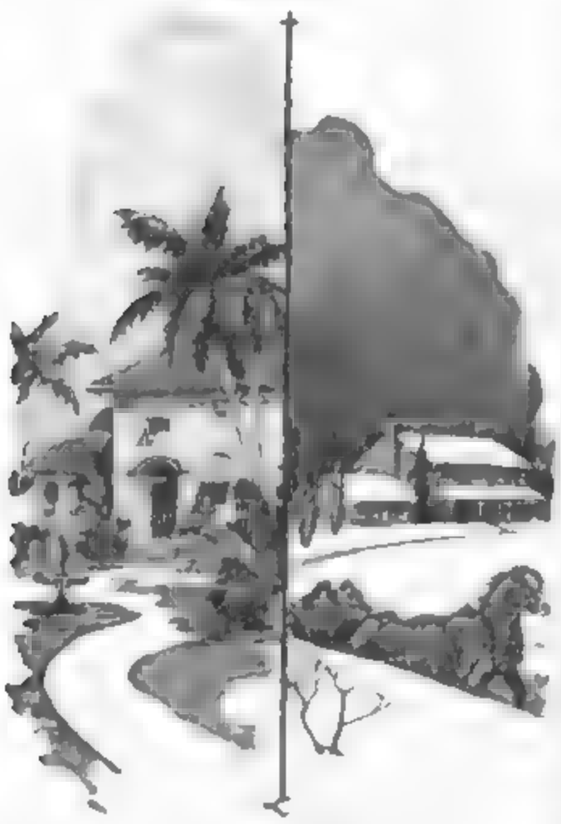

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"What do you mean—rich?"

"I found a mine," he replied ambiguously; for he was not yet ready to tell her about the diamonds.

They talked about other matters -love, hopes, distant plans, love again, further plans.

"When did you get back?" she asked after a while.

"Three days ago. I couldn't come sooner, don't you see, because I'm thrashing wheat over in the Yampa. Six bucks a day, Jinny, and all I have to do is get up at three in the morning and go to bed two hours after dark."

"What kind of a mine?" she asked then.

"Cross your heart and promise not to tell?"

"Of course."

"A diamond mine," he said.

"Have you found any diamonds in it?"

He could not resist the temptation to show her; indeed, for this purpose he had made a long detour to obtain his diamonds from their hiding place back of his father's barn.

"Feel them," he said, guiding her fingers into his pocket.

"Tim!" she cried.

"They don't seem real," he admitted.

"Oh, but my dear! Diamonds! Are you sure?"

"I took one with me to show to a man who knows diamonds from A to Z, and he said they were real. He showed me how to test for a diamond. He's visiting my boss."

"Did you tell him you had so awfully many?"

"Sure I didn't, but perhaps I will. I wish it was light, so you could see them"

"We could take them behind the big rock beside the road," she said. "I've never seen a good diamond. I could get some matches."

"I have matches."

"Then let's do it."

The big rock was so placed that it would cut off the flare of their light from the region of the house. Before young Healy had gone north they had used its shelter even in the daytime. No one lived below. There was a road down the canyon, but it was not often traveled, and the noise made by an ascending car would have been heard long in advance, so that they would be safe in that direction.

They slipped down toward the road and after a little reached the rock. In the daytime they would have had to guard against the incursion of thin-skinned black ants that had an offensive odor. Tonight these had all retired into their hills.

Young Healy drew the bandanna package from his pocket and laid it upon the ground. Then he twisted carefully at the knotted corners. He worked by the sense of touch—there was no moon and they were not in the open. When he had released the corners, he softly drew back the cloth, leaving the diamonds in an uncovered heap ready for the further adventure of a girl's admiration.

"Now when I strike the match you can see them," he said.

The sight of them followed—she thought she would never forget it. Upon the dark sand lay his handkerchief. Upon the handkerchief lay a double handful of glittering, flashing, flaming crystals, the whiteness of hoarfrost entangled with rainbows and all the stars.

"Oh!" she cried.

He struck another match, and then another.

He ran his fingers through the diamonds which fell back upon the pile with tiny tinkling sounds as of sifted ice. Then as the flame of his final match died away he again brought the corners of the handkerchief together and tied them into knots. The beauty of the stones had made him a little nervous.

"They're worth money," he said. "We're rich."

"Tell me again how you found them," said the girl.

Her voice had suddenly become constrained. When he passed the tight parcel to her she shrank from touching it. He did not understand her instinctive mistrust, but he repeated his account of the discovery. Either his words reassured her or the effect of the diamonds had faded; after a little she resumed talking about their plans.

He fell in with her mood, but the consciousness of the ownership of the diamonds did not leave him.

"I'm out to earn money now," he said. "I'm going to stick to this six-dollar job as long as it lasts, and then I'm going to find another. This firm needs ready cash. No hobo stuff in mine."

They talked about themselves until the girl dared remain away no longer, then she slipped back among the shadows from which she had emerged and he stole down the canyon to his borrowed car. Before turning on the lights he made sure that his bandanna parcel still lay in his pocket.

"But I'll have to find a better hiding place for them," he thought. "I can't carry a pocketful of diamonds around like this."

He set out down the lumpy canyon road. The hills here were not so barren as those at Cache Pass; now and then they supported dense growths of manzanita, or of mixed scrub oak and chamisal. The canyon itself contained white oaks, among other flora. Farther down he passed mesquites and paloverdes.

He was not thinking of these, but of her who had come out to meet him.

"Jinny is sure some girl," he thought.

As he passed out into the desert his elation became replaced by more complicated emotions. The coolness that descends like a blanket upon all desert surfaces had descended upon these, so that the heat of the day had become as a tale that is told. Underfoot lay the packed roadway, windswept as clean as a floor. Yet there was no wind. Faint odors stole upon him from either side—along the higher ground the odor of artemisia and tarweed, along the lower, that of creosote bush and of greasewood.

Other desert odors there were, less pleasant. Upon descending into the bed of a coulee he caught an odor faintly suggestive of carrion or of a mountain rattlesnake. This odor was a stale odor, like that of a sick room; when the wind came up it would be swept out into space, replaced by the tang of salt air from the sea.

The night seemed excessively still; when he stopped no sound anywhere could be heard. He understood that silence. The sound of his engine had caused it. Upon shutting off his lights and remaining motionless he began to hear little sounds that were far from silence spring up around him—the faint, canarylike vocalization of a deer mouse, the sound of its louder drumming as its forefeet beat upon a yucca; the different drumming, more excited and more muffled, of a kangaroo rat; the distant bark of a kit fox; the snapping up of an unlucky moth overhead by a nighthawk. But when he again turned on his lights, instantly the faint sounds became drowned in the larger silence.

"This is sure some sweet country," he thought.

He pressed on, breathing deep of the cool, odorous air. He had been driving among the tree yuccas. After a while the tree yuccas fell behind, replaced by the lowlier creosote bush. His road was leading him upward again toward the mountains. Farther still he passed into an artemisia belt. Then, sweeping around a projecting foothill, he found himself at the portals of another canyon. He was nearing his father's ranch, from which he had set out. He had forgotten about his diamonds. Thrusting his hand down his pocket, he again felt their sharp corners through the cloth, fingered them, weighed them.

"I sure can't carry them around with me like this," he thought, "and I can't leave them behind me either. I've got to find a better place to put them than under a flat rock on a mountain. I sure wish I had

(Continued on Page 233)

Old Mr. Tracy, the founder of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy, broke a hundred last year, and there are those in the club who insist that if he ever makes a hole in one, they'll either have to give him the club house or throw him out.

When it comes to personal scenery old man Tracy has the money to buy the best—and he buys 'em—which, of course, finds him pictured here in Dutchess Knickers. (*)

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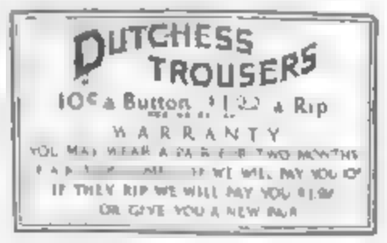

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(*) *This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. This series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include*

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The Process Engraving Company
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(Continued from Page 230)

asked that diamond man what people do with their diamonds. When I go back I will."

He had entered the other canyon with considerable care, for canyon sounds travel far and he wished to make no noise. He did not have to steal into his home canyon. As a consequence he started up the grade with his muffler cut out and every light blazing. He made no great speed; the road did not permit. It was paved with sand and bowlders. Now and then it made a dash for the side of the mountain in order to climb over a projecting ledge. But he made good progress.

He had been running in the floor of the wash, a trying thing to do in midsummer, and had managed to edge the car up the bank out of it at the end of the stretch, when he caught a flare of light on the canyon wall, as from a car somewhere above. The light was not strong, and it did not persist. He listened for sounds, but heard nothing.

"We're making too much noise ourselves to hear other people," he told his steering wheel.

The canyon here opened out into a little flat through which his road wound in a black ribbon hardly wide enough for his wheels. The white oak trees of the other canyon were missing, but the flat contained willows and cottonwoods and a dense growth of wild lilac and buckthorn brush. The brush came sharply down to the road.

He entered the flat thinking of the light he had seen, but still he heard no sounds to indicate the approach of a car. Then suddenly he swung round a bend and both heard the sounds and saw the car. The car stood blocking the road with not a light showing. The sounds came from the brush at his left. They consisted of a peremptory command to halt and descend from his seat. The raucous tones were those of the San Quentin man who had yelled at him in the restaurant.

"Stick 'em up, kid! We got you dead, see?"

"Come a flop, and come sudden!" advised a second voice from the brush at his right.

"Blow his bean off!" advised a third familiar voice.

"Cut out the trembles, kid, and keep 'em high. That's it. Now climb out over the door. Now stand against the end of this black gun."

"What do you want of me?" asked the boy.

"We want that pocketful of diamonds you stole from your partners."

There was nothing the owner of the diamonds could do to protect his property. The road was blocked in front. Against his side pressed the heavy muzzle of a pistol. He himself had no weapon. The next moment rough fingers began searching his pockets. His fortune had already passed into other hands.

IV

I THINK the sheriff wired Donovan too curtly of his failure; the message that I forwarded merely stated that no diamonds had been found. He and Carlatt therefore spent the end of the night in Piute, reaching the Cache Pass culvert early the next morning. I had not been able to go.

The culvert was not hard to identify—the ground surrounding it had been trampled by many feet. Donovan knew he would find it empty; nevertheless he knelt and looked down its round mouth. No diamonds lay upon the metal floor, either inside or outside of a parcel, nor did the leather wallet that had contained them, whether whole or in fragments. Except for a windrow of sharp-elbowed pebbles, the culvert had in it no objects of any kind.

"Hello!" cried Donovan softly.

"Have you found anything?" asked Carlatt.

"What are those pebbles doing there?"

"Washed in, weren't they? These winter torrents have more force than you might think."

"They have," replied Donovan. "But tell me this: How can you wash pebbles from the floor of an arroyo into the overhanging end of a culvert twelve inches higher?"

"They couldn't have washed in," admitted Carlatt.

"Then how did they get there?"

"Somebody must have placed them there."

"Who?" asked Donovan.

Carlatt's face lighted.

"The one who took the diamonds!"

"Now you're opening a broad door. Who took the diamonds?"

"It looks to me as if a pack rat might have carried them from the culvert. A pack rat would have left just such pebbles in their place."

The pack rat, common enough in the northern mountains, is not so common on the edge of this southern desert, but it occurs there. One of its characteristics is its love of a joke. It will carry away anything that strikes its fancy, and always leaves some incongruous object for that which was taken. It is distinguished by a hairy tail like that of a chipmunk and teeth that delight in cutting into leather. In regions where furs are gathered, a trapper will sometimes have a bale of pelts cut into ribbons by one pack rat in one night. The present pack rat had probably used the shredded wallet to line his nest.

"How do you trace your property after a pack rat has stolen it?" asked Donovan.

"By finding where he went for what he left in its place."

They found the spot without much trouble. The sharp-elbowed pebbles alone would have identified it. But as I have said, young Healy had likewise found it. When Donovan saw the strewn earth and pebbles, and the tracks left by the boy's worn shoes, his face fell.

"We may find them hard to trace," he said. "A pack rat may have taken the diamonds from the culvert, but who took them afterward?"

"I don't see how we are to answer that question," said Carlatt.

Donovan began analyzing the clews to their finder's identity. He had no way of

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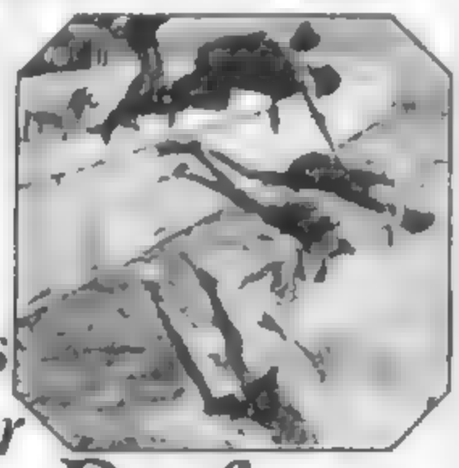

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knowing that the diamonds were seen from the railroad.

He guessed that this finder had not traced them through the pebbles, for these had not been disturbed. Probably he had not known of the culvert.

"Now, who would be browsing around in a place like this? Some sheep herder? This isn't a sheep country. Who else?"

He pointed to the former contents of the bandanna—the fossil snail shell, the wing feather, the sprays of bladder pod and the Turkish rugging, the red crystal that may have been garnet.

"There lies what he may have emptied from his handkerchief when he saw the diamonds. He seems to have been collecting; but none of his specimens would have taken the eye of a trained man, except possibly the bladder pod, which grows at the edge of its range in this region. He may have been a student collecting along the railroad."

"There are millions of students," said Carlatt.

"Yes," replied Donovan thoughtfully, "millions of them, but only one with a pocketful of diamonds that he does not know were stolen. I think we had better return to Piute." He added, "I think the diamonds will bring out that student's hidden character. I hope it will prove to be a strong one."

The three San Quentin men herded young Healy into the car ahead without further speech. They did not divide their plunder; they did not so much as open the parcel. The boy saw that the car they were driving was an eight-cylinder Loquace, but whether rented or stolen he could not tell. The license plate had been smeared with grease and dust until it could not be read.

Before leaving his car they turned out its lights.

They seated him between two of them, while the third drove. As their lights flashed up he looked past the driver at the road ahead. He knew it well—it led up the canyon past his father's place and then on through the pass above. One of his captors began speaking.

"We better take him off in the desert away from the road," he said. He did not speak of murder, but there was that in his voice that caused his captive to wince.

They had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile and had reached a stretch of more difficult road. Above them loomed the mountain. On the canyon side great bowlders grazed the running board. The boy sat benumbed; he felt the pistol pressed against his ribs from the left, and at the right the grasp upon his wrist of the man who had last spoken.

He had ceased looking at the road ahead, but felt its roughness through the twistings and lurchings of the car.

Suddenly he felt lifted from his seat; the driver had jammed down the brake and shut off the gas. When he looked up to see the reason he perceived that the road ahead was again blocked by a car. The canyon ordinarily saw perhaps three cars in a month; tonight it was seeing three within ten minutes. A moment later he heard the sharp command, this second time from behind an overhanging rock, for hands to go into the air; and at the same instant light seemed to be poured into the car as from powerful spotlights.

"Doler, Sharbo, Branson, you are under arrest!" he heard.

I think it was the way the boy still held up his chin that chiefly seized upon Donovan's imagination. But undoubtedly also it was his earlier response to the stimulus of ownership. The Redelos man had been going over the diamonds with Carlatt. When he had checked up the loot, he turned to young Healy. The San Quentin men had been taken aside by the deputies.

"Everything seems to be as you found it," he said. "We may need you later, but that's all for tonight. Where are you going from here?"

The boy looked him in the eye. "Back to the Yampa, to my job. I'll just about get there by starting time."

"Then where?"

"Then I'll rustle another job."

"College?"

The boy colored to the ears. "I flunked out at college."

"Too much outside work?"

"I couldn't seem to make the grade."

"I know all about that. Expect to try it again?"

"If I can earn enough money, maybe I will. Jinny wants me to. This time I'm out for blood."

Donovan did not reply at once. After a moment the boy went on.

"You said you knew all about that. Did you mean, you knew about my record in college?"

"Yes. I wired yesterday."

"Some things I don't understand," persisted the other. "You told us about the pack rats and the culvert, but how did you know I found the diamonds after that?"

"A restaurant man in Piute told me that you had passed through the town, and that you were followed. I knew you must be the man. The men he described as following you were still in town looking through the yards. So I followed them in turn."

"But how would they know where I went?"

"You told them once about your home and your father. All they had to do was to guess."

"I'll be getting back to the job," said the boy. "It's all easy when you know." He hesitated. "I asked you because I knew Jinny would ask me."

Donovan spoke more softly, as was his way when matters were falling to suit him.

"I forgot to tell you," he said; "but a rather large reward was offered for the finding of the diamonds. That's why that other sheriff was so anxious to recover them through his own men."

He paused to see if his meaning had been guessed, but it had not. That fact also pleased him. He took pains to make his thought clear.

"The reward now goes to you. I believe you will find it large enough to see you through college. You might explain that to Jinny; and you might add that it's my impression you would find it large enough, if you're careful, to see Jinny through college too."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 52)

fought one another because of personal spite, and struggled to defeat good causes just because they were supported by their newspaper rivals. As a result of this pain, he formed the Community Development Association, which caused all the newspapers to work harmoniously for everything that would tend to benefit the city of Los Angeles.

It is this association that has been largely responsible for the remarkable growth and development of Los Angeles in the last eight years.

As has been said, nobody but Chandler knows into how many interests he has thrust a finger, though he admits to being an officer or director in thirty-five California corporations, including banking, irrigation, oil, steamship, railroad, land and manufacturing companies.

When Harry Chandler speaks, the ears of governors, senators, representatives and financiers protrude nervously and flap attentively or apprehensively in the balmy California air.

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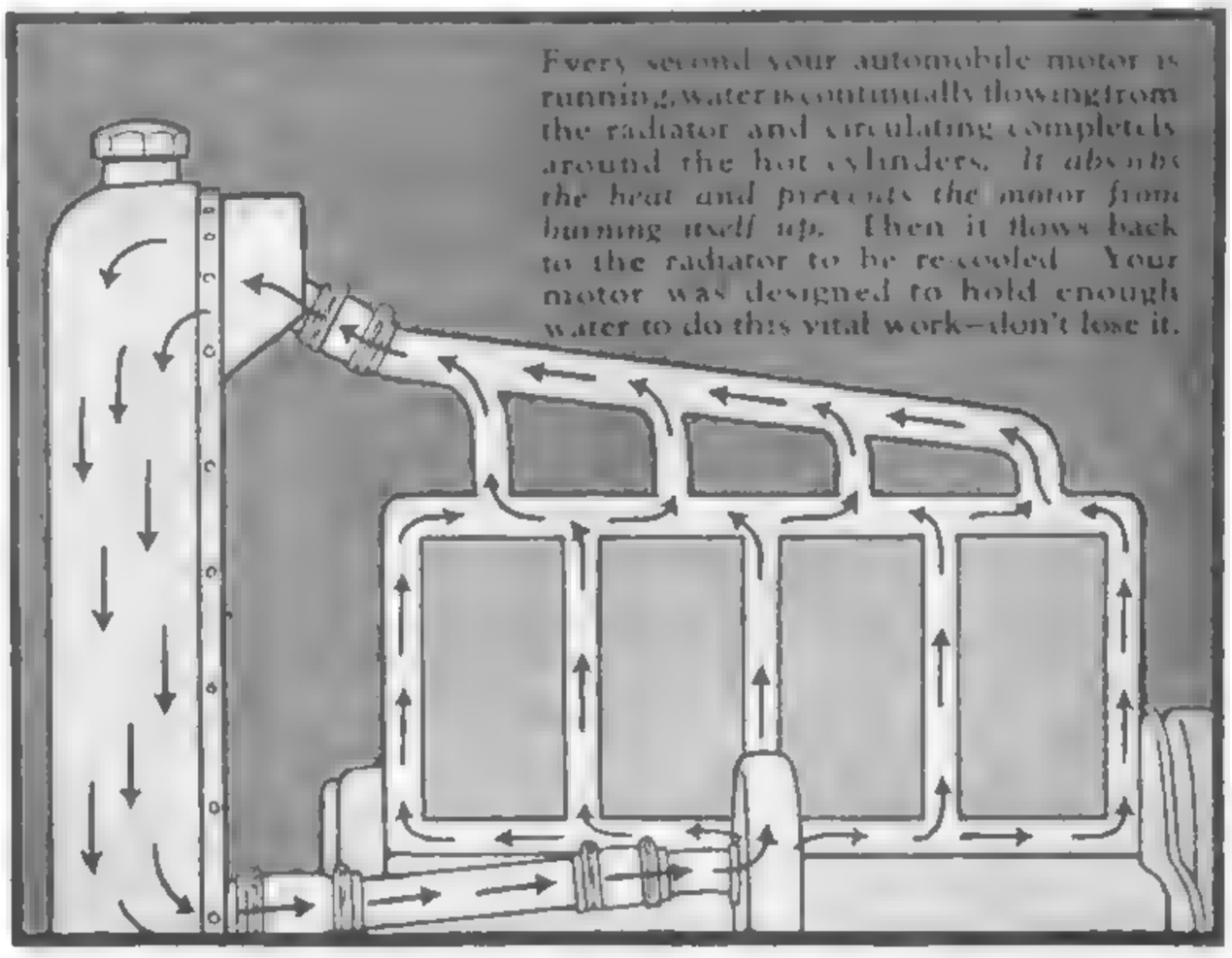

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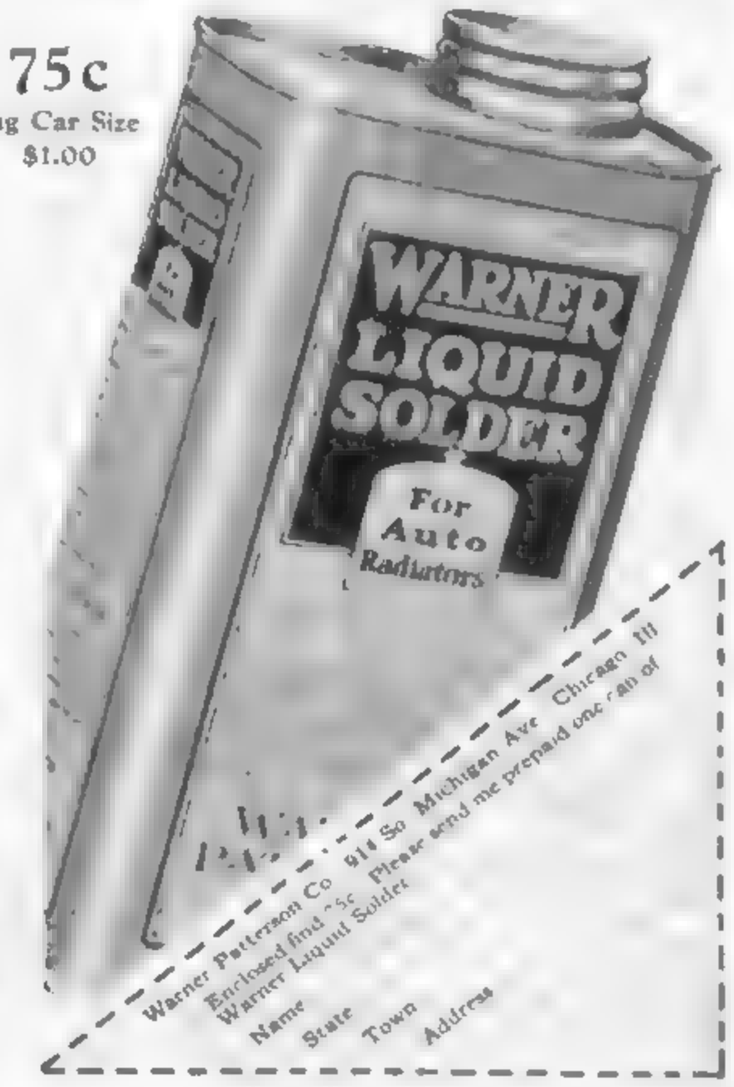

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GOOD OLD ARMY! GOOD OLD WAR!

(Continued from Page 7)

called Dan Miller. The big American railroad car looked awful funny after them silly little French coaches and the forty-hommys-eight-chevux box cars.

"That sure was a wonderful trip coming up the bay," I said.

"It sure was," said old Dan Miller. "I cleaned up exactly $36.25."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," said Dan, "while you birds was on deck gawking at the view, I was downstairs shooting craps with a bunch of them poor innocent sailors. It was a shame to take their money away from them, but they thought they were so good that they wouldn't stop, and besides I can find a better use for it than they can."

"Do you mean to say," I said, "that you missed all that wonderful scenery coming up the bay?"

"I missed the scenery," said Dan, "but I got something that's worth more. I got $36.25. And that, added to the few hundred dollars cleaned up last week, will make me a good stake to start out with when I get discharged."

"I suppose," said Charlie Hiner, "that you guys think you're going to be discharged in a couple of days."

"Of course we are," said Henry.

"Not likely," said the old Gloom Hound. "There's too much work to be done around these camps. They'll probably hang on to us three or four months and make us grade roads and dig ditches."

"Shut up!" said Henry. "You don't know what you're talking about."

Which was true. But it turned out later that there was a little more truth in Charlie's remarks than we thought.

The train started and we all pressed our noses against the windows. Maybe that part of New Jersey ain't very elegant, but it looked swell to us. There was American houses and American signs, American trolley cars and American people walking around. Everything looked familiar, but we had been away so long that it all looked a little strange too. And it looked awful good.

We rolled along for maybe an hour or so, and then unloaded and marched into Camp Merritt. First they took us to a big delousing plant, where we spent the afternoon waiting our turn to get a shower and have our clothes steamed up. By the time we got through it was suppertime.

In the evening we had an inspection in quarters, and when we got to bed it was so late we went right off to sleep in spite of the excitement.

The next day they sorted out all the men who lived near New York—which included me and Henry. They marched us around from one office to another all day long, checking up our records, giving us physical examinations, and running through all the red tape that they think is necessary before they can let a man out of the army.

Finally, just before supper, they got through and told us to come around to the main office and get our discharges at noon the next day. After supper we went back to the barracks and found that everybody was due to move out the next day. Me and Henry and the rest of the New York men would naturally leave as soon as we got our discharges at noon, and the rest of the men, who lived in different parts of the country, were to entrain at about the same time for various camps near their homes, where they were to be discharged.

It was the last night the battery would be together, so we all gathered around a fire in front of the barracks and sang the old songs that we used to sing in France and Germany. In between songs everybody was telling everybody else how glad they were to get home, and what they expected to do and everything. We sure was a noisy bunch—all except Porky Hennessey, who, as usual, was sitting off to one side. I guess it was hard for him to forget that wooden cross beside the road at Septsarges.

Toward the end of the evening Lieutenant Baird came along to wish us all good-by and good luck.

"Baird, you old son of a gun," said Henry, "you ain't half bad. If you had only been a private instead of a lousy lieutenant, I think I would have really liked you a lot."

So we all cheered for Baird.

Finally things quieted down, and about midnight me and Henry got ready to go to bed.

And Henry said, "Somehow, I begin to feel sort of sad and dismal."

"Sad and dismal!" I said. "Why, you poor boob, this is the happiest day of our lives. Our army days are over."

"I know it," said Henry. "I've looked forward to this day for a long, long time, but now it is here I begin to feel kind of sorry."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," said Henry, "I've cussed the army and I've hated the army but when I think about leaving it forever, I seem to get homesick for it even before I've left."

"You're getting as gloomy as Charlie," I said.

"Just think!" said Henry. "Never again will we sleep in a pup tent in the mud of the Argonne Forest, and never again will the good old battery go rolling along the roads of France."

"Right you are," I said. "And it is a good thing it won't."

"Never again," said Henry, "will I hear the howl of a German shell. You know," he went on, "I'd kind of like to hear a German shell again. Remember how they used to come sailing over the hill at Septsarges? We listened to the music of them things so long that it's hard to get along without it. Yes, sir, I'd give a good deal right now just to hear one of them old shells screeching past overhead."

"Henry," I said, "you're getting crazy in your old age."

"Probably so," said Henry. "While the war was going on I hated it like poison, but now that it's over and I look back at it, I almost begin to enjoy it, and I hate to leave the old army, honest I do. Good old army! Good old war!"

"I think it's time we went to bed," I said. "Good night."

We turned in.

The next morning after breakfast a little lieutenant that I never seen before came into the barracks and handed a written order to the top sergeant. The top sergeant looked around, and me and Henry was the first two he happened to see. He called us over.

"Youse guys," he said, "will be on camp kitchen police today."

"What's the idea?" said Henry.

"They are short of help over at the camp kitchen," said the sergeant. "They need two extra men, and it has been ordered that this battery furnish them."

"But we can't go," said Henry. "We get our discharges at noon."

"You ain't got them yet," said the sergeant. "You're still in the army and you'll do as you're told, and no back talk from you either."

So we had to go. We lined up outside with thirty or forty other men that had also been caught for K. P. duty. These birds was all from an S. O. S. outfit which had just returned from Tours.

The little lieutenant marched us over past the camp mess hall and halted us just outside the big kitchen. It seems that this kitchen was run by a detail of cooks that stayed at the camp permanently. The K. P.'s they used to grab from whatever outfits happened to be there temporarily. The lieutenant that had marched us over was some sort of camp mess officer.

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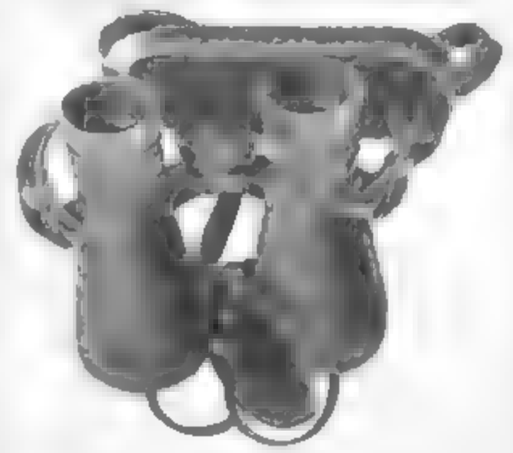

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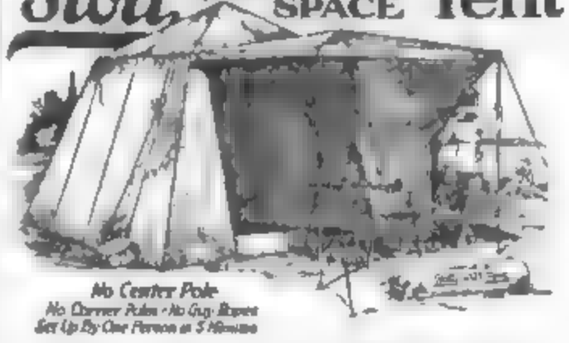

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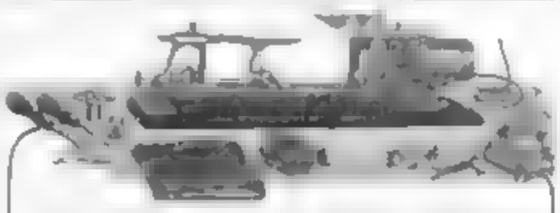

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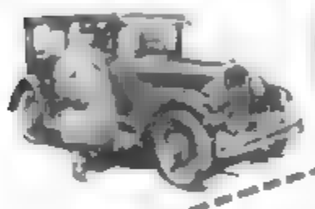

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"You men," he announced, "will remain on this detail all day, and I want to warn you that I won't stand for any loafing or any foolishness. You will not leave this kitchen until you are dismissed this evening. The cooks will tell you what you are to do. Fall out!"

Right away I decided I didn't like this looey. I guess he had fought the whole war right there at Camp Merritt. Anyway, he had a couple of silver service stripes. He was a mean-looking cuss; I had a feeling we might get into trouble with him, and as it turned out, we did.

We all filed into the kitchen, and it was a great big building with a lot of ranges at one end and a lot of supplies and other junk piled around. There was a lot of hard-boiled-looking cooks, and as soon as we came in a couple of them walked over to put us to work.

"Holy Moses!" said Henry. "If the dirty bums make us stick around here all day we won't be able to get our discharges until tomorrow. And if we can't leave this kitchen we can't even say good-by to the bunch."

Just then one of the cooks grabbed Henry and took him off somewhere, and another one grabbed me and a couple of other guys and took us outside to a place where they had about two dozen dirty old G. I. cans. He gave us some brushes and soap powder, and showed us a hose that ran hot water.

"You fellers can wash these cans," he said, "and when I say wash 'em, that's what I mean. They got to be washed hard and they got to be washed clean. And when you get done, let me know, and I'll tell you what to do next. All right, get busy."

And he went back to the kitchen.

A G. I. can is a thing something like an ash can, and they use them in the army to cook stuff in and make coffee and one thing and another. These particular cans was extra large and extra dirty. They had been using them to make soup, and they was thick with grease.

We squirted hot water into three or four of them, and threw in some soap powder and began sloshing around with the brushes. We none of us had any overalls or fatigue clothes, and right away I slopped a lot of greasy water on my pants. After that I worked very slow and cautious. These was the pants I would have to wear when I left, and I didn't want to go home all over grease and smelling of soup.

The work went on slow and dismal, and after about five minutes the nasty little lieutenant came walking by.

He stepped right up to me and said, "Snap out of it, there, you! A little more pep!"

So I made a show of speeding up a bit. "Yes, sir," I said, and hated myself for saying it. But what can a poor private do? As the lieutenant left I thumbed my nose at his back, which made me feel a little better but not much.

I decided it was about time I went and got a drink of water. I left the other guys messing around with the old cans and walked down to the far end of the building where there was a hydrant that ran cold water. There was no cup, so I had to practically stand on my head for a while to get a drink. When I finally came up for air who should I see arriving but good old Henry. His eyes was all red and there was a couple of tears running down his face.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"Onions," he said. "Can you imagine that? Here it is my last day in the army and they make me peel onions—bushels and bushels of them."

Henry washed his eyes and his face, and had a drink and then we lighted up a couple of cigarettes.

"It's a hell of a life, ain't it?" I said.

Henry nodded very mournful, and we leaned up against the building and rested ourselves awhile. All of a sudden we heard somebody yelling at us from across the road.

"Don't you men ever salute an officer?"

We looked up. It was a big fat major. We came to attention in a hurry and saluted, while the major walked up and scowled at us.

"Take those cigarettes out of your mouths," he said.

We did.

"How long have you been in the army?"

"Two years, sir," said Henry.

"And don't you know you aren't supposed to salute with a cigarette in your mouth?"

"I forgot, sir," said Henry.

"No excuse. And why didn't you salute in the first place?"

"We didn't see you, sir."

"It's your business to see me. A good soldier is always on the alert."

He stared at us for a minute or two very ferocious, while we stood respectfully at attention.

"I'll let you off this time," he said finally. "But the next time you fail to salute me I shall have to report you to your commanding officer." He walked away.

"If I stick around this place much longer," said Henry, "I'm liable to kill somebody."

"All right," I said. "Let's see if we can't ooze away from here."

We looked around, and none of the cooks was in sight, so we sidled off behind the next building, and from there we sort of slunk along a little fence and around a couple of corners and back to our barracks.

We sat around for maybe an hour or more, and then all of a sudden I happened to look out the window and saw three squads of infantry arriving with rifles and bayonets. An old sergeant came in and spoke to our top sergeant, and our top sergeant came in and grabbed me and Henry.

"I thought youse guys were over on K. P.," he said.

"We were," said Henry, "but we had to come back just a minute."

"All right," said the top, "you can just go along with this guy. He wants you."

We followed the sergeant outside, where we found that the three squads of men with rifles and bayonets was part of the camp guard, and they had with them nineteen prisoners lined up in double rank. The prisoners turned out to be men from the Tours S. O. S. outfit, who had been on K. P. and had walked off. Me and Henry fell in at the end of the line.

"Attention!" yelled the sergeant.

Around the corner of the barracks came the little lieutenant that had taken us over to the kitchen in the morning.

"How many did you get altogether?" he asked the sergeant.

"Twenty-one, sir."

The lieutenant laughed a nasty little laugh. Then he turned to us, stuck out his chin and made a speech. He said, "There has been altogether too much insubordination around this camp. This morning you men were assigned to a regularly ordered detail of kitchen police. Two hours later I find you back in your barracks, loafing. You are a bunch of quitters and slackers, and you are guilty of deliberate disobedience of orders. I don't know why it is, but you men from overseas seem to forget all about discipline as soon as you get back to America. You seem to think you can do as you please. You seem to think you're too good for kitchen police. But I'll show you. When I get through with you, you'll know you are in the army all right. Your overseas discipline may have been sloppy and lax, but now you're here you'll find out what it means to be a soldier."

"This guy musta won the war," came a loud whisper from the rear rank.

"Who said that?" asked the looey, running forward. Nobody seemed to know, and the looey couldn't spot who it was. After five minutes' questioning he went back and finished his speech.

"You aren't the first overseas men to make trouble here. There has been so much insubordination that I have gotten good and sick of it. Last week, six overseas men sneaked out of a kitchen-police

Tobacco stains + odor disappear when you wash with WHITE WITCH—because it deodorizes as it cleans.

This new skin cleanser is wonderfully fine for regular use on face, hands and in the bath.

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Comes in sanitary screw-top can—

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Color art leather trim desired
☐ Blue ☐ Gray
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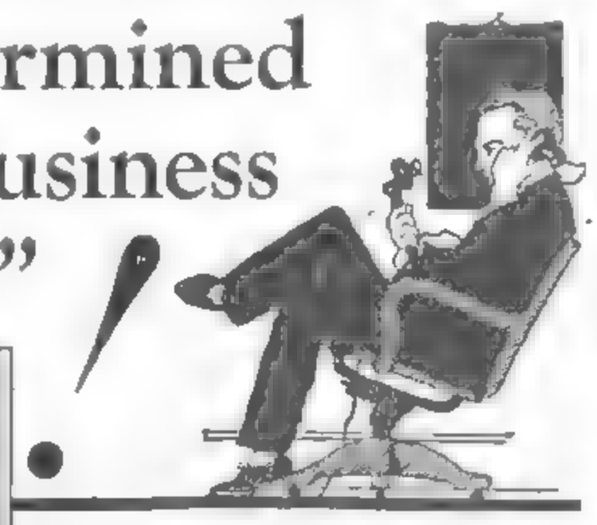

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detail. They thought they were smart, just as you think you are smart. And I had them arrested, tried and sentenced to three months at hard labor—which is just what is going to happen to you. You are under arrest and you will be tried tomorrow. I know how to handle men like you."

Then he let out that old, old remark, which is known so well to all buck privates.

"Sergeant," he said, "take their names."

The sergeant was a tough bozo—big and ferocious-looking, with red hair and freckles. He came down the line, writing each man's name on a little hunk of paper. I never seen a sergeant yet that didn't seem to have a little hunk of paper somewheres in his pocket that he could drag out to write names on.

When he got opposite us we noticed that he had a couple of gold service stripes, one wound stripe, and the four green ivy leaves of the 4th Division. Now, me and Henry each had a couple of gold service stripes, one wound stripe and the four green ivy leaves of the 4th Division. The sergeant seen this when he looked us over, but instead of softening him down any it made him more hard-boiled than ever. He give us a dirty look, and me and Henry give him back just as good.

"You come from a real outfit," he said, sort of sarcastic. "How did you get in with this bunch?"

"I can't see as that's any of your business," said Henry. "It looks like you once belonged to a real outfit yourself. How do you happen to be taking names for this chicken-liver bunch?"

"If you want to know," said the sergeant in a nasty voice, "I used to be in the 39th Infantry. I come in here in a casual company last month, and while I was celebrating my safe return I got so pie-eyed drunk that I reënlisted for two years."

"I didn't suppose anybody could get as drunk as that," I said.

"Shut up," said the sergeant. "What's your names?"

We gave him our names, and then he said, "You birds talk too much. After this you better keep them silly mouths shut. And remember, if your names is on this list, you get put in the guardhouse, and tried, and soaked three months at hard labor before you get your discharges." He give us another hard-boiled look and curled his lip at us. "If your names was left off this list, you wouldn't get put in no guardhouse, you wouldn't get tried and you would get your discharges on time. But you got a fat chance—a fat chance!" And with this pleasant thought he left us and continued on down the line.

If ever I wanted to kill a guy, it was that sergeant.

After he had finished taking the names he marched up to the looey, saluted very snappy and handed him the list.

The looey gave it to a fat corporal that was standing with the guard.

"Corporal," he said, "take these prisoners down to the guardhouse and turn them over to the sergeant of the guard to be held for trial by the summary court tomorrow. Have him copy the list, and bring the original to my office so I can have the charges made out this afternoon."

"Prisoners, count off!" yelled the corporal. We counted. "Squads right, march!" And we marched off, completely surrounded by the three squads of bayonet-toting guards. The looey and the old 4th Division sergeant walked away in the opposite direction.

When we reached the guardhouse the sergeant of the guard came out, and the fat corporal gave him the list and explained about it. The sergeant turned to us.

"Come forward as I call your names! Private James O'Dowd!" A little guy came out very mournful, and they marched him in the door. "Private Nicholas Moscovitch!" And another poor victim stepped out. One after another all the names were called, until everybody but me and Henry had gone in.

"What are you two birds doing here?" said the sergeant.

"Ask that corporal. He brought us," said Henry.

"They're prisoners," said the corporal.

"What's your names?" asked the sergeant.

We told him.

"Not on the list," said the corporal.

"What do you want to do with 'em?" asked the sergeant.

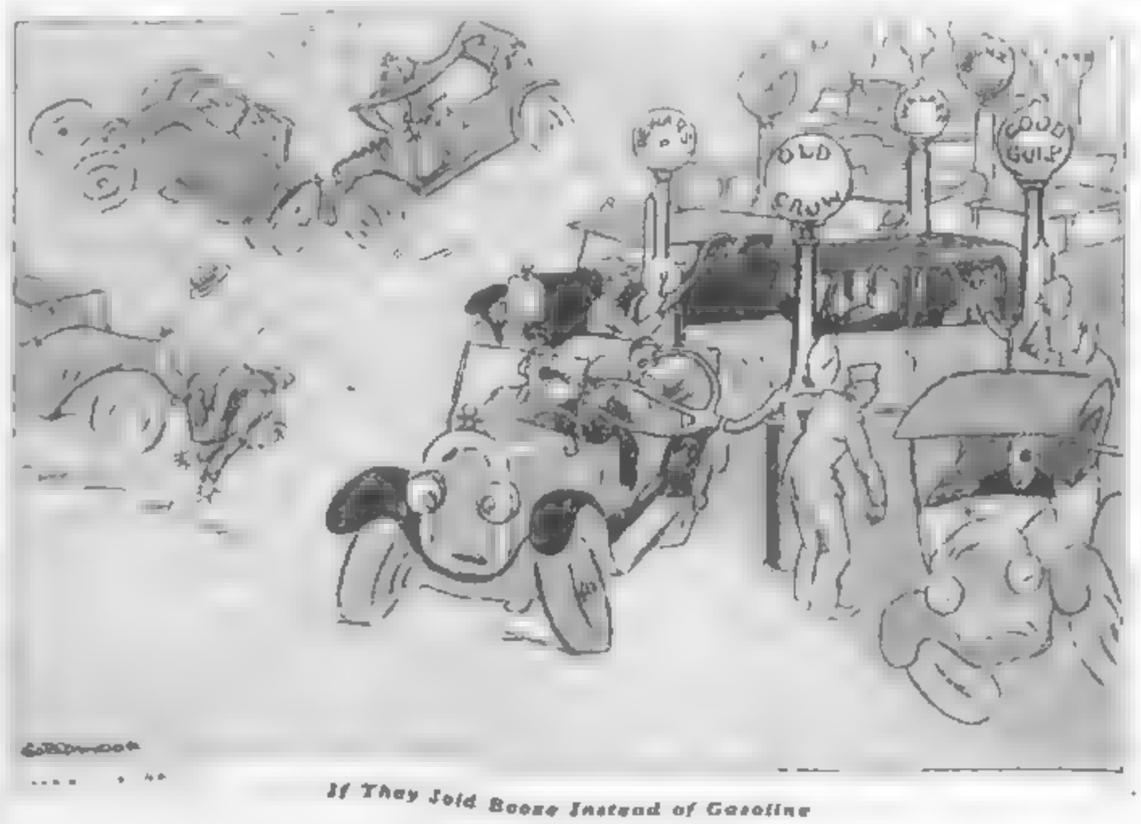
"If they ain't on my list," said the corporal, "I ain't responsible for 'em. You can take 'em or leave 'em, sarge."

"If they ain't on the list I ain't responsible for 'em, either," said the sergeant, "and I don't want 'em cluttering up the place here. To hell with 'em." He looked over at us. "Move on, you two," he yelled, "and don't let me ketch you coming back here, or I'll report you for trying to get into this guardhouse without proper authority."

Me and Henry left. We was sorry for them other birds in there, but we couldn't do nothing for them, so we chased along as fast as we could. We found our discharges waiting for us at the main office, and we just had time to holler good-by to the rest of the bunch before they left on their various trains. And two hours later we were standing on the deck of the Fort Lee ferryboat, safely out of the army and bound for New York and home.

"Henry," I said, "I guess this little kitchen-police-guardhouse party has made you change your mind about loving the army so damn much, hasn't it?"

"Not entirely," said Henry. "Good old army! Good old war! It's given us something to talk about and think about for all the rest of our lives. I wouldn't have missed it for ten thousand dollars, but—I wouldn't reënlist for ten million!"



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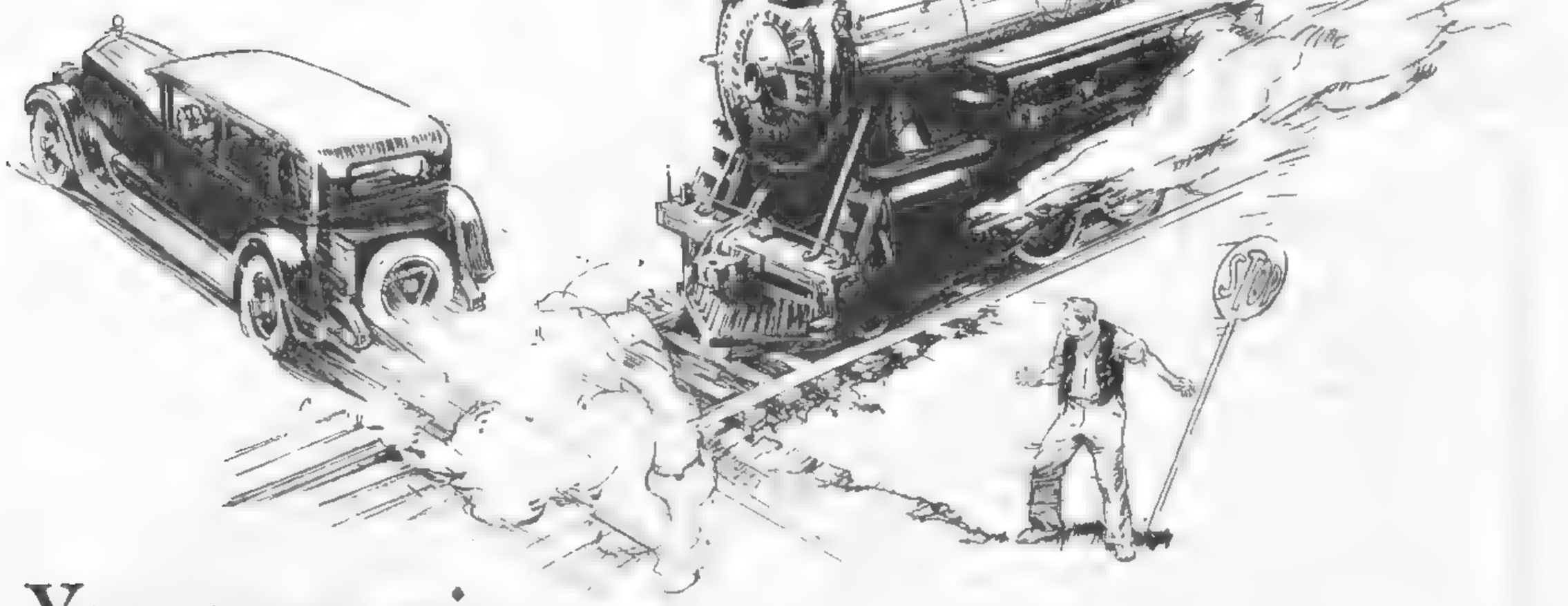

You may win . . . but the cost is too great if you lose

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. . . Under normal conditions, at least 1000 miles of lubrication—without any oil rectifier on your car. And such a high quality of lubrication that experts in almost every country on the globe have named pure Pennsylvania "the highest-grade oil in the world."

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It is an oil so ideally suited to automotive engine lubrication that Nature might have made it for that specific purpose alone.

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Index of Advertisers

June 5, 1926

PAGE

Alcazar Range & Heater Co. ... 218
Altorfer Brothers Company ... 213
American Chain Company, Inc. ... 76
American Express Company ... 205
American Gas Machine Company, Inc. ... 225
American Lead Pencil Co. ... 233
American Optical Company ... 183
American Radiator Company ... 158
American Rolling Mill Co., The ... 217
American Safety Razor Corporation ... 234
American Tobacco Co., The ... 6
Armstrong Cork Company ... 173
Arnold Shoe Co., M. N. ... 180
Atlas Portland Cement Company ... 60, 61

Barbour Welting Co. ... 75
Barnes Co., The ... 180
Bates Mfg. Co., The ... 180
Bauer & Black ... 1
Beaney Rubber Co., Inc. ... 1, 6
Benjamin Franklin, The ... 184
Bird & Son, Inc. ... 146
Blackhawk Mfg. Company ... 179
Bradley Knitting Company ... 68, 69
Buckeye Aluminum Company, The ... 219
Budd Wheel Company ... 161
Buick Motor Company ... 45
Burgess Battery Company ... 178
Burroughs Adding Machine Company ... 110, 111
B. V. D. Company, Inc., The ... 234

Californians Inc. ... 84
Campbell Co., William ... 238
Campbell Soup Company ... 41
Carryola Company of America ... 233
Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corporation ... 98
Chevrolet Motor Company ... 122, 123
Chicago Flexible Shaft Co. ... 146
Chrysler Sales Corporation ... 2
Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co. ... 237
Coca-Cola Company, The ... 175
Colgate & Co. ... 201
Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co. ... 229
Columbia Pictures Corporation ... 118
Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co. ... 218
Conrad-Hill Novelty Inc. ... 65
Continental Hotels Corporation ... 102, 103
Corn Products Company, Inc. ... 131
Cornell Tool Co. ... 132
Cudahy Packing Co. ... IV Cover
Cyclone Fence Company ... 145

Davis Motor Car Co., George W. ... 220
Decker & Cohn, Alfred ... 1
Delco-Light Company ... 62
Dueber-Hampden ... 227
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I. ... 112
Durant Motocover Co., Inc. ... 190
Durant Motors, Inc. ... 153
Dutchess Mfg. Co. ... 230

Eclipse Machine Company ... 90
Electric Hose & Rubber Co. ... 146
Electric Storage Battery Co., The ... 115
Electric Made-to-Fit Tool Company ... 236
Eskimo Pie Corporation ... 177
Everlastik, Inc. ... 238

Famous Players-Lasky Corp. ... 143
Fisher Body Corp. ... 51
Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, The ... 162
Fleischmann Company, The ... 85
Florence Stove Company ... 198
Florsheim Shoe Company, The ... 91
Ford Motor Company ... 89

Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Co., The ... 57
Gates Manufacturing Co. ... 228
General Electric Company ... 121
Goodrich Rubber Company, The B. F. ... II Cover, 56
Graybar Electric Company ... 180
Gray Line, The ... 233
Greef Watch Makers Guild ... 197
Gulbransen Company ... 99
Gulden, Inc., Charles ... 237

Hammermill Paper Company ... 124
Hartmann Trunk Company ... 195
Hayes-Hunt Corporation ... 152
Henderson Brothers ... 236
Hendryx Co., The Andrew B. ... 194
Holland Gold Pen Company, The John ... 233
Hoosier Manufacturing Co., The ... 186
Hoover Company, The ... 178
Horton Manufacturing Company, The ... 87
Hupp Motor Car Corp. ... 43

Interwoven Stocking Company ... 207

Jantzen Knitting Mills ... 126

Keith Company, Geo. E. ... 160
Keystone Watch Case Co., The ... 208
Kingsley-Miller Company, The ... 213
Knox Hat Company ... 234
Kohler Co. ... 72
Koken Companies ... 226
Kroehler Mfg. Co. ... 134, 135

Lacey & Lacey ... 237
Lambert Pharmacal Co. ... 114, 115
Lane Company, Inc., The ... 184, 185
Larus & Bro. Co. ... 226
LaSalle Extension University ... 237
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company ... 161
Lindemann & Hoverson Company, A. J. ... 192
Lowe Brothers Company, The ... 215

Mack Manufacturing Co. ... 74
Manasse, J. ... 238
Mason Tire & Rubber Co. ... 149
McKinney Manufacturing Co. ... 41
McLaughlin Consolidated Cone Corp. ... 184
Merkel Mfg. Co., Fred ... 146
Mennen Company, The ... 64
Metro Chocolate Co., The ... 234
Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation, The ... 83
Mohawk Rubber Co., The ... 218
Motor Products Corporation, The ... 136
Murphy Varnish Company ... 177

Nash Motor Co. ... 83
National Carbon Company, Inc. ... 6
National Importing Co., The ... 240
National Kellastone Co. ... 234
New York Life Insurance Co. ... 181
New York Transportation Co. ... 188
North American Dye Corporation ... 237
North East Electric Co. ... 181

Oakland Motor Car Co. ... 53
Ocean Bathing Suit Co., The ... 134
Old Fashioned Millers, Inc. ... 231
Old Town Canoe Company ... 86
"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. ... 240

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company ... 58
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association ... 232
Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of America ... 57
Petroleum Heat & Power Co., The Charles H. ... 231
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co. ... 202
Pierce Oil Corporation ... 175
Pierce Governor Company, Inc. ... 9
Portable Electric Tools, Inc. ... 239
Power Specialty Company, The ... 234
Procter & Gamble Co., The ... 2

Quaker State Oil Refining Co. ... 216

Radio Corporation of America ... 70
Real Silk Hosiery Mills ... 109
Reed & Barton ... 144
Remington Typewriter Company ... 144
Reo Motor Car Company ... 149
Richardson Company, The ... 4
Richardson Co., Thos. D. ... 150
Ries Co., The Edward N. ... 244
Robbins & Myers Company, The ... 133
Ross Gear & Tool Co. ... 238
Royal Typewriter Co. ... 58
Russell Mfg. Co. ... 36

Samuel Mfg. Co. ... 48
Sanitas Products Company ... 166
Schrader's Son, Inc., A. ... 4
Scott & Co., Inc. ... 162
Scripps Organization, The ... 47
Servel Corporation, The ... 53
Sexton Rubber Company, The ... 18
Shaler Co., C. ... 241
Shaler Vending Device Co. ... 198
Shaw Co., The Ralph ... 168
Sheffield & Brown, Inc. ... 217
Shelton Looms, Inc. ... 196
Sherman Hotel Company ... 28
Smith, Kline & French ... 73
Smith Premier Typewriter Co., The ... 56
Smith Sales Co. ... 236
Society of Motor Manufacturers ... 211
Spalding & Bros., A. G. ... 81
Spring Motor Car Co. of America, Inc. ... 147
Standard Knitting Machine Co. ... 156
Stanley Motor Carriage Co. ... 12
Stein & Co., A. ... 4
Syracuse Washing Machine Corp. ... 164, 165

Tanglefoot Company, The ... 204
Taylor Instrument Co. ... 195
Textile Color Card Association ... 233
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The ... 139
Topkis Brothers Company ... 24
Truscon Steel Company ... 131
Tung-Sol Lamp Works Inc. ... 187
Twinplex Sales Co. ... 15

United States Gypsum Company ... III Cover
United States Rubber Company ... 104
Universal Cooler Corporation, The ... 214
Universal Pictures ... 63
U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co. ... 231
U. S. Light & Heat Corporation ... 191

Vacuum Oil Company ... 48
Van Cleef Bros. ... 179

Wadsworth Watch Case Company, The ... 148
Wanamaker, John ... 113
Wander Company, The ... 80
Warner-Patterson Co. ... 235
Warren Co., S. D. ... 243
Weller-Shuford Co., The ... 229
Weldon, Williams & Lick ... 97
Wesley & Co., Edward ... 236
Weyerhaeuser Forest Products ... 200
Wheeler, Osgood Company, The ... 138
White Company, The ... 107
Williams Company, The J. B. ... 242
Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp. ... 142, 143
Williamson Candy Company ... 176
Winslow Boiler & Engineering Co. ... 30
Wright & Co., Inc. E. T. ... 199

Yale Laboratories ... 163

Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., The ... 199

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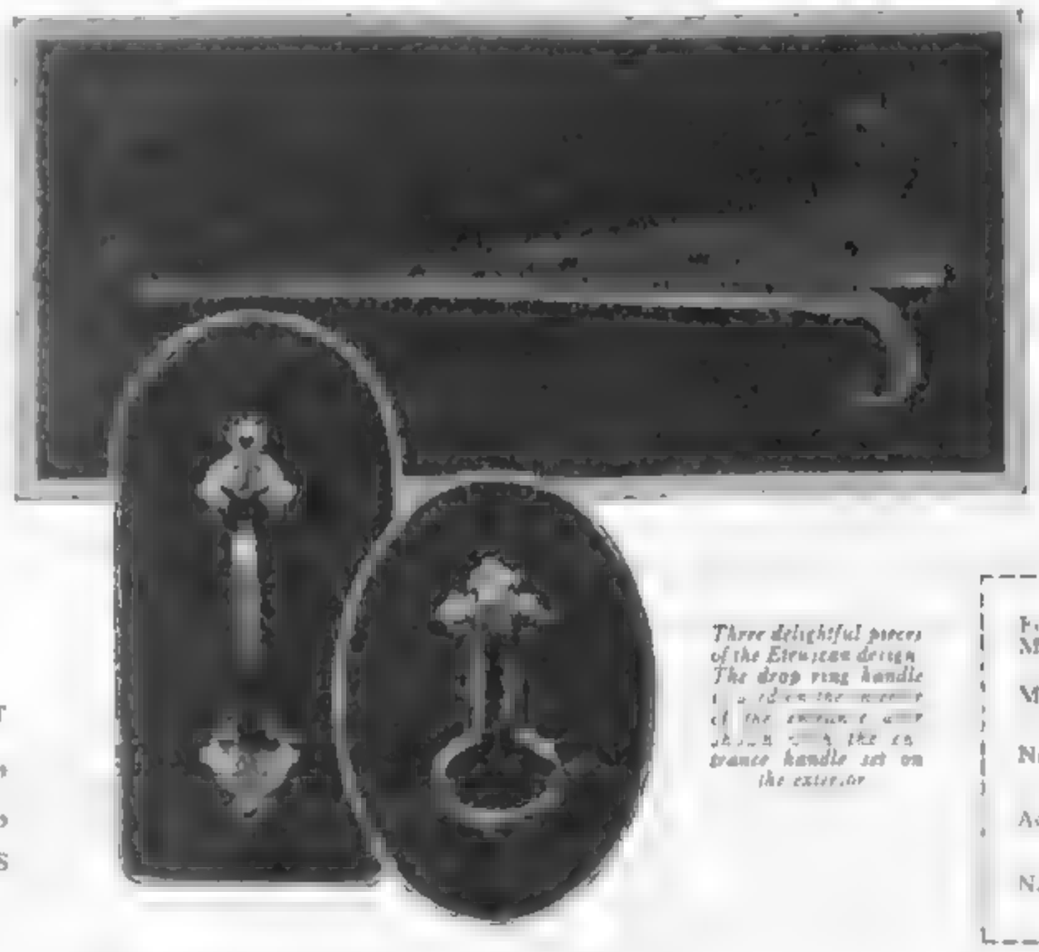
McKINNEY FORGED IRON HARDWARE



Three delightful pieces of the Etruscan design. The drop ring handle [illegible] of the entrance door handle set on the exterior

Whether you are building of stone, brick, wood or stucco, you will find all necessary allowances have been made to assure accurate application.

The cost of outfitting a home complete is remarkably small in relation to results achieved. Those who do not desire to use Forged Iron throughout, however, may wish to start with a front door set, then perhaps take the lower floor, and gradually extend to a full application from ground to roof.

One further point may be stressed about McKinney Forged Iron: it is rustproofed and completed in three different finishes: Dead Black Iron, Rusty Iron, Relieved Iron —sometimes referred to as Gray Iron, Flemish Iron, Swedish Iron and Half-Polished Iron.

Special note: Architects everywhere have been notified and sent catalogs of McKinney Forged Iron Hardware. Your architect will gladly be of service in helping you to carry out to completeness the "atmosphere" of his plans.

Send for This Beautiful Free Brochure

To make possible a thorough appreciation of the varied uses of Forged Iron, McKinney offers a beautiful new Brochure. It presents ten studies showing authentic applications of Forged Iron Hardware to the four main types of entrances, interior doors, two types of shutters, French doors, casement windows and cabinets. Send for this Brochure at once. Then visit your Builders' Hardware Merchant and make your selection. If he has not yet received his stock, let us know.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY!

Forge Division
McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa
Kindly send me your Free Brochure on McKinney Forged Iron Hardware

Name

Address

Name of your Hardware Merchant

S. E. P. 6-5-26

AFTER SHAVING

— a Splash of Tingling Coolness for the FACE

You wash off the lather; dry your face—then what? Powder isn't just right. It's too dry—blots up the natural moisture from your skin. Greases? Not these hot days.

But Aqua Velva—now, you're on the right track! A few drops in the palm of your hand, slapped on the newly shaven skin, give the face a cool, refreshing tingle—keep it smooth and comfortable all day long.

Aqua Velva does these five refreshing things to your face:

First: It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.

Third: It has a fine, fresh, manly fragrance.

Fourth: It helps the skin in its fight against sun and wind and exposure.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Your dealer can supply you with the large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva at 50c (60c in Canada). If he is out of it, we will see that you get it by mail, postpaid on receipt of price. You need only a few drops after shaving, so that Aqua Velva costs almost nothing a day to use.

We want you to try this clear sparkling after-shaving liquid at our expense. Send the coupon or a postcard for generous sample bottle FREE. We are confident that you will become a steady user.

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING
Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Free trial offer!
SEND COUPON BELOW

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 46A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Send free ten bottle of Aqua Velva

SEP 6 '26 A

The Poets' Corner

Before a Photograph

HOW can I ever speak what here is said
So fully and so sweetly in a glance?
How can I ever write what here is read
By all who look upon you? Yet, perchance,
For those who may not see you I can trace
The shadow of your beauty; indicate
With words the revelation of your face,
And marvel where I cannot imitate.
So might a clumsy schoolboy with a line
Of chalk upon a slate contrive a star,
And weep because his copy does not shine,
But is a lifeless thing, as copies are.
Yes, thus before your loveliness am I—
A schoolboy gazing sadly at the sky.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Choice

I KNOW a poet I could wed,
Upon whose verses sweet
My soul could readily be fed;
But if I ever wish to eat
Some butter on my daily bread,
I'd better take the bean instead
Who has a lot inside his purse,
Though vacant lots are in his head.
I can't decide which would be worse.
Shall food, or brains, be thinly spread?
A marriage is a dreadful curse,
It means for butter or for verse!

—*Alice A. Peck.*

To Housewives, in July

IF YOU'R husband is a house,
Housewife, leave and go,
If a kitchen is your spouse.
Oh, I know
How tired a housewife grows to be
Who loves her house devotedly,
Her spouse, the house, devotedly!

If your husband is a house,
Now that it's July,
From your too exacting spouse,
Housewife, fly!
Flirt with trails and sails and sun,
And when your vacation's done,
When you come back home anew,
How that house will welcome you!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

June 5, 1926

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SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Good Old Army! Good Old War!—*William Hazlett Upson*	7
Our Brother—*Elsie Singmaster*	8
The Cream of Hearts—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	10
The Gold Putter—*Sewell Ford*	14
Velvet—*William J. Neidig*	16
On and Up—*Frank Condon*	18
George H. Jay and the Dust Hunters—*Bertram Atkey*	22
The Pluvitor—*Hugh Wiley*	24
State Against Adams—*Thomas McMorrow*	28
The Curving Shore—*Will Levington Comfort*	36

ARTICLES

That Pal Idea	6
The Crisis in Rubber—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	12
Mormons and What Not—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	20
Films Across the Sea—*Courtney Ryley Cooper*	26
Netting Results—*Vincent Richards*	30
The A B C of First Editions—*Vincent Starrett*	34
From the Diary of a Dramatist—*Cosmo Hamilton*	35
High Horse and Low Bridge—*Dick Wick Hall*	42
Pathfinders—Boyden Sparkes	44
Mr. I-Didn't-Know-it-Would-Burn—*Clem Yore*	49
Tales of the Turf—*L. B. Yates*	54

SERIALS

Trial Marriage (In six parts)—*Elizabeth Alexander*	3
The Dreadful Night (Third part)—*Ben Ames Williams*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	38
The Cabinet of Doctor Calcooly—*Wallace Irwin*	39
Short Turns and Encores	40
Getting On in the World	50
Who's Who—and Why	52
The Poets' Corner	242

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

"If I had a dozen Salesmen like John"

John presents facts as a printed booklet presents them—in an orderly, logical, interesting way.

JOHN is a wonderful salesman. He can make sales to people who never heard of his firm or his goods. John is a star. He is unique. There is only one of him.

John makes big money, but his employer says that he would cheerfully pay twelve times as much for twelve more like him. If he could multiply John by twelve, he could multiply his profits on John's sales by twelve.

Working alongside John are a dozen other salesmen who are good, able, competent fellows.

But each man lacks one or more of John's characteristics. No one of them has all of John's energy, patience, zeal, imagination, and knowledge of his line. Like most men, they all lack the gift of being able to sell easily the unknown product of an unknown firm.

If John's employer, instead of vainly crying out for more Johns, would go forth and employ one good printer and engage him to prepare good direct advertising, these other salesmen would begin to sell as much goods as the miraculous John sells. For these printed pieces would grade up the entire sales force to John's level. Booklets and other direct advertisements would supplement those deficiencies in each individual salesman which keep him from being as capable as John.

Thus the man who was as personable but lacked his logic would be reinforced by the logical printed word. The man who had as much intelligence as John but lacked John's persistence and optimism would be supported by printing that was persistent, cheerful, and of good appearance.

Instead of wishing he could hire "a dozen salesmen like John," John's employer would get the same results by using printing to create more Johns from his present staff. A good printer is at the other end of any business telephone. Good printers know a surer, steadier, more economical way to boost sales than sighing for the kind of salesman who is found only once in a while and usually can't be hired at all.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

For many years S. D. Warren Company has devoted study to ways and methods for making printed pieces more effective. The results of this work are contained in a series of books on various phases of direct advertising. Some of these books are ready; some are to be issued in 1926. Copies may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Co., 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper— better printing]

Add the charm *of* beautiful lighting to your home

What makes the home attractive? Well proportioned rooms, of course; carefully selected furniture of good design; harmonious wall and floor coverings. You naturally give considerable thought to all these details—but have you realized how much of the final effect depends on the lighting equipment? It is important to provide suitable illumination, to avoid gloom and glare. And it is equally important to provide lighting fitments that are decorative in themselves . . . . . Riddle Fitments have now come to be widely accepted as the standard of residential lighting. They are designed not only to provide correct illumination but also to enrich the appearance of the interior through their sheer beauty of design and decoration. With a wealth of experience to draw on, the Riddle designers and artisans have succeeded in creating styles that have set the style in modern home lighting equipment . . . . . You can easily have these artistic Fitments in your home. They are available in practically every community, through Authorized Riddle Dealers selected for their ability to aid you in a practical way in making a suitable selection. The prices are reasonable in the extreme, ranging from $4 to $37.50, comprising pieces for all the major rooms and for outdoor use. These prices are for complete fitments, ready to install, but not including Mazda lamps. And the Riddle name is an assurance of the standard quality, the authentic style, and the permanence of the colorful decoration . . . . .

* * * * * *

If you are building a new home equip it with Riddle, and have lighting fitments that will add the proper decorative note and be a source of continued enjoyment and pride . . . . . Old style lighting fixtures can also easily be replaced by Riddle Fitments. The change is made without the slightest inconvenience or difficulty. Probably no single improvement will make a greater change in the appearance of your home . . . . . Some new Riddle Fitments embodying the use of heavy wrought iron are especially interesting from a decorative standpoint. These as well as other Riddle styles are admirably adapted to the new pearl gray Mazda lamps and to the use of the new type of glass shades . . . . . The name of a nearby Authorized Riddle Dealer, and illustrated folder, will be sent on request to The Edward N. Riddle Company, Toledo, Ohio.

In Buying A Home

Many builders are now installing Riddle Fitments in homes offered for sale on account of their decorative qualities and the standard value which they represent. A Riddle installation is proof that the builder believes in using building materials and equipment of recognized established merit.

In Leasing An Apartment

The character of the lighting equipment makes such a difference in the appearance of an apartment. Many owners are now installing Riddle Fitments in new apartments and replacing old-style lighting fixtures with this new decorative lighting. If you are considering an apartment it is well to inquire if it is equipped with Riddle Fitments.

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

THE STANDARD OF RESIDENTIAL LIGHTING

Old homes for new families...

To those who will shortly embark upon their first home-making venture and yet must make each dollar count, here is a happy thought. Remodel some comfortable, old house rich in the charm and beauties of other days—remodel its walls with Sheetrock.

For the Sheetrock Walls will give the old place all the qualities of freshness and newness you desire without detracting from its original atmosphere of "hominess."

And so Sheetrock comes to the assistance of your needs and purse. Made of pure gypsum, the standard wall and ceiling material since ancient times, Sheetrock makes permanent walls and ceilings at low cost.

Sheetrock comes in broad, high sheets that need only to be nailed to the joists and studding. It saws and nails like lumber—fine for remodeling and repairs. It is rigid, thick and uniformly smooth, offering a perfect surface for any decoration—wall paper, paint or *Textone*, the wonderful decorative medium for textured and toned interior walls.

Copyright 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

Sheetrock is *fireproof*. It will not warp or buckle. It is low in first cost, and costs nothing at all to maintain.

Your dealer in lumber or building supplies has Sheetrock, in any quantity you may require. Be sure you get the genuine Sheetrock—made only by the United States Gypsum Company—every board branded with the USG Sheetrock label.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

72 designs selected from National Architectural Prize Contest for $1.00. Mail coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W. U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Name_____

City_____ State_____

USG PRODUCTS

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free booklet, "Sheetrock Walls."

Name_____

Address_____

Old Dutch assures

Healthful Cleanliness

in the Refrigerator

An Important Health Protection

Whether you have the most elaborate electrical refrigerator or the smallest ice-chest, safeguard it with *healthful cleanliness* by cleaning it regularly with Old Dutch. This keeps it sweet, sanitary and wholesome—a most important health protection especially in the summer time.

Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness because of its superior quality and distinctive character. It removes all visible dirt and the dangerous invisible impurities as well.

Old Dutch is a scientific product, its foundation is a natural detergent; free from harsh, scratchy grit, acid and caustic. To the eye a fine powder—the microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped; they make complete contact with the surface and like thousands of tiny erasers remove all uncleanliness without scratching the surface.

Do not complicate your cleaning by using scratchy cleaners. Their sharp pointed particles make scratches which not only mar the surface but hold and accumulate dirt and impurities.

As Healthful Cleanliness is the safeguard to health, so Old Dutch is your safeguard to *healthful cleanliness.*

There's nothing else like it

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